North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance.

VOL. X., No. 483. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 5, 1886. POSTAGE PREPAID

Latest Local News.

Tall Oats.

Mr. Thos. Roberts has left in this office a stalk of oats, grown in his garden in this village, which measures 5 feet 7 inches in height. Can any of the farmers beat it?

A Severe Loss.

This week Mr. Geo. A. Rollins lost a valuable horse from inflammation of the lungs, caused by over driving. The animal was owned by his father, to whom he will have to make good the loss.

Last Thursday Mr. Robert Simmons also lost one of his best horses, from inflammation.

Marmora Ahead.

The Marmora Correspondent of the *Intelligencer* says:—While Stirling boasts of lawn social at which the gross receipts were about thirty four dollars, and Trenton of one at which the proceeds were so small they were not announced, and Madoc I guess has not had any, Marmora can report on the evening of July 22nd at which the proceeds amounted to $55, and another on the 29th of the same month of which the proceeds were $74.

Good Appointments

We have up to this date omitted to mention the fact that at a former meeting of the village Council, the following citizens were appointed as fire police—their duties to be to see that men were supplied to work the engine during a fire, &c., namely, Jacob Huff, John McGregor, John Dale, S. D. Ross, P. Sinclair and W. P. Kerr. We have no doubt but such officers will be able to do a great deal of good in emergencies of this kind.

Stage to the North.

Mr. Whit Hulin commences to-day, Thursday, to run an accommodation stage between Madoc and Rathbun in the interests of the public. The stage will leave Madoc every Monday and Thursday, returning Tuesdays and Fridays, and reaching Madoc in time to connect with the afternoon train for Belleville. We trust Mr. Hulin's effort to keep up the connection between this village and the back country will be liberally supported as it deserves to be.

Madoc Abroad.

A number of men from Madoc marched into Unionville about midnight last week, headed by Prof. Wellington, leader of the Madoc Brass Band, playing the tune, called "keep in the middle of the road," and they did so all the way from Brockville, a distance of ten miles. A few nights ago Charlie's band, consisting of a cornet and a mouth-organ, serenaded the residents of that village. There are now ten Madoc men employed on Faye & Co'scontract of the Brockville and Westport railway, of which Mr. W. S. Volume is foreman.

St. John's Mission.

At a meeting of the congregation of St. John's Mission, Church of England, the other evening, it was decided to hold an Harvest Thanksgiving service in the church on Thursday, September 16th, the ladies being requested to provide a public tea. Committees were appointed to arrange the most suitable place to hold the tea and arrange for a first class entertainment in the evening. The proceeds of the day are for the parsonage debt, and it is hoped a generous response will be the result. Programmes of the day, and details will be issued shortly. Gifts of fruits, grain and flowers for the church will be gratefully received by the committee.

A Great Chance.

Following the example of all the leading Agricultural Societies, the Executive board of the Madoc Agricultural and Industrial Association have decided to issue the prize list, rules, &c., for the coming fall show, in neat pamphlet form. One thousand copies will be issued and judiciously circulated amongst the leading farmers of North Hastings. A limited number of pages in the pamphlet will be devoted to advertisements, and as it will readily be seen that no better means could be adopted by our merchants to make their announcements known to the very people they want to reach, they will doubtless not be slow to take advantage of it. The pamphlet will be issued from the REVIEW office in a week or two, and applications for space should be sent in at once. The rates will be very moderate.

To Keep the Water Jug Cool.

An excellent device for keeping the water jug cool, is to make a sack of strong coarse stuff, large enough to make a space of two inches under and around the jug, which space is packed with sawdust. Put a string around the jug at the bottom. The length of this string, plus six inches, will be the proper measure of the sack at that point. In the same way the proper measure of the sack along the curve of the jug can be obtained. The bottom of the sack is cut by placing the jug on the cloth, and cutting around two and one-half inches from the jug. The sides of the are best made in four pieces. Sew these pieces to the bottom and together for two or three inches. Then pack in the sawdust as far as the pieces are sewed together, and make another sewing, etc., The sack must be sewed close around the handle and the lips of the jug. Water in this jug will be cool after an exposure of six hours to the hot sun.

Belleville requires $74,771 to run the civic machine for 1886, a slight advance on last year.

Local Chit-Chat.

—Green apples are on the market.

—When are we to have a civic holiday? This is the month for it.

—An iron railing is to be put along the sidewalk past the new bridge.

—Another car-load of machinery for Rollins' new roller mill arrived this week.

—Mr. M. W. Sine, V. S., of Kingston, was in the village this week seeing old friends.

—The early mail from the west is much appreciated by our citizens. Toronto dailies now reach here by four o'clock.

—Mr. Geo. A. Rollins starts for London on Monday next, to attend the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F.

—A large number of harvesting machines have been sold in Madoc this season. Some self-binders are among the number.

No. 4. Company of the 49th Battalion, will go into camp at Kingston on September 7. The members are requested to hold themselves in readiness.

—The "Athletics" are endeavoring to arrange for the return lacrosse match with the Tweed club to be played here in the course of the next week.

—The new mail arrangements at the Madoc post office went into effect on Monday. On that day the stages for Marmora and the Hastings Road both ceased running.

—Madoc's great two days' fair will be held on September 29th and 30th. About $1000 will be expended in prizes, &c. It will be the largest event of the kind ever held in the Riding. Paste the above dates in your hat,

—The W. C. T. Association of the Methodist Church in this village gave an entertainment, in the basement of the church last evening, which passed off very pleasantly. The attendance was not nearly as large as it should have been considering the noble work the ladies have in view with the funds thus raised.

Methodist Church.

The Financial Meeting of the Madoc District will be held in the Methodist Church, Marmora, on Wed. Aug. 18th, beginning at 9.30 a. m. On Tuesday 17th inst., a district S. S. Convention will be held in the same place, commencing at the same time, when the following programme will be presented:

9:30 A. M.

1. The influence of S. S. on the Church:—E. D. O'Flynn.
2. No substitute for study:—Rev J. H. Oke.
3. S. S. Literature:—Rev. J. A. McCamus.

2:30 P. M.

Mass meeting for children and young people to be addressed by Revs. J. C. Seymour, T. H. McDonald and E. H. Leitch.

7:30 P. M.

1. The week-day life of the Scholar:—Rev. W. C. Bee.
2. The S. S. in relation to Temperance Reform.—Rev. Wm. Wood. Young.
3. How to retain older scholars:—Rev. R. M. Pope.
4. S. S. music with example:—Rev. O. R. Lambly.

Several prominent S. S. workers have been invited from a distance; and all S. S. workers resident in North Hastings are hereby cordially invited to attend the sessions of this convention in the interests of the children and youth of our county.

O. R. LAMBLY, Dist. Supt.
J. W. ANDREWS, Pastor.

Village Council.

All the members were present at the regular meeting on Monday night, but there was little business to engage their attention.

On motion, Mr. Squires was paid three months salary, and R. O'Riordan's bill for street work up to date, $196.97 was ordered to be paid.

Some discussion took place regarding a railing for the sidewalk over the creek on the south side of the new bridge. It was decided that as an iron railing would be more durable, look better, and not cost much more than a wooden one, they should have it. The matter of having it put on at once was left to the Streets and Sidewalks committee.

A petition was handed in signed by sixty-seven of the ratepayers of the village, recommending the council to exempt from taxation for a period of ten years the milling property of Mr. Fred. Rollins on account of his having enlarged and improved the mills by adding the roller process this summer, which it was claimed would be of great benefit to the village. After some discussion it was laid over for future consideration, on motion of Messrs. O'Hara and Whytock.

A deputation from the Madoc Agricultural and Industrial Association, composed of Vice-Pres. Wood, Secretary McDonald, Treasurer Cross, Supt. Casement, and Directors A. B. Ross, A. W. Coe, and P. Vankleek, presented themselves, backed with a petition, asking the Council for a grant of $200 in aid of the two days fair to be held in this village this fall. Messrs. Wood, Cross, McDonald, Ross and Vankleek, in short addresses, urged strongly upon the council the necessity of their granting the aid asked for, as a wise and profitable investment in the interest of the village. The deputation then withdrew.

After discussing the matter a grant of $125 was carried on motion of Messrs. Whytock and Wilson.

The Council then adjourned.

Bold Burglars.

Attempt to Enrich Themselves at O'Flynn's Bank.

During Sunday night or early Monday morning last burglars gained an entrance to the Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, in this village, and made an unsuccessful attempt to open the vault. When the bank was opened at the usual hour Monday morning evidences of the work that had been going on during the night were visible in the shape of some of the tools lying around, and on trying the vault door it was found that the combination lock had been so tampered with that the door could not be opened. Closer inspection showed that a hole nearly the size of a finger had been drilled into the door near to the lock, but the burglars had miscalculated the right spot, and they were unable to break the lock, but so disarranged the combination that the door could not be opened by the ordinary process. Evidently they had not time to drill another hole or they would not have given up, but as it was they had their trouble for nothing. Even had they succeeded in getting the first door open they would then have had to go through another burglar proof safe before reaching the money, so that their chances of making a haul was, on the whole, exceedingly slim.

The vault door was opened during the day by Mr. John Brown, blacksmith, after several hours hard work. It was immediately shipped by Mr. O'Flynn to Toronto to be repaired.

The burglars were evidently professionals at this kind of work, as no one else would have attempted such a job. They no doubt belong to a gang who have opened several safes in the same way in Kingston, Napanee, and other places during the past week or two. The boldness of the attempt created quite an excitement in the village during the day.

Sudden Death.

A THURLOW FARMER DIES IN HIS BUGGY ON THE ROAD.

(Monday's Intelligencer.)

On Saturday afternoon between four and five o'clock Mr. Hermon Bleecker, son of Wm. Bleecker, Esq., of this city, was driving homeward along the Madoc road in a canopy top phaeton, accompanied by his wife. Shortly after leaving Belleville he complained of faintness and a dizziness, but as he had been in fair health no thought was given to the awful end so fast approaching. As they were passing through Foxboro Mr. Bleecker gave a few gasps and expired. The remains were taken to Squire Palliser's hotel where they were examined by Dr. Faulkner, who pronounced it a case of enlargement of the heart. The deceased was about 30 years of age, and was a well to do farmer in the 7th concession of Thurlow, in the Turner settlement. He leaves a wife to mourn his sad ending.

The Cheese Market.

Montreal, August. 3.—Business continues quiet, and the English demand appears to continue slack. We qdote 7½ to 8c.

Born.

FERGUSON.—In Minneapolis, Minn., on July 31st, the wife of Wm. Ferguson, of a son.

BREMNER.—At Conroy's Farm, Ont., July 28th, 1886, Mrs. John Bremner of a daughter.

There are six men and six women in the Kingston goal.

Belleville's latest craze is a system of water works, the proposed cost being $200,000.

The iron mines near Tamworth are pronounced very valuable and will no doubt in the near future be extensively worked.

The curative power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is too well known to require the specious aid of any exagerated or fictitious certificate. Witnesses of its marvelous cures are to-day living in every city and hamlet of the land. Write Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., for names.

The notorious "Coffin" Macdonald, lately released from goal, has again been raiding Belleville and Thurlow, breaking into houses stealing horses and rigs, escaping from the police, and generally showing himself regardless of law and authorities. Despite all the vigilance of the police the outlaw is still at large.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Debilitated Constitutions.—When climate, age, or hardships, have undermined the health, skin diseases are prone to to arise and agument the existing weakness. Holloway's medicaments daily prove most serviceable even under the most untoward circumstances. This well known and highly esteemed unguent possesses the finest balsamic virtues, which soothe and heal without inflaming or irritating the most tender skin or most sensitive sore. Holloways Ointment and Pills are infallible for curing bad legs, varicose veins, swelled ankles, erysipelas, scaly skin, and every variety of skin disease. Over all these disorders Holloway's remedies exert a quick and favourable action, and where cure is possible, gradually but certainly arrive at consummation. They are invaluable in the cure of scrofula and scurvy.

THE KINGSTON CAMP.

THE CORPS WHICH WILL BE UNDER THE TENTS—THE MEMBERS OF THE STAFF.

On the 7th of September the following corps will go into camp at Barriefield common, Kingston:

Durham field battery.
Kingston field battery.
Picton troop of cavalry.
Napanee troop of cavalry.
Loughboro troop of cavalry.
16th battalion, Prince Edward.
45th battalion, West Durham and Victoria.
49th battalion, Hastings.

The camp staff will be as follows:

Commandant—Lieut.-Col. Villiers, D. A. G.
Brigade-Major—Captain Adjutant S. Hughes, 45th battalion.
Camp quartermaster—Capt. Clemes, 46th battalion.
Musketry instructor—Lt. Col. Graves 40th battalion.
Orderly officer—Lt. Col. H. Rogers, Peterboro' cavalry.—*Kingston News.*

FATAL HEART TROUBLE.

A MAN SUDDENLY EXPIRES WHILE AT A BREAKFAST TABLE.

(Peterborough Review.)

On Wednesday evening Mr. Albert Brown, employed as express driver for Mr Washington Irving, tinware merchant and manufacturer, whose shop is situated off Charlotte street opposite the Lansdowne rink, drove up to the residence of Mr. Richard Heard, 6th Concession of Smith.

The express driver stabled his horses and stayed all night at Mr. Heard's place. It the morning the family sat down to breakfast at about eight o'clock. Mr. Brown ate heartily. While the members of the family were chatting pleasantly, in which Mr. Brown also joined, they were suddenly concerned to observe the latter roll up his eyes and a moment after startled to see him fall to one side. Mr. Heard who sat next to him caught him and held him up for a time, thinking he was in a fit. Restoratives were applied, however, without avail, and it was soon discovered that the man was dead.

Mr. Heard, who was in town to-day, says that after he caught Mr. Brown in his arms, the latter gave what he would call a scream. A moment or two after he gasped once or twice, but those were the only sounds that escaped him. Not a word was uttered by the dying man. As he lay gasping he held a piece of bread and butter in his hand. The family were greatly shocked at the terrible occurence.

The body, after it was ascertained that the man was really dead, was laid on a couch, and Mr. Heard sent for a doctor. Dr. King was summoned. He pronounced the cause of death to be heart disease.

The deceased came from Havelock, but has been working for Mr. Irving. During their conversation on the evening before his death Mr. Brown told Mr. Heard that he had a wife and two children living at Havelock.

A valuable colt belonging to Mr. M. Bogart, of Richmond, was killed by lightning one day last week.

Advices from Ravenshore, York Co., state that bush fires are raging near the Sutton branch of the Midland railway. The woods are on fire for miles around that village, and it is in great danger of being destroyed. Scores of settlers have deserted their homes, and are hurrying with their effects away from the bush. The loss to settlers will be very great.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia, and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill of my acquintence but still grew worse, until unable to eat anything without great suffering, or to do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me, and that I must surely die; when like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial, I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—WM. EVERS, LEAMINGTON. Sold by any Druggist. Free trial bottles.

The most deadly foe to all malarial diseases is Ayer's Ague Cure, a combination of vegetable ingredients, of which the most valuable is used in no other preparation. This remedy is an absolute specific, and succeeds when other remedies fail. Warranted.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

S. F. WEAVER, *Secretary.* D. A. CALDWELL, *Noble Grand*

Madoc L. O. L. No. 160.

MEETS the first Wednesday in each month, in the Orange Hall, White's Block, village of Madoc. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

JAMES WHITE, Secretary. M. BRISTOL, W. Master.

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.,

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P.O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

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454 C. F. AYLSWORTH'S.

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ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

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BARRISTERS. Office over the Telegraph office, Belleville. Money to loan on farm and village properties at lowest rates.

CHAS. J. LEONARD. | S. O'BRIEN.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,

SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC.

Ashley Block, Belleville.

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DR. R. TRACY,

HAVING returned from Europe, is prepared to meet his patients as usual, at his residence, Hotel Street, Belleville. Consulting hours 9 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and after 6 p. m., daily.

JOHN DALE,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Agents' Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company. madoc, Jan. 27th, 1871.

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Do you want to add to your Farm
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.

Madoc, June 21st, 188

JACK'S QUEEN;

OR,

Light at Last.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED)

"Of course; for, if all men were like me, they would marry as I have done; and therefore all women would be as wretched of their husbands as you are!"

Percy and he go out together, whilst Constance lingers a moment with me and tells me how glad she is, and that this is what she has hoped for from the first.

"Let me give you one word of advice," she says. "Don't talk about—Jack to Sir Percy."

"Why not?" I ask hastily.

"Because he is the family skeleton, my dear, and Sir Percy may not care for these species of anatomy," she replies lightly; but I know by her open how earnest she is.

"Well, I will not talk about him," I rejoin; "but, when he comes back, I shall be his friend as much as ever, Constance."

"Perhaps he will not come back. It is better for himself and others that he should not."

To which I give no answer.

My engagement altogether changes the programme; we are still to remain in Scotland, but to go to Rydall, whilst Sir Percy proceeds to Lochdhui, there to see that it is in fitting order for the first autumn; for he urges his dislike of a lengthy engagement strongly upon my relatives, and, there being no reasonable cause for delay, the marriage is to take place soon; and Constance is in the seventh heaven of delight, whilst Garry quotes a wicked saying of Samuel Pepys's about married people and their desire to see others in the same condition.

"You are quite happy, Vera?" he says to me one day, the very day before our departure here.

"I am perfectly happy, Lord Rydall—Garry, I mean."

"You have no fear for the future?"

"None whatever;" I reply, looking into the face which, whatever else it may be, is good and wise.

"Because if you have any doubt and anxiety at all, tell me openly and freely, as you would a brother. I hold myself responsible for your welfare, Vera, to a great extent; and, if you were unhappy, I should reproach myself very much for not winning your confidence—"

"But you won it long ago, and, if I were in trouble or distress, I know no one to whom I would go more willingly than to you."

His gravity passes with my answer and he smiles.

The next day we speed to Rydall, where a hearty welcome awaits the Earl and his wife. We are at dinner when the tenants besiege the Hall, and will have his lordship out to address them; and, when Lady Rydall appears with the future Earl, they become almost frantic.

We are soon busy in preparing my *trousseau*, and we have a long discussion as to what my bridal robe is to be. We brought Edith Lennarche from Lochmere with us and she joins the conference out of which we cast Lord Rydall after his suggestion that my wedding garment shall be of tartan and Scotch tweed, as a delicate compliment to the bridegroom.

Letters of congratulation are out of date, and presents come flocking in. I write to my aunts at Idlehurst, to whom my engagement has long been known, and Lord and Lady Rydall write; but even my marriage will not induce them to break the even tenor of their way; they are not of the world as I know it now, and will not bestir it; so the invitation to be present with the offering of an ivory Prayer-book, which I value not the least of my many gifts, and cast Pridella writes a special letter full of advice and admonitions for persons in the married state, of which Constance wickedly says she must know so much.

Edith and Constance write the invitations. When I hear the name of Dallas mentioned, I am on the point of saying "Don't ask him," but stop in time, remembering that that remark would need explanations which might result in the breach of the promise I gave him. When he receives the invitation, he will understand that I have kept my word. I think that he will decline, so am a little surprised when he accepts.

At the day drawn near, Percy arrives from Scotland and takes up his quarters with a Mr. Bolton, a common friend. A good deal of his time is spent at Rydall Hall, and, according to Edith, everyone is very careful to give us opportunity of being of each other before it is too late. Cecil Hawden comes from his house to act as "best man," and the last guest to arrive is Captain Dallas.

Though no one is present when we meet, there is not the slightest shade of embarrassment in his manner, to my relief, and he offers me his congratulations with ease and grace. To make my happiness more complete Edith is wonderfully gracious to him, and, though he is distant towards her, he is not so from as he has been.

. . . . . .

The day before my wedding! It has come at last, and I tremble as I trembled on the day of my presentation. Percy has been with me in the morning to clasp his bridal gift round my neck, and now I am with Constance, who is sustaining a succession of boisterous guests to speak with me about—

"I haven't made any speeches, Vera," she says, but you know how clumsily I do everything, so I am sure you will be happy, for Percy is so clever." Even his pride is hidden by his modesty."

"As sweet by neathard, Constance. But I am sure we shall be happy, for no words could express the admiration and reverence I feel for him."

"And the love?"

"Is it not a part of reverence. If you mean the love that our novel-heroines describe, I was afraid I don't understand it."

There is just a shade of anxiety on her kind face as she looks at me; but what more she would add is prevented by Lord Rydall asking me to go with my friends to the drawing-room, what treason we are plotting.

"I was telling Vera the vast amount of reverence I have for you," she replies.—"I mean vast, considering the little there is in you to inspire that feeling."

"Right, as usual, my love. After my marriage, I lost all claim to be reverenced as a sane man," he answers, and vanishes are Constance can give the retort courteous.

So the last day of my girlhood passes from me, never to be recalled; to-morrow I give all that I can give into the hands of my lover. Farewell, O white years of my youth; to-morrow I shall be a woman. Farewell, O quiet stream, for to-morrow I shall have passed your peaceful banks for the broader river! Oh, am I to blame, am I wicked, reckless, and ungrateful that, as you pass phantom-like away, I stretch out my hands to you, kiss your white garments, and bid you farewell with tears, O days of my girlhood?

My wedding morning comes; the church is decked with wreaths and garlands, and the town *en fete*; it is long since such an array of guests has been seen at one time in Rydall; but I am as one in a dream. I kneel in the church, and listen to the solemn music with a fast beating heart; it is the day of my triumph, of my pride, and I can see the calm noble face of my lover, my hero, with whom and for whom I would go the world's end.

And then the solemn words are spoken which bind us together, for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, until death us do part.

We leave the guests to their rejoicings, and drive away to the station, which is bedecked in our honor. Sir Percy puts a veto on Paris, the *ultima Thule* of the newly-wedded, and we are bound for Italy, where he has a villa, not in any well-known place where we are sure to meet acquaintances and wintering invalids, but a little out-of-the-way place beside a lovely bay.

His villa in its youth was a palace of some great family, and the dying glow of their glory seems still to linger about it. A grand marble staircase becomes to me ghostly with the rustling of satin robes, and suit-of-armor with glittering headarks, nobles in velvet and silk, pass me by; the house is rich in carving and delicate painting the works of hands that have been in dust for centuries. And here we dream our days away.

It is an idle time, a dreamy, delicious, idle time from day to day, with sky and sea and earth glorified for us, and the blue heights of distant mountains bathed for us in roseate splendour, and it glides away calmly and swiftly. I am not sure how long we have been here; perhaps longer than is usual, for Constance asks in her letter if we are going to stay till summer? Percy begins to sing—

"Home, home, fain would I be going,
Home, home, home, to my fair countree!"

So we bid farewell to lovely Italy, and once more see the gray mist and silver rain lowering over much-abused England, to me the land of childhood and of friends. We go to London *incognito*, but not to remain, as Percy's song has changed to "My heart's in the Highlands," and he is anxious to get to Lochdhui, where his people wait to welcome their young Laird's bride. He writes to Macdonald his agent, or secretary, or viceroy, to warn him of our coming.

[Constance and her husband are in London the latter having been suddenly summoned on affairs of state, but, notwithstanding, will be in town until Parliament re-assembles, we are all *incognito* together and very happy. Whilst Percy and Garry talk about mysterious Eastern affairs, Constance and I talk of Italy, and I am glad to see that the anxious look has quite left her face.

At length we leave for the Highlands. The first time I travelled northward was in Percy's society a coincidence of which we reminded each other.

"I dare say," he remarks, as we rattle on, "that there will be letters enough at Lochdhui to terrify one, for only those of absolute importance were to be forwarded, and my correspondence is never limited; it varies from the crushed gushes who wants an introduction to a publisher, to the gentleman who borrowed five pounds from my father, and in sure the generous heart of his son will not refuse the like from so old a friend; the fact that I have never heard his name before in newise affecting the friendship."

Our journey ends and the welcome we receive at Lochdhui almost frightens me—such a glare of bonfires on the hills, such flaming torches, such shouts and hurrahs, that I quiver with excitement, whilst he, flushed with triumph, his dark eyes glowing warm his plumed bonnet in the air, and answers the shouts of "Glenaskra! Glenaskra!" with eager impetuous words uttered in what is to me an unknown tongue, but which is "understood of the people," for they press closer upon the carriage and the shrill notes of the pipes swell higher. He is not the calm, stately, reserved gentleman of London and convention, but a young Highland *chief*, with the blood of heroes in his veins, ready to pronounce anathemas by the "ancient memory of a thousand years," wakened by these noises, by the sight of hill and lock and the faces of those who, so to speak, are his kindred. There is a glow in his cheek, a splendour in his eye, new even to me, which love itself has never roused, a burning fire my hand has never kindled.

Herein I have no share, for how can I glory as he glories in the name of Scot? If he glanced at me, he might be disappointed to find that I do not thrill and glow as he does, and might find in our harmony two notes that cannot blend, out which must be struck unpleasantly.

The great house is all aflame with light, and from the windows that no welcome, eager hands are outstretched, friendly faces smile on me, a stranger, until I feel as though tears will soon come; however, Percy knows exactly what to say, and, after our health had been drunk with Highland honours, I am allowed to go, for the long journey has tired me. It seems to me that the grave will never leave the sky, the echoes never die from the hills.

In the morning a deputation of tenants waits on us dulled by Mr. Macdonald, a grave Celt whose English is of Inverness, and a presentation is made to us on our marriage. Visitors come to congratulate us, and for some days the excitement continues, and I echo Ayreon's words that newborne beats the heart so kindly as beneath the tartan plaid.

At length it dies away and quietness falls upon us; hitherto I feel that we have only been playing at married life, and that real earnest is about to begin; the halcyon days of our honeymoon, the warm excitation of our return are past, and "settling down" has come, the real commencement of our new life.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Mr. Macdonald has an infinity of matters relating to rents and tenants to discuss with Percy, and I leave them shut in the former's room and wander through my new home, a great castle filled with historical relics and rich in legends. Here and there in carving or emblazoned window I am reminded that the Laird of Glenaskra carries fire and sword or that the Glenaskras never forget; now I gaze on the portraits of Scottish warriors dead and gone, the fine Stuart cast of that ideal of the North, Prince Charlie, or the proud dark features of a Glenaskra himself.

News like spring comes slowly up this way; we are not quite so bad as the islanders to whom intelligence of events travelled so slowly that in the present century they were rejoicing over the restoration of Charles II.; but still we are a little behindhand, and letters are always late.

One morning I see Percy draw his brows together in such a manner that I ask if any thing is wrong.

"Not much," he replies, "only a little groan from my publishers. I have had my proof-sheets in hand an unconscionable time, and it is perhaps a little unfair to them. However I must do my best to get through them without delay."

"Can I help you?" I ask, after a pause.

"No, my love, you cannot. It makes it a rule to correct my own proofs, and then there are no errors."

He goes to his study where an appalling pile of proofs lies and an equal number of letters, and I again wander through the house; luncheon time comes, and he rings for coffee, which I myself take to him.

"Are you busy?" I ask looking at the mystic sheets covered with marginal hieroglyphics.

"I am, my Vera. This is one of the penalties of marrying a literary man."

I go to the drawing room and hunt up my music, playing over my old waltzes and practising my Scottish ballads. The housekeeper has smiled upon me, and told me that when the laird once gets into his books and papers he forgets everything, and that no one dare disturb him; which shows what a terrible thing is an author at home.

Time goes on until the dinner-hour, and someone sounds the gong as usual: but the summons has no effect on Percy; so, after waiting a reasonable time, I board the lion in his den by knocking at his door, which he opens, pen in hand, his hair ruffled, his eyes with an absent look in them.

"Aren't you coming to dinner, Percy?" I ask.

"Dinner!" he exclaims with a hasty glance at his watch. "Is it really so late? I had no idea of the time. Give me five minutes to change my coat, Vera, and I will not keep you any longer."

And he goes up stairs in a hurry, and comes down laughing at his own absentmindedness. I ask how he has got on.

"Very well. I want this off my hands, so that I can get on with *Before Dunbar*"—which is a new poem, the progress of which was interfered with by his marriage; it happens to be the favorite child of his genius, and he is very anxious to return to it; and now the proofs of a previous volume must have his first attention.

"Have you much more to correct?"

"Yes; but I shall get through a good deal this evening."

"Oh, are you going back?" I ask, with a feeling akin to dismay.

"Yes my dear; but you shall give me some music first," he replies; and so we go to the other room, where I sing the "Bese's o' Mar" and all the old favorites.

When at length he rises to return to his labour, I follow him with my eyes, and looking back, he halts.

"Vera," he says, "I am very inconsiderate, leaving you alone like this; would you prefer my staying with you?"

"No; I wouldn't keep you from your writing for anything, Percy—only——"

"Only what?" he asks, coming back and lifting my face with both hands. "Only you wish pen and ink and paper in the Red Sea?"

"Not at all. You must be vain to imagine that I can't exist without you, or that I want you at all."

"Well, I don't think either of us wanted the other, and so we did not marry," he replies; "but you have not explained the only yet."

"Would you mind if I came and sat with you whilst you write?"

"My dear Vera no! I should have asked you; but I was sure it would have been too dull."

"No more lonely than wandering about the house alone; but he does not think of that, and I do not say so.

"Come," he says smiling; and, drawing my arm within his, "if you really wish to see my eyes in fine frenzy rolling."

So I go with him to his sanctum, which seems walled with books, whilst its table overflows with papers; I establish myself on a low chair by the fire with a book, and he gets into harness again.

The room is perfectly quiet, and, when I look up, Percy is writing, with brows knitted and grave attentive face; once or twice he gets up and walks to and fro, restlessly pushing his hair off his forehead; once he asks the ceiling if he shall alter that or let it stand; once he consults a ponderous volume, compares it with another, and makes a note; all the while I sit silently watching him; sometimes he rubs his chin on his hand and gazes steadily at me, without seeing me, I am quite sure, for his eyes look right through the wall and intervening objects to the fairy-land of his visions.

This goes on for some hours; then he rings for coffee in the most abstracted manner possible, and another cycle goes by, until I get drowsily dreamy and his dreams have from Parnassian heights, his descent being ushered by a worse than usual printer's error.

"You look tired Vera," he says; "it really is a shame to keep you up like this. It has become a second nature to me."

"Are you going to write any more?" I ask.

"Yes I shall finish the second canto in proof, and then I must add a line of two to *Dunbar* before the inspiration goes; but, as I shall be late, you must not wait any longer. I don't want you to be knocked up with midnight vigils."

So I go away to bed, to dream, after much tossing and turning, that I am transformed into a great inkstand; and, when I do awaken, it is with a start; the light is burning as I left it, and, groping for my watch, I see that we are in the small hours, and there is still no sign of Percy. A great fear takes possession of me, and I think of Thackeray dying in the silence of night alone; I remember a painting I have seen somewhere in London, of an artist sitting dead before his easel, his lifeless hand still holding the palette, whilst his young wife looks in upon him, and, not seeing his face, does not know what has happened. "He sleeps" is the title; and I think of that picture, and wonder why that clever R. A., Herman Trelcene painted it, until I can bear it no longer, and, putting on my dressing-gown, go downstairs. The house is asleep and silent; by the broad lineful light along Percy's door I know that it is standing ajar. I look in subtly, prepared for something terrible, my heart in my mouth; but I see him still at his desk, his pen flying over the paper, and on his face the unearthly light and glow of enthusiasm I behold the night of our return, when shouts of gladness were ringing in his ears, and I know that he has soared away to his ideal world, wherein I have no share, or part, and which is doubtless above my comprehension.

I go away unseen; but, instead of getting into bed, I pull aside the curtain and wave out at the waste of moor and loch and hill presented to my vision stooped in moonlight and wonder why poets marry at all, how they can leave the world of beauty, to which they possess the "open sesame," for the earthly Eden.

The next day he still labors at his proofs, and I wrap myself up and go out; on the hillside are clustered several little cottages, and I want to make acquaintance with Percy's people. There is he assembly of yellow-haired children, a stalwart man, a sensible lassie, and a bent-browed old woman, all discussing the merits or demerits of a great collie. So I speak to them, and I am answered with a kindly smile; but, alas, they "have no English," and Gaelic is Greek to me. I find this everywhere, and I go home a little depressed; I am afraid the people will be disappointed in me, and think that their young laird had better have chosen one from his own land, who would have at least comprehended what was said. It is a cold day with gray clouds overhead; any warmth or light in the sky has gathered it self, towards the south, and

"How can my fancies help but go
Out from this region of mist and snow
To where the first southern violets blow!"

Percy has missed me, and, after having been up-stairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber, has come out; so I meet him on my homeward way.

"Why are you wandering here, I pray?" he says; and then I tell him that I want him to teach me Gaelic.

"Really! Do you want to read Ossian in the original, Vera?"

"No; but I wish to be able to talk to the people, to know what they are saying. They may, for anything I know, be reversing Balaam's order of things and be banning instead of blessing."

"As if they had aught save blessings for Glenaskra's bride," he says with proud fondness; and we wander about that hill-path, talking Gaelic, if you like, but of a kind quite intelligible to me.

Percy gets through his proofs in time, and, having rid himself of that incubus, is free to return to *Dunbar*, in which poem he has put his heart and soul; we go out driving sometimes, or wander about the hills, he with his note-book, whilst I watch his flying pencil and the face that changes with every passing thought as the sky changes with the flecting clouds. For hours we remain by some great cairn, he writing the noble thoughts with which those noble scenes inspire him. We speak very little; but I am content when his hand strays toward mine, and there remains, close clasped, close-caressed, unconscious though he be. He is not of the demonstrative kind; his love lies deep and tranquilly and makes little sign; I, alas, grew up in a circle of outspoken affection, for my aunts made a pet of me—so did my school friends—and showed their love by word and deed; by tender manner and little acts of affection, not once but daily! And I am afraid my thoughts will go back to these old days more often than they should. I think of Constance and recall the warm, loving clasp of her hand, the protecting way she had of drawing my head to her breast as though I were a child; and one day I write and ask her if there is any possibility of her being in Scotland soon; that cloud I gave Percy's abstracted face and eyes which glance away into infinity.

It is some little time before Constance replies, and, when she does she says Scotland is quite out of the question, as affairs are so critical here and there and everywhere, that Garry is bound hard and fast to the F.O., and will not leave him; but she thinks she can possess Sir Percy and I will be in London soon.

"I don't know," says Percy commenting on this portion of the letter; "we are quite happy here, are we not?"

I hesitate in my reply, and he looks up, and sees me for the first time for some days.

"Are you ill, Vera?" he asks quickly.

"Ill, Percy? No! Why do you ask that?"

"I think you look very pale."

"Not more so than usual," I reply hopefully, feeling myself.

But his quiet scrutiny does not leave me, and a little upright line comes between his brows.

"You are pale," he says resolutely, "and thin. Vera, I am a selfish wretch. I have forgotten that Lochdhui cannot be to you what it is to me; I have my writing, and with that am never lonely; you have nothing."

"You are a personality then?"

"Sometimes perhaps. But you are accustomed to many faces and many friends, and, no doubt, feel buried alive here. You look so, at any rate, and, if I were more keen of vision, I should have seen it before. Tell Constance to fill the house and for us; we shall take possession of our stewardship soon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Origin of a Familiar Word.

The word "quiz" has a remarkable origin attributed to it. One night, when the performances at Drury Lane Theatre were the undoubted Quin, many of whose jokes are still remembered, offered to bet a young nobleman £100 that next morning a word would be in universal use which had never been heard before. The nobleman accepted the wager and left the theatre. Then Quin summoned all the "supers," who happened to be very numerous, and gave each a large piece of chalk. He told them to go through all the leading thoroughfares of London and write at intervals on the flags the word "quiz." Quin's orders were faithfully carried out; and on the following morning, of course, people were astonished.—the word was in everybody's mouth. The great actor with little difficulty made good his claim to the nobleman's bank-note, while bequeathing a new word to the language.

Asks a newspaper correspondent: "Why is it that a young man will sit beside a young lady for hours and yet say hardly anything to her all the time?" We venture the answer that he is too polite to interrupt her.

A Knight of the Heath.

It is proposed in Canada that our distinguished and enterprising Staten Island millionnaire shall be knighted as an token of Canadian recognition for the benefits he has conferred upon the Dominion. It is a fit idea, though, of course, we Yankees and Democrats would not thank any better of him because of his subservience to title. But for Reuben Wilson would sound finely, and when Canada comes to be annexed, he would get the right to be elected President, all the same as though he had been born south of the line. Have the Canadians ever thought of that in their political speculations?—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Richest Man in the World

would be poor without health. The dying millionaire's consumptive would cheerfully give he is worth for a new lease of life. He could have had it for a song had he used Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" before the disease had reached its last stages. This wonderful preparation is a positive cure for consumption if taken in time. For all diseases of the throat and lungs it is unequaled. All druggists.

Contributor—"Here is a manuscript I wish to submit—" Editor (waving his hand)—"I'm sorry. We are all full just now." Contributor (blandly)—"Very well; I will call again when some of you are sober."

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A fellow named Carney fell through a Montreal sidewalk last Spring and has become one of the sears of the city.

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In the event of a coalition Ministry under the Duke of Argyle not being possible through the refusal of Lord Harrington to enter the Cabinet with the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke will likely be made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Another rumor says that, while both Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain will support Lord Salisbury, neither will accept office under him. To obviate this difficulty, some believe the Duke of Argyle will become Premier, and that Lords Salisbury and Hartington will serve under him.

A. P. 291.

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EDINBURGH ELECTRO & STEREOTYPERS

FARM.

Care of Horses.

Give your horses frequent opportunities to drink. A few minutes at noon as you put up at noon or night for the night will do it good and not hurt it. But gorging with water should be prevented. As with oxen, so with food, you may lower horse feed to the same extent, as he is doing more extensive work than you are, especially if you are riding. Working on an empty stomach is dangerous, on the score of the well-being of the body. Such a thing should be avoided as much as possible. Remember, the animal nature of your horse is very much like that of a man; but, furthermore, the former requires food and drink with the same frequency and regularity that man does.

What bathing is to man, grooming is to horse. It is to cleanse the body, but it should accomplish more, and what is of far more importance, prevent the closing of the millions of openings through which the glands must rid the body of dead or poisonous matter, and this is accomplished by cleansing the hide—removing the adhering particles of dust and matter. Dampen cloth on surface of the skin by the myriads of little glands. But grooming one do this only when it is thorough. The use of the comb is not enough. It is a splendid instrument in its place—to remove the thickest of the dirt. But it should be followed by the brush and cloth, used vigorously, to remove the filth that will surely escape the comb. Grooming should include a greater use of the brush than of the comb, and it should be as frequent as once per day, at least in the case of animals at work. It is then of the greatest advantage to the horse, and he will keep healthy and stock when without it he would be poor and capable of far less labor.

Feeding Work Horses.

The following is the method of feeding the horses of the Adams Express Co., in New York:

"In the morning, the first thing, we give our horses each about seven pounds of oats, with about a quart of shelled corn and a double handful of good hay. As soon as we give them a good peck of [illegible] ground or crushed corn, wheat middlings and bran. Every other night we give them about ten pounds of hay, and every night eight or ten pounds of clean rye straw for bedding. We don't give them hay every night, because if we do they won't eat their oats up clean. By giving it every other night we find they always eat up their feed. We water them three times a day—before they go out in the morning, at noon and after they come in for the night. Of course the drivers look out for us and see that they have water when they need it. In warm weather instead of cracked corn and middlings, we give corn meal and wheat bran. Our horses have to do hard work, but we keep them in good condition. That is a general statement of the way we feed horses. Of course, in particular cases, we have to use judgment. [illegible] is dull and shows [illegible] we increase the [illegible] if [illegible] are [illegible] it will eat up clean. Don't allow a horse to stand blowing over its feed. My men are particular also to clean the manger out well before feeding and not allow any stale or sour food [illegible] the manger. There is nothing [illegible] regularity in feeding. When [illegible] give enough to clean them up and then perhaps two hours afterwards, you cannot expect to keep them well. I said we gave the horses hay every other night. That is a matter of judgment. If you find horses on their feed and eating it up clean, you can give them hay every night.

"You will notice when horses are fed clean oats with nothing else they do not digest them," suggested Mr. Smith. "They get little or no benefit from them. In order to make the horses grind them up and assimilate them properly, you should put a handful of hay with the oats. Then they eat them, digest them, and get the full benefit of them. Oats make muscle; corn makes fat. Men who own trotters feed little corn, but the best oats. Corn is both fattening and strengthening at the same time. Many people feed it to work as well as a man does. In the winter time a good thing to give a horse is about ten ears of good corn at night. Then at noon the feed is wetted and again at night, giving them a change each time."

The Great Wealth of Canada.

The Canadian Gazette is responsible for the following statement of the extent of British coal fields in the Dominion, which, if correct, is enough to make the Britishers in that country feel quite rich. They seem to fall, one finds in the aggregate an immense block of bituminous coal from the Wellington Mine, Vancouver Island, representing the whole thickness of the seam. Another block is from the Nanaimo Mine. These two are the most important mines of British Columbia. From the former 116,000 tons were obtained last year, worth 4 dols. per ton at the wharf; while from the latter the output was 137,500 tons, each, considering the [illegible] of the property, and their favorable situation, a fair investment. There is also bituminous coal from Vancouver Island and from the Upper Mines, Comox; and anthracite from Queen Charlotte Islands, interesting as the only known deposit of its kind on the Pacific coast. The extent of coal in British Columbia is but partially ascertained, and yet enough is known to show that the supply is practically inexhaustible. Its market is at present in Victoria, San Francisco, Honolulu, and Alaska, but it is greatly restricted from want of enterprise and transport facilities. In this respect much is hoped for from the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in opening up profitable markets, not only in the prairie cities of the Canadian North-West, but also in China and Japan, where the supply is now largely met from Australasia. As one passes from the Pacific coast eastward the deposits tend to a lignitic nature. From Banff, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the mountains, a semi-anthracite is obtained, as may be seen by the specimen shown. The Banff mine, which is known to comprise two seams of about 4 feet in thickness, has but recently been discovered. In quantity the final companies with coals of the best character of Pennsylvania, and is about to be actively brought on to insure its extensive use. Further west on the line of the great coal-bearing region of the North-West comes the Lethbridge mine. This is now being actively worked by the North-West Coal and Navigation Company in connection with the operation of the railway from Dunmore, on the main route of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Lethbridge. The specimen shown from the Galt Mine, as it is popularly called, is from a seam 5 feet 4 inches in thickness, situated so near the surface as to obviate the necessity of any shaft, and make working a simple and comparatively inexpensive process. The extent of this coal region is enormous. At Lethbridge alone the quantity underlying one square mile is estimated by Dr. Dawson at five millions tons. And it must be clearly borne in mind that the Geological Survey has only as yet examined the southern regions of the district, which form one vast coal basin, extending from Edmonton to Kootenie on the opposite from west to east. The coal shown by Messrs. Peacock, Fraser, and Peacock, from the Souris Valley, Southern Manitoba, is thus a lignite with about 20 per cent. of water, as against about 10 per cent. in the Lethbridge coal. And yet the Souris coal is yet the utmost value to not only, and also by reason of its nearness, for the fuel used by the Germans for like purposes is to a large extent much inferior.

"From Ontario and Quebec no specimens are forthcoming, because no coal is found in the Provinces. New Brunswick sends but considerable from Grand Lake. This coal lies under the surface, and the seams are so thin that, owing the close proximity of the vast coal areas of Nova Scotia, it is used only for local purposes. The extent of the coal fields of Nova Scotia may be gathered from the fact that last year the total output was 1,352 200 tons, and the local Government have decided in seeing the Province as well represented as it is. In all 13 mines contribute—the Sydney, Bridgeport, Reserve, Glace Bay, Gowrie, Old Bridgeport, Springhill, and Albion, and the mines of the Low Point Barsacis and Lingan Mining Company, the Joggins Coal Mining Company, the Vale Coal Company, Acadia Coal Company, and the Intercolonial Coal Mining Company. The coal is of the true bituminous class and of excellent extent, at present worked to supply the demand of the Maritime Provinces and as far west as Ottawa, beyond which it is not profitable to send it."

Safety in Duty.

"We are much safer if we do our duty than if we neglect it." The way of the transgressor is not only hard; it is unsafe.

In 1853 an earnest Christian soldier, Col. Martin, of the Ninth Bengal Native Infantry, purposed to devote one thousand pounds to establish a mission in Peshawur, the large Mohammedan city where his regiment was stationed.

As he could do nothing without the chief civil authority, he asked permission of Col. Mackeson, the English Commissioner. Now the fact is a city of sixty thousand inhabitants made up of fanatical Afghans and wild Mussulmen, who pointed their arguments with the dagger, had but recently come under English rule.

The commissioner, thinking it would be dangerous to English authority to plant a Christian mission in one of the most fanatical cities of India, peremptorily refused the request. Martin appealed to Col. Martin that the first Englishman who crossed the Indus into the Peshawur Valley should be burned alive. The plan of the Christian soldier was laid aside until a more propitious season.

One day the commissioner was hearing the appeal of the people in the grounds of the [illegible] Among them came a [illegible] who, [illegible] the [illegible] within sight of the house, had been engaged all day in making prostrations.

Coming up to Col Mackeson, he made his salaam and presented a paper. The colonel, supposing it to be a petition, raised his arm to receive it, and the man thrust a dagger into his heart. He was seized and found to be a Mohammedan fanatic, who had pretended the Englishman's deception was to [illegible] "infidel."

Gen. Sir Herbert E. Edwardes, then a colonel, succeeded the dead commissioner. He, being a Christian, and believing that the "path of duty is the path of safety," earnestly encouraged Col. Martin's proposal.

A meeting of the European residents at Peshawur was called. After the call had been issued some one suggested that on the Peshawur [illegible] be held on the [illegible] day, the meeting should be deferred.

"Put off the work of God for a steeplechase? Never!" exclaimed Col. Martin.

The meeting was held, the minutes founded, and a subscription list sent round. One English captain, who [illegible] upon the experiment as a dangerous one, put his name down for "one rupee, towards a Colt's revolver for the first missionary."

That captain moved, shortly after, to Meerut, the "quietest" part of India. Another British officer, in his wife had children cruelly killed, and then he, too, was murdered.

Four years after the formation of the mission came the fearful days of the mutiny. All Bengal was convulsed, but at Peshawur there was less crime than had ever been known in that city. Two weeks of the disturbance was not interfered with, and safety reigned in that most dangerous outpost of English rule.

One of the missionaries, Dr. Pfander, would take his sword, Bible in hand on the bridge, or in a thoroughfare, and proclaim the truth of Christianity. The empire of England in India was trembling in the balance, but not the least insult was offered to the brave missionary.

"What is your opinion of the crisis?" asked an Englishman of a native chief, who lived near Lahore.

"Tell me first what the state of things is in Peshawur," answered the chief.

"Things are going on well there, under Col. Edwardes," said the Englishman.

"If things are well at Peshawur," replied the chief, "then all is well in the Punjab. If not, then," rolling up the skirt of his garment, "the Punjab will be rolled up like this cloth, if things go wrong at Peshawur."

Things went on well, notwithstanding the sixty thousand of fanatics within the city, and the thousands of armed Mussulmen, because the Commissioner, Sir Herbert Edwardes, was a Christian, who acted upon the maxim, "We are safer in doing our duty than in neglecting it."

We are natural believers. Truth, or the relation between cause and effect, alone interests us. We are persuaded that a thread runs through all things; all worlds are strung upon it as beads, and man and events of life come to us only because of that thread; they pass and repass only that we may know the direction and continuity of that line.—*R. W. Emerson.*

HEALTH.

Prevention of Cholera Infantum.

This malady of early childhood, so formidable when fully developed, may be prevented in the great majority of cases. Most infants who are subject to this disease have previously suffered with digestive disturbances of various sorts, by means of which the digestive organs have been weakened and rendered liable to the disease. The preventive consists in proper care of the little ones as regards the digestive system. The diet in summer should be exceedingly simple. Soothing and starchy foods should be scrupulously avoided in infants that have not yet cut their first teeth. It is better to confine the diet of children to mother's milk, or properly prepared cow's [illegible]

[redacted]

[illegible] and to [illegible] gallons of water, and keep on hand ready for use. A quart of this solution poured down the kitchen sink every day will keep the drain-pipe disinfected, and thus destroy one source of air contamination. It is well to keep a supply of such disinfecting solution on hand, and acquire the practice of making daily or tri-weekly applications to all possible sources of air or soil contamination about the premises. A few dollars expended in this way every year will obviate the expenditure of many times the amount for doctors' bills and the other expenses resulting from filth diseases.

Drowning.

An English sanitary authority gives the following concise directions for the treatment of a person supposed to be drowned:—

"Treat the patient, instantly, on the spot, and do not waste time by undressing him first. First, to allow the escape of water from the chest, place the body for a few seconds on the face, the head lower than the feet, and the mouth open. Now, turn the body on the belly, grasp the arms at the elbows, draw them above the head, and keep them on the stretch for a few seconds; then bring the arms down, and press them firmly, for two seconds, against the sides of the chest. Repeat these movements, by which the act of breathing is imitated, fifteen times in the minute, until natural breathing returns. Then remove wet clothing, dry with hot towels, and rub the limbs and trunk briskly in the upward direction, to help on the blood. Apply hot bottles or bricks to the stomach and the feet. Put hartshorn or smelling salts to the nostrils from time to time. Persevere even for three, or four hours, until life returns, or death is certain."

Like the Old Story in the Reader.

The British steamship Humboldt, from Rio de Ganeiro to New Orleans with a cargo of coffee, has come up to the city from quarantine station. Capt. Grimes and his officers relate an account of a marine combat witnessed by them on the morning of Jan 16 off San Salvador. The attention of officers and crew was attracted by a furious commotion of the waters a short distance ahead.

As they neared the spot they saw that a terrible combat was going on between monsters of the deep. The sea was lashed into a seething foam. It fairly boiled within a circumference of a hundred yards, and myriads of mad whitecaps floated away beyond this circle. Moving closely up and slowing down, they stopped to watch the battle. It was one to the death. A swordfish and a thresher had attacked a tremendous sperm whale. The strength, size, and force were with the broad-backed sperm, that, wheeling round and round as if working on a swivel, swung its huge tail with mighty power. It would raise itself aloft clear out of the water, blow spray through its nostrils, and make frantic efforts to annihilate its foes; but science, skill, and maneuvering were on the side of its enemies. The thresher is supplied with a "sucker" that enables it to stick to whatever it attacks. The tactics adopted by the pair were successful. The thresher, springing upon the back of the whale, clung there, at the same time lashing the unfortunate creature with its tail, actually whipping it to death. The great sea animal, with its most gigantic efforts, was not able to cast it off. There it held and lashed, while the swordfish drove his sword time after time into the side of their big antagonist. The waters were dyed with the blood of the leviathan, and in the course of a short time he had succumbed to the effects of the beating and the stabbing, and floated upon the sea a lifeless mass. The vessel, at the termination of the conflict, steamed on its way.

Some girls are said to be so modest that they will not work on improper fractions.

—People will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you, upon that which they have of your friends; and there is a Spanish proverb which says very justly, "Tell me with whom you live, and I will tell you who you are."

LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

The polite child is the latest in the juvenile world. She was strolling around the neighborhood on a tour of observation when she came across a colored man sitting on a door-step. She stood with her finger in her mouth, looking at him. Finally she said:

"You're a colored man, ain't you?"

"You're very polite, miss," he said.

"Yes. I am a colored man."

"Oh, yes, I'm very polite. I call every nigger I see a colored man."

One summer evening after Harry and his little sister Helen had been put to bed a severe thunder storm came up.

Their cribs stood side by side and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked in low voices about the thunder and lightning.

They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them.

They wondered whether they would be killed right off and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal.

But tired nature could not hold on as long as the storm.

Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow:

"Well I'm going to trust in God."

Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying: "Well, I does I will, too!"

And they both went to sleep without more words.

Mrs. B. is one of those energetic, quick-motioned women who carry their work by assault. One day she had started across the room on some errand, but midway forget what it was. "What was I going for?" she asked aloud. Two-year-old, seated on the floor, and always liable to be swept up in one of her mother's hurricane passages, asked meekly: "Was—oo—goin' for—me?"

The mother rocking her baby in the next room hears a deep-drawn sigh and peeps in the nursery. "Oh, here is my Lily," she cries in most beguiling tones. "I know she wants to come and help mamma." Lily shakes her drooping head. Mamma reads the familiar signs but wisely refrains from any apparent notice. She knows the cloud must burst and the rains must fall before the air will be clear again; so laying the favorite doll in the unresponsive arms she returns to her room.

Presently she hears a sobbing sigh, then another and another, each increasing in volume and intensity. A troubled look clouds the gentle face. "My poor little girlie!" she says softly to herself; then she opens the nursery door and beholds such a tragic sight. In her low chair, one arm hanging limp over the back, the other down at her side, sits the woe-begone Lily; tears streaming down her cheeks, weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"My dear child! What is the matter?"

The answer comes brokenly, with a re-proachful gaze into the mother's face.

"I h-a-v-e-n't g-got an-y-bo-dy to wipe a-w-a-y m-y t-e-a-r-s!"

Observing Little Girl—Mamma, who is that young man on the other side of the car?

Mamma—I don't know, dear. Why?

Observing Little Girl—He looks so queer. He has three eyebrows.

Mamma—How do you make that out?

Observing Little Girl—He has one over each eye and one over his mouth.

The young man had important business to transact in the first barber shop to be seen, and the passengers all wondered why he got on just to ride one block.

Visitor (regarding the baby)—Oh, what a dear little dunk of a child! He resembles you both, indeed he does. He has got his mother's handsome eyes and his father's hair.

Father (who is baldheaded)—I guess he has; I haven't.

Jean Mistral's Story.

A pathetic story which has just been brought to light in France shows with tragic force the value of money when set against love and honor.

Just fifty years ago Jean Mistral, a cousin of the poet and the son of a wealthy manufacturer, left college, and was sent as agent by his father to Pesen. There he saw and became betrothed to a young Polish girl. His father, who had noted for his avarice and insatiate ambition to add to his wealth, refused consent to the marriage unless the bride would pay over a certain sum as dower to the firm. But the girl, though pious, modest and well-born, was penniless.

Young Mistral married her, sure that when his father saw her, he would forgive her poverty. He brought her home, but M. Mistral shut the doors in his face, and at once began proceedings to have the marriage declared void, in order that Jean, when free, should make a marriage which would increase the wealth and credit of the firm. He managed to separate the husband and wife, who were now reduced to extreme want, but offered to settle a large annuity upon her if she would declare that she had been a woman of dissipated habits before her marriage. She refused, though starving, to cast this dishonor on her husband and little child. M. Mistral then caused her arrest as a vagabond. She was driven on foot by the police from town to town into Germany, and forbidden ever to enter France again.

The miser, finding it impossible to force his son to consent to give up his wife, threw the young man into a madhouse in order to keep his income from him. In this madhouse Jean Mistral has been confined for forty-seven years.

The miser's wealth increased year by year. His wife died, broken-hearted for her son; he was left absolutely alone, shunned and hated by his neighbors, a miserable, lonely old man. Still the money grew. Old Mistral died twenty years ago, refusing to release his son, "lest he might waste his wealth."

A few weeks ago the Government interfered, and Jean was set free. It was proved that he had always been sane.

For which he suffered now amounts to more than ten millions of dollars. But he is a bent, gray-haired old man, trembling and frightened when spoken to. But one man in his native village is alive who remembers him.

His first words when released were, "Where is my wife?" All France is interested in the search for her, but many times forty years have passed since she and her child disappeared.

Thus for nearly half a century these human lives, which might have been noble and happy and helpful to the world, have been ruined and ruined, in order that this huge hoard of gold might grow.

In God's scales which weighs the heavier?

Doubtful.

Leopold von Ranke, who is regarded in Germany as the greatest of all historians, died a few weeks ago, at a great age. His aim in writing history was, as he stated fifty years ago, to set forth the colorless truth, without any shape from his own opinion. His books are, therefore, a collection of facts, unwarmed by the special coloring which makes the pages of more brilliant historians so easy reading.

It is said that when Von Ranke first began to collect facts for his history, a singular accident occurred in his native town. A small bridge gave way one morning, and some passengers were swept away in the current beneath. Von Ranke was absent at the time, but returned the next day, and learned into the details of the catastrophe.

"I saw the bridge fall," said one of his neighbors. "A heavy wain had just passed over it, and weakened it. Two women were in it when it fell, and a soldier on a white horse."

"I saw it fall," declared another; "but the wain had passed over it two hours previous. The four passengers were children, and the rider was a civilian on a black horse."

"Now," said Von Ranke "it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noonday, only twenty-four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries?"

He often declared that much of his caution and impartiality was due to this trivial incident.

All educated people desire to gain a true idea of the events of history, but very few of them can afford the time to examine into original documents to obtain this knowledge. Their best course, perhaps, is to read the accounts of two historians of differing opinions and parties concerning each epoch, and to take a middle ground of belief. The same plan is best in judging of living persons.

Sleeping Cars with Bath Rooms.

"Talking about luxury on the rail," said a traveler, "let me tell you of a nice thing I struck last week. First let me ask if every man of you hasn't often felt while out on the road that he would give more for a good bath than for anything else in the way of personal comfort that you could think of? Of course you have. There is something about railroad traveling that makes a man yearn for his bath-tub at home. You not only get dirty, but you feel that you are dirty. The stuff seems to settle over, and stick you up, and interfere with the natural functions of the skin. And then to think of a five or six days' trip across the continent without a wash, except of your hands and face, which only makes the contrast with the rest of your body the more striking, and renders you more miserable.

"Well, it has been generally supposed that about all of the art and invention of the world in the matter of securing comfort for the railway traveler have their home in the West Indies, and particularly in Cuba, and yet up in British America last week I struck the most luxurious car on wheels. It was a nice thing coming into a bath-room. It is a nice tub, and there is plenty of room and all the hot or cold water a man wants and everything nice, clean and cosy. The charge for a bath is only fifty cents, and during the two days I was on the car there wasn't a passenger aboard who didn't have at least one bath a day. And every man and woman of 'em swore that the luxury would have been cheap and desirable at double the price. I believe Pullman could make money by putting bath-tubs in all of his cars, and I'm as sure as he gets to believing they would pay well to do it. It isn't the comfort for travelers he cares about, but the profits, you know, as he's running his cars for all there is in them. A good bath-tub would beat some of his gingerbreads all to pieces, so far as real comfort is concerned. The Canada Pacific Company has quite a number of sleeping cars fitted up with baths."—*Chicago Herald.*

Genius at Lunch.

A writer in the *Christian Union* talks with what success he used to search out places of historical or literary interest in London,—such places as few travellers in three days go to see. Among these haunts of his there was an old lunch room, with a candled floor, into four below the level of the sidewalk. One day he saw a large man in a coat talking his lunch in his elegance, and made a note of it.

His face was round, pale and heavy, but his bushy eyebrows slid up and down with quick changes of expression. He sat down at the table next to mine, and directly a waiter came in with a big plate of bread and cheese and a glass of ale, and set it before him.

He ate and drank heartily, and after finishing his lunch, sat upright and rested his hands on a heavy cane. I could only see his back; but from occasional movements of his head, such as a man makes when he is arguing in earnest, I suspected that he was doing some pretty hard thinking.

Suddenly he reached for his empty glass and hurled it on the floor with all his strength, smashing it into shivers. He sat for a minute longer, then got up slowly, "tipped" the waiter, paid his reckoning, and went out. He had not uttered a word. The waiter got a broom, swept up the pieces of glass, and cleared the table. I asked him if the gentleman's intellect was a little in need of repair.

"Oh no, sir," said he. "That's somethin' unusual with him, sir. Why, he's broke a glass, he a 'undred glasses, since he's been in a-eatin' o' his 'ouse. 'E don't know 'e's a-doin' it. 'E's a-thinkin', and it 'elps 'im out. 'E's got mad at somethink, 'e was thinkin' about."

"Who is he?"

"Lord Macaulay, sir."

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.—*Sydney Smith.*

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y.
(ONTARIO DIVISION.)

TIME TABLE.

GOING WEST.

	Express.	Winnipeg Express.	Express.
Tweed	3.40 a. m.	6.47 a. m.	4.47 p.m
Ivanhoe		7.03 "	5.01 "
Central Ont. Jn.	4.13 "	7.19 "	5.18 "

..Daily, Sundays excepted.

GOING EAST.

C. O. R. Junction	12.44 p.m.	9.05 p.m	12.13 a.m
Ivanhoe	1.00 "		
Tweed	1.17 "	9.37 "	12.44 "

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST 5, 1886.

—SALISBURY has succeeded in forming a ministry in Great Britain to succeed Gladstone's administration. That he will be able to retain office much longer than the previous Tory government is very much doubted.

—THE Governor of Newfoundland telegraphs that the reports of the ill condition of the people of Labrador, about whom we have had such heart-rending accounts recently, have not been confirmed and are not believed on the island. The stories of "cannibalism," "thousands of bears," "decimation of the people," &c., are plainly the fabrication of some idle Munchausen. The present is the silly season and these Labrador yarns are merely seasonable tales.

—WHAT PROMISES to be a new and profitable industry has been started in Canada. For some weeks past two officers of the British army, Col. G. F. Ravenhill, Royal Artillery, and Col. Phillips, of the Guards, with Mr. J. Matthews, V. S., have been in the country for the purpose of purchasing horses for the British service. The horses they require must be 15½ hands and not over 16 hands and of an age not below five or above eight years, and sound in all respects. The imperial government require some thousands of these horses annually, and the gentlemen named above have been instructed to buy as many as possible in the Canadian market. If the result of this experiment is successful it is the intention to establish a permanent office in Toronto for the purchase of horses. There is a good opportunity for farmers and others creating a constant market for good horses of the above description at remunerative prices.

—THE Toronto *World* administers the following rebuke to a certain class of our population, which will be found applicable in other communities than Hamilton :—

"A Mrs. William Blake, of Hamilton, appeals through the Spectator to her husband to come home and care for her and their sick child who are on the verge of want. William is one of those enthusiasts who get more religion than they can hold. A quart of religion in a pint man is almost as bad as a quart of whiskey. Blake told his wife that "the Lord had called him to labor in His vineyard and in His desert places," and then disappeared. He must have misunderstood the case, as the deserted place that yearns for William is his own home. When a man gets so pious that he deserts his wife and children the Lord don't converse with him much. William, if this should meet your eye, go home, and don't be an ass. When a superior mechanic, as you are said to be, becomes an inferior preacher, we refuse to hold the Lord responsible, particularly when as is generally the case, the self-ordained preacher hardly knows enough theology to distinguish between the thirty-nine articles and the forty thieves.

A riverman named Joel Redden, working for Gilmour and Co., was drowned at Ranney Falls half a mile below Campbellford, this morning. After the gang had finished "tailing" the logs through, it seems that he and a companion attempted to shoot the rapids, but the boat filled, the men were precipitated into the water and Redden, being unable to swim, was drowned. His companion got ashore.

Wilson Burnham's mill, at Folger Station, on the Kingston and Pembroke railway, was burned last week.

Progress.

The Dates Fixed for the Madoc Fall Fair

A meeting of the Executive Board of the Madoc Agricultural and Industrial Association was held at the Madoc House on Monday evening last. In the absence of the President, the Vice, Mr. A. F. Wood, occupied the chair, and the following members were present :—Thos. Cross, A. A. McDonald, A. B. Ross, A.W. Coe, Peter Vankleek and R. R. Casement.

It was ordered that the prize list, rules and regulations, &c., be published in pamphlet form, and 1000 copies distributed to the public.

It was also decided that the dates for holding the two days' fair in Madoc this year be the 29th and 30th of September, Wednesday and Thursday of the week.

The President, and Messrs. A. B. Ross and John Caskey were appointed to arrange the prize list, and submit the same at next meeting of the Board.

Large posters advertising the show were ordered to be printed as soon as possible.

The next meeting will be held on Monday next, at 10 a. m.

AN ISLAND IN FLAMES.

A despatch from Chicago gives an account of a disastrious fire on Manitoulin Island a few weeks ago, as related by the captain of a vessel just arrived from that place. He says :—When the vessel arrived the inhabitants were badly frightened. For weeks not a drop of rain had fallen. The steamer began to take on a cargo of posts and ties when the woods suddenly burst into a great blaze. No sooner had the fire started than a severe wind storm swept over the Island driving the flames in every direction. The people fled in terror to the beach and sought shelter on board vessels, which were pulled out into the lake, and scores of bears roaring with pain ran out of the woods with the hair singed from their hides and plunged into the lake. The flames raged for five days, burning over acres of valuable timber, destroying a vast amount of stock piled on the beach for shipment. Then a drenching rain storm set in and contiued until the fire was put out. It was ten days from the time the vessels reached there before they were ready to leave and their stock of provisions were almost exhausted in caring for the people who took refuge on them. The experience of the steamer at Manitoulin Islands during the fire was thrilling. The scene from the vessels, as told by a spectator, was grand beyond description. The flames shot into the air for hundreds of feet, and turned night into day, while the heat was so intense that the vessels were obliged to push out into the lake. The noise was deafening, and amid all the din and confusion thousands of birds fluttered around their late homes until, tired with constant flight, they dropped into the lake or fell into the flames. Deer and bears rushed from the woods together, and threw themselves into the cooling water of the lake. For five days the flames held their sway before the lumbermen could return to the Island to finish loading the vessels.

On Thursday last a Mr. Kingston, living in Murray Township, saw a large lynx crossing a field near his farm house. He turned two dogs, a bulldog and a hound, loose, which immediately gave chase. The animal took refuge in a spruce tree in the yard surrounding the house of Mr. Wm. Bogart on lot 9, 6th concession of the Township. The bull dog was close enough to spring at the lynx as it bounded into the tree. For his impudence he received an ugly blow from the claw of the animal, which tore the flesh from his jaw. Mr. Kingston now came up with a gun and brought his lynxship down by a well directed shot. It measured 4 ft. 7 in. from tip to tip.

Mrs. Robert Hooper, of Kinloss, county of Bruce, in a letter says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints for a number of years, and am glad to say to the public as well as to friends that McGregor's Speedy Cure brought me around and I am now alright, thanks to McGregor's Speedy Cure. Hundreds of like testimonials are frequently received, and are daily proving that this is truly a wonderful remedy, curing Sluggish Liver, Bilious Headache and Costiveness, where all else fails. Sold at any Drug Store, Trial bottles free.

Wild Lands For Sale.

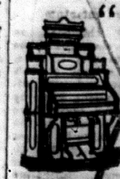
THE undersigned offers for sale lots 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, 2nd concession of Elzevir.

All parties are hereby forbid from trespassing, or cutting hay, on the marshes on the above lands, unless authorized by the owner, Joseph George, Kingston, or

WM. WIGGINS,
Agent, Queensboro.

Elzevir, June 28, 1886. 478

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

—IN THE—

Matter of the Estate!

—OF—

MICHAEL QUIRK,

late of the

Township of Madoc!

in the County of Hastings, yeoman, deceased.

PURSUANT to Section 38 of Chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria Chapter 8, Section 1, notice is hereby given that the Creditors of the said Michael Quirk, who died on or about the Seventh of July, A.D. 1886, and other persons having any claim against his estate on or before the

7th September, 1886,

to send by Post prepaid, to Alex. A. McDonald, Esquire, Solicitor, at Madoc, in the County of Hastings, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their accounts and nature of their securities (if any) held by them, together with a statutory declaration verifying the same.

And further take notice that immediately after the said 7th day of September next, the assets of the said deceased will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been received, and the said executors will not be liable for the assets so disposed of or any part thereof to persons whose claims shall not have been received by the said Alex. A. McDonald by the said date.

Dated this 30th day of July, A.D. 1886.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Solicitor for the Executors,—P. Casey and Donald McKinnon.
483-5w

Caution to the Public.

I HEREBY give warning to all parties against trusting or giving goods of any kind to my wife, Mrs. Margaret Johnson, as I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract.

JOHN JOHNSON.
Huntingdon, July 28th, 1886. 482-3w

B. LAURANCE'S Spectacles & Eye-Glasses

are the only genuine

English Articles in the Canadian MARKET.

Real Pebbles are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove genuineness.

They have been recommended by and testimonials received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University; the President and Ex-Presidents of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, etc., etc.

These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed, call on

JOHN DALE & SON,
481 Agents for MADOC.

PATENTS

MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper. $3.20 a year. Weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 261 Broadway, New York.

BINDING TWINE

12½ cts. per Pound.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

HAY

AND

MANURE FORKS

AT

JOHN DALE & SON'S.

SELLING OFF AT COST.

I am selling off at cost to get out of business.

Parties having accounts will save costs by settling at once.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

Again in Business!

THE undersigned, having resumed business in his old stand,

ST. LAWRENCE STREET,

Opposite the Post Office,

begs to inform his old customers, and the public generally, that he will always keep on hand

BREAD, BUNS, CAKES, BISCUITS, AND ALL KINDS OF CANDIES.

Of the best qualities, and at reasonable prices.

Please give me call.

D. R. BOWEN.
Madoc, June 9, 1886. 475

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID,
Nurseryman, - Enterprise, Ont.,

WISHES to thank his many customers for the liberal patronage he has received while handling Nursery Stock as a dealer.

Having now secured an interest in the Newcastle Nurseries, is prepared to furnish stock, both Fruit and Ornamental, of first class quality and at prices to compare with any. Nothing but the most hardy and well tested varieties grown.

Mortgage Sale!

UNDER and by virtue of power of sale contained in a mortgage made by J. McCaw, in favor of E. Hallstone and bearing date 21st day of March, A. D. 1884, which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION

—AT THE—

WINDSOR HOTEL,

—IN THE—

VILLAGE of MADOC,

at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, on

Saturday, 31st of July, 1886,

the following property, namely,

The north half of lot number twenty-one, in the Fourth concession of the Township of Elzevir, County of Hastings.

Title good.

Terms of Sale—25 per cent. of the purchase money on the day of sale, the balance as may be agreed on at the time of sale.

For further particulars apply to the Mortgagee's Solicitor, Alex. A. McDonald, Madoc.

Dated this 29th June, 1886.

A. A. McDONALD,
Mortgagee's Solicitor,
478-4w Madoc.

POSTPONED.

The above sale is adjourned until Saturday the 21st of August next, at the same hour and place.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Mortgagee's Solicitor.
Dated this 31st July, 1886.

CORRESPONDENCE.

10TH LETTER.
Protestant Rule.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—In the letters I have thus far written on the falsity of the fundamental principle of Protestantism, "the Bible alone, interpreted by private interpretation," I have only been able to merely touch upon some of the insurmountable difficulties connected therewith. I have left to every intelligent reader of the REVIEW to say if I have not done what I promised, and if I have not given good, sound, logical proofs that Protestantism is a sham and a snare, and that if the Catholic Church is not *the one only true Church*, then Christ was an impostor, and the Christian Religion is a perfect farce. Each and every letter I have written, can easily be reduced to argumentative form by any person with the least pretentions to brains, or intelligence. I publicly invite this to be done, and so publicly challenge the refutation of any of the premises or conclusions laid down by me. It is a notorious fact, that Protestants in general do not use their reasoning faculties on the great and important question of religion. Did they do so, they could not as rational beings adhere to a system, which, of its very nature, destroys Faith itself, and which, of *necessity*, leads any thinking man amongst them either to embrace Catholicity, or to profess infidelity pure and simple. With most of them, religion is simply a matter of "go as you please," so long as you *hate and calumniate* the Catholic Church. I have proven that if we can have certainty at all in the doctrines of Christ, we must of necessity *therefor*, have an infallible witness to furnish us the required evidence. That Faith being necessary for every man, by the express command of God Himself, it is an utter impossibility for us to have it without an infallible guide. That without such a guide, the Bible is not worth the paper on which it is written, so far as being the least value as a testimony to us. That without an infallible guide no man can ever prove the *inspiration, canonicity, genuineness*, and *all-sufficiency* of Scripture. Certainly every one must admit that those are points which require the most grave consideration by all who have the slightest idea who Christ was, and of the all importance of His doctrines and teaching. I have then shown the sad results of the Protestant fundamental principle from its self-evident effects, and by the testimony of Protestant witnesses themselves. It is a true saying that "the tree is known by its fruit"; the Protestant world therefore in its hundreds of jarring and contradictory sects, affords to every thinking man the best possible proof of the falsity, of the senseless and illogical principle of private judgment. In publicly challenging a refutation of the arguments adduced by me in these letters, I would respectfully ask any one who may undertake the task, to please remember that Catholics are ever open to conviction, through manly and logical argument, and therefore, there is no excuse for abuse or calumny, of either ourselves or our religion. The man who resorts to one or the other is beneath contempt, and the cause he advocates by such means is simply not worth the candle. We Catholics have brains and intelligence just as well as Protestants. If we then are certain, and can prove that there is no such thing as any medium (for a reflecting mind) between Catholicity and blank infidelity, the fault solely lies in the baseless, and illogical foundation of Protestantism. Since its foundation has now been proved rotten to to the core, every intelligent man can see that every argument against the Catholic Church, or her doctrines, built on said foundation, is of no avail whatever, except with persons too supremely ignorant to use that reason, with which a kind Creator has gifted us all. As I said in my letter of March 25th ult., I shall proceed further, although evidently unnecessarily, and prove directly that the Catholic rule of faith is the rule actually established by Christ, and is the only rule whereby can be met every possible objection against the Christian religion. As I have proven, the Protestant rule of Faith is deceptive in that it does not give the opportunity of having Faith, while it acknowledges the all-importance of it, and puts its followers off with mere opinions. It refers them to written documents as their authority, while it denies the existence of that witness, or voucher, which *alone* can make them authoritative. It is just the defects to which I have referred in all my former letters which the Catholic rule of Faith supplies. Does the Bible in common with other written documents, require a voucher for its genuineness, and to make it an authority to us, and to keep it from corruption for centuries—the Catholic Church comes before us, "as the witness and the guardian of Holy Writ." Without this no man can tell, as I said before, *anything certain* about the Bible, as to its inspiration, canonicity, etc. Again, does the Bible speak of itself as a Sealed Book. The Catholic Church furnishes us with the *key* by which everything connected with it is made plain to us. The Catholic Church does not leave us to our own private interpretation of the Bible, or to that of any *private individual* whatever, no matter how gifted or learned. The Catholic Church does not say, "what I teach you has been deduced from Scripture by the private judgment of able men in my communion (although it is in Scripture). Catholic truth, although Scriptural, is yet older than the Bible, and therefore it would be a contradition of terms to say, it was derived from the Bible. Catholic truth was derived from the very mouth of our Lord; was delivered to the Apostles before a single line of the New Testament was written, and was ordered by Him to be proclaimed to all nations, for all time, and therefore, to be handed down by Tradition. Not only this, but He provided means whereby this Tradition should remain pure and uncorrupt to the end of time, and gave to His Church the spirit of truth to remain with her forever (John 14.16). If there be truth in the words of Christ, she cannot then but *ever* teach the truth, and therefore, all are bound to hear her. Therefore, the Catholic Church in speaking does not merely deliver the opinions of her learned men, but speaks *with authority*, as having had a system of truths committed to her which it is her bounden duty to always keep and proclaim. The Catholic religion is not then a *system of opinions*, but one of *testimony*, a system in which one generation testifies to the succeeding one as to what it itself had in like manner received. Therefore, it is a system of Tradition, and Catholicism is the acceptance of such Tradition as we find it in existence in our day. T. D.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Roman Catholic Popes, and all their graded satellites, are infallible, and can err in nothing (!) they may teach and compel obedience to. Of course, claiming the possession of a reasonable share of common reason and common sense, we, the "intelligent public" of North Hastings, especially, must surely, on these grounds, concede the congruity (!) of the whole combination of concomitant tactics evolving a system of religious practice and requirements, presumed to have been first revealed to Roman Catholics, and, by them, transmitted from one to another as circumstances and their nefarious conspiracies suggested, thereby preserving it unsullied (!) down through the ages, even at the hands of those "miserable Reformers." Facts are stubborn things; and facts compel us to accede the consequential perturbation of such a conglomeration of abominable absurdities. This system of theirs has only to be studied to be understood, and to present unmistaken conceptions and perceptions of the base restrictions exacted, and privileges allowed; to give indisputable evidence of the weak fallibility and shortsightedness of the long line of Roman dignitaries (!), down to even T. D. himself. We have disclosed enough error and pollution already, directly and indirectly eminating from the principles and dogmas of of their Church, to cause any unprejudiced, unbigoted and non-priestridden person to forever renounce them, and accept true Protestant Faith,—which we rejoice many are doing. But, let us briefly glance at one or two more of the "pet links" in their long chain of pandemonium concoction. Among the articles of faith already alluded to, and from which the people have seriously suffered, is that called the efficacy of *Indulgences*. In reverting to the abuses in this connection, we will first refer to the sacrament of *Penance*, which is connected with the duty of Auricular Confession. The Roman doctrine in this respect is, that after a sin has been sincerely repented of and entirely forsaken, and it has been fully and freely confessed to the priest, then the latter is empowered to forgive it, and remit the penalty which might have otherwise followed it. St. James says:—"Confess your sins to one another;" and on the authority of this passage is the Confessional based—from which, as we have before proven, results so much degradation and shame. Now we would like to know when a priest ever obeyed the injunction of the text quoted by confessing to a layman. It would be folly for me to take up time to argue upon this point, for any one who is allowed to use his, or her, own will and reason, without being forced to accept the decree of priests or popes, must see the falsity of such teachings. Confession is always required in the Roman Catholic Church before going to the Lord's Supper. A portion of Penance consists in satisfaction—satisfaction to God, and satisfaction to the Church, whom the penitent has offended. Sometimes the priest sees fit to relax the rigor of the Church, and remit a portion of the penance or satisfaction which would be otherwise enjoined. This is called an *indulgence*. Old Tetzel once did a thriving business in selling these indulgences for money, until Luther arrested his course, and "made a big hole in his drum," which silenced it forever. The abuses which existed in the sixteenth century, in reference to these indulgences, led to the first outbreak of the Reformation, and to the *down-break* of the Papal power throughout a large portion of Christendom. Our mind is here drawn back to that illustrious young monk, who, when twenty-four years of age, in 1507, first discovered a Latin Bible among the rubbish of his convent library, from the perusal of which he derived his then almost unknown ideas in reference to the doctrinal system of Protestant theology. After ten years of faithful, earnest investigation and study of the Scriptures, in 1517, he made his first public foray into the territories of Rome by attacking the the sale of Indulgences, which, as we have said, was carried on by Tetzel, in the vicinity of Luther's residence. Luther refused absolution, as a priest, to those who had bought forgiveness of their sins with money from Tetzel, resulting in a violent controversy in reference to this business between them, in which Luther gained an overwhelming advantage. His conduct excited the indignation of the authorities of the Roman Church, and the Papal Court decreed that his writings should be publicly burnt. What does this prove? Simply this, their only hope for continuing in power rested solely in keeping the masses completely under subjection, and this could only be effected by casting away every means by which a ray of light might be shed across their benighted pathway; and keeping them in ignorance by a refusal of the right to exercise their own reason and judgment in matters affecting their future welfare. However, in return for the above compliment, Luther collected together some of the standard works of the Romish Church and burnt them, together with the condemnatory bull of the Pope, in view of the inhabitants of the city of Wittenberg. To punish this audacity, the Pope fulminated another bull or decree, excommunicating the refractory and contumacious priest. Thus the breach was made irreparable, and the career and independence of Protestantism were formally and publicly begun. Again, in 1519, Luther met "T. D's" renowned Romish theologian, Dr. John Eck, in his celebrated debate at Leipsic, and so confounded and demolished his arguments, against the principles he was so successfully inculcating, that Eck longed for an opening beneath him to swallow him, for the time being, from his extremely humiliating position. And yet, in the face of this, "T. D.," with fanatic modesty, "publicly challenges" a refutation of the long-ago worn-out imprications and denunciations—called arguments—which he has rehashed from papers, books, cyclopedias, "over the fence" pervicacious vituperations, and other unreliable sources, compiled by those would-be Roman scientists and theologians, for their own base and selfish ends; and which have been so many times completely answered by the irrefutable arguments of those champions of the Reformation, and scholars of later days. What incomprehensible presumption! Well, it takes all kinds of people to make the world; and we must confess some mighty "queer" ones are found among them—even in Madoc. ROB.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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DRESS GOODS.

The range we show is very complete. Don't fail to see our stock of Dress Goods before purchasing, as you cannot fail to be pleased. A full stock of Ladies' JERSEYS.

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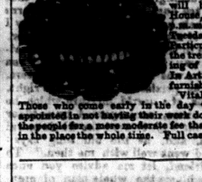

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40,000 lbs. Good Fleece Wool!

Wanted, for which I will pay the Highest Cash Price, or exchange all kinds of cloth.

Having leased the Pringle Carding Mills, I am prepared to do Cardings, &c., on short notice. Mr. J. L. Morton, one of the best carders in the County, will have charge. I will be in Joseph Caverly's building, opposite the grist mill, prepared to take in wool. Give me a call.

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Communications can be addressed to the

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A FLAMING HELL.

The Harrowing Experiences of the Victims of the New Zealand Earthquake.

We are indebted to Mr. Minnett for the following statement of occurrence at Te Wairoa on the eventful Tuesday:—

I was staying at Mr. Humphries' Temperance boarding-house, Te Wairoa, on Wednesday, and had gone to bed [illegible] at about [illegible] on Thursday morning I was aroused by what was evidently an earthquake. At first I tried to think that it was only a heavy storm of wind, which the sound at first much resembled. There was a violent roaring, lasting four or five minutes at a time, then dropping for a minute or two and breaking out again. I lit a candle, but not wishing to disturb the people of the house needlessly, I sat listening to the rattling of the doors and the jolting to and fro of the furniture, and trying to discover the cause, without leaving my room. I sat there for about three quarters of an hour, when I heard a loud voice call up the staircase, "Stubbs, Stubbs, come and see Tarawera blow up." It was Humphries calling, and I was dressed and out in the street in about half a minute, and soon Stubbs and Humphries joined me. We looked in the direction of Tarawera, and there we saw a cloud gradually rising, black as ink, behind the hill that shelters Wairoa; it was flashing with lightning in every direction, while occasionally fireballs, like rockets, flashed from it; the number of these and their vivacity increased to a fearful extent while we were gazing. The cloud kept slowly and steadily rising, and gradually bent over in our direction. Stubbs and I proceeded to where we thought we should get a good view over the lake, but the darkness was intense, the cold piercing, and it appeared dangerous to go forward, as we were getting more and more under the cloud and its dropping fires. We therefore returned [illegible] house to meet McRae and [illegible]. We met them at the turn of the road for Te Mu; the two Miss Hazards were with the party, and also Messrs. Blyth and Lundins. The cold was so intense that I had to go back for my [illegible], and on reaching the house I found I could not keep a candle alight; the wind forced the doors open, the building was shaking violently, and I feared it might collapse before I could get out. For some time I could not find McRae's party. I went along the road towards the lake, but the lightning seemed to strike the road in so many places before me that I turned back again and up the Mu road. From the hill near the church I could see the Tarawera Mountain

BELCHING OUT FLAMES

thousands of feet in the air, and illumining the whole heavens; clouds of steam and smoke rose above this, and a molten shining mass rolled down the sides. I saw no signs of the party, and went back towards the road, shouting as I ran, and at length I came upon them. It was decided that we had better go back to the house and shelter. The cloud meanwhile was increasing in volume, and extending over our heads; the wind increased, and we had scarcely reached the house when it began, as we thought, to rain heavily. The windows were smashed in, and we found that what we had taken for rain was scoria and stone. The wind, blowing violently, was veering and shifting in every direction, stones and scoria were dashing on the house with deafening noise, and the roaring of the [illegible] was tremendous. The roof of the house now began to fall in at various places. The stones fell apparently upon the ceiling of the room we were in, and about two tons of sand came thundering through the roof, clearing all before it and lodging in the staircase within a yard of where we were assembled. Looking out we perceived a fire on the opposite side of the road, which reminded us of the danger we were in from this same cause, and in about five minutes we saw a still larger fire to our right, which we at once made out to be Mr. Hazard's house all in a blaze. We knew that all but the two girls must be in it, but we dared not [illegible] to attempt assistance; between earthquake and fire we stood expecting death ourselves.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE

Mr. Bainbridge now asked if any of those present would like to engage in prayer, and all cheerfully consented. He read a chapter from the Bible, and then offered up prayer. He said this might be the last hour of our lives, or we might at once, and without further preparation, be ushered into the presence of our Maker. But it was in His power to deliver and save us, even in this terrible extremity; and should any of our number mercifully be delivered from this present peril and imminent calamity, [illegible] it be a turning point in their lives, and induce them to give up their hearts and lives to Him; and he said, in conclusion, "Oh, Lord be with us now, our lives are in thy hand, and should we meet Thee at this time, have mercy and forgive!" Some moments elapsed, and we were all silent; I went up to him and thanked him for having thought for us all in those dread moments, for during the whole time we were expecting death at any moment, either by being [illegible] by the sand, mud and stone that was overwhelming the house, or by suffocation with the sulphureous gases which pervaded the atmosphere, or by crushing under the falling timbers or being swallowed by the opening ground as it trembled beneath us. There was also the additional danger of being

BURNED TO DEATH

by the fireballs which were dashing over and through the building. Mr. Bainbridge, though calm, seemed to feel that he would not survive the night. He told me that the disaster would soon be heard of in England, and, whether he lived or died, that it would have a great effect on his family, as his brother had been shot, and two of his sisters had lately died suddenly from disease. He said this in such a manner as to lead me to think that he felt positive he himself would not escape the terrors of the night. Soon after this it was determined to make a start for the Maori carved house or Sophia's whare. As we left we had no matches, and were in total darkness, except occasionally the light afforded by the lightning and fireballs, which rendered the intervals of darkness still more intense. The crashing of the house in all directions, and the roaring of the volcano prevented anyone from hearing the sound of the falling verandah, which must have collapsed just at this time, because when all were going to step out of the door I did not perceive it. I stepped back to Stubbs for a moment, when I heard McRae's voice shouting for Humphries. Seeing me he said, "What, Minnett! You here.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET OUT OF THIS,

and make for Sophia's." We at once left the house, stumbling as we went over the fallen verandah and fallen roof, when Stubbs fell, believing that his leg was broken. At length the whole party, some twenty [illegible], reached Sophia's, remaining there till daylight, watching the principal buildings [illegible]. The corrugated iron building remained untouched, owing to the quantity of volcanic mud around and above it. We waited there in great anxiety, being under the apprehension that all the house was on fire. When daylight arrived Mr. McRae and the two Birds, his brothers-in-law, came up from the hotel to see how we had fared, and we all went down to the corrugated portion of the dwelling house to see about the [illegible], and found a Maori woman, old Mary of the Mu, with my sister Ina. It appears that when the building fell in old Mary snatched my sister into the bedroom, and they had crawled under the washstand, and after a while, finding no more mud fell on them, endeavoured to push away the stuff which was covering them. In this they succeeded, and raised themselves upright, waiting their fate, and continued there in the dark till half past six o'clock in the morning. At daylight we were re-united through Mr. Lundins breaking the window and getting the native woman and my sister out. The whole party, including Mr. McRae's people, listened for any sound to show that any of the rest of the family where alive in the collapsed corrugated building, but hearing none, and seeing at least eight and a half feet of mud on the debris of the fallen roof, we all went down toward Ohinemutu, everybody leaving the settlement. When we got inside of Tikitapu bush we met Mr. Robertson's coach which brought us to Mrs. Brent's boarding-house at Rotorua. Mr. Bird and Mr. Lundins went back to Wairoa.

SHORT SUMMER SERMONS.

BY C O D.

Don't sneer at any man's belief. Respect it if you believe it is his belief. And don't be too ready to suspect his sincerity, especially if worldly prosperity and social success do not run parallel with his creed. The Pharisees sneered at the Saviour. It is easy to profess a popular creed, but it requires a brave man to live up to a belief which runs counter to worldly advantage. If a man is a moral man—a kind man—an honest man—if he is a man whom before you knew his creed you instinctively recognized as a good man—respect his belief, even if you cannot share every part of it. If it happens that your creed is proclaimed in fine churches; if it carries with it the odour of dead-alive "respectability;" if you have inherited it or adopted it without thinking much about it, bear in mind that his may have been arrived at through tears and tribulations. Examine yourself; suspect yourself once in a while by way of change; it may do you good. The reformers of the world from the Saviour downward have been sneered at by the adherents of the popular creed. So be charitable to others and suspicious of yourself. A sneer—the devil's laugh—is an unlovely thing at best, but a sneer against any man's honest belief, is assuredly one of the most hateful things on earth.

Young man, if you feel dull, gloomy, "blue;" if you think like the melancholy Dane, that "the times are out of joint;" if you think the whole world is against you; if you are distrustful of your friends, jealous of your lover and doubtful of yourself, don't too quickly come to the conclusion that the plan of creation is a mistake or that your moral foundations are all broken up. The chances are ten to one that it's your liver! My diagnosis may not be very poetical, but it's likely to be true. So don't take to gloomy poetry and long hair and imagine yourself an incipient Childe Harold when you really need a blue pill. We are having a vast amount of what Walt Whitman calls "the literature of woe" in these latter days, the result of weak nerves and inefficient livers. Don't cultivate it; don't give way to it my young friend. Better stick to baseball literature as exhibited by the able sporting editors of the Toronto press, though perhaps even that is not the acme of "culture." I may as well confess that I had a touch of the Byronic fever myself in my younger days. I revelled in Byron, Werther & Co. for a season. I was gloomy and conceited and self conscious. I was a [illegible] tragedian, &c., and imagined my friends, aided and abetted by the world in general, were united in a grand conspiracy to do the [illegible]. I found out later that they were [illegible] Then I was sure he was one of the [illegible] he was right. A few grains of a [illegible] mixture which he called blue mass, accompanied by outdoor exercise, quite [illegible], cleared the whole moral atmosphere, and, as the old song says: "The world went well with me then." To my young friend, let me advise you once more not to blame the whole plan of creation when the trouble may be in your liver!

TORONTO, ONT.

The Way Ennui Affects Mary Ann.

"Good morning Mrs. O'Flaherty!"

"The same to ye, Mrs. O'Raherty. An' is it hot enough fur ye?"

"Indade an' it is. It fustrates Mary Ann intoirely, and she's got the ennooey, Oi belave they calls it, from the great hate. An' faith an' Oi appears to be catchin' the disase meslf, Oi do; Oi fale so wake an' conflutulated at toimes that Oi has to set down in the soft-rocker whin Mary Ann doesn't be usin' it fur hersilf jist loike she does. An' sure an' ye had ought to see Mary Ann fan herself wid her big quality fan. The Quane of England couldn't fan wid more schelle she coulon't."

It was in a bank in a Nebraska town. A farmer slapped down $80 on the counter and proudly remarked: 'There's the last dollar I owe on my farm; I am now entitled to a deed." "You must feel good," observed a Boston man who was in the bank on business. "I do." "And you will now go ahead with better spirits?" "I will now take the deed and go over to the loan office and mortgage the darn land for what I can and skip," was the feeling reply.

A MAN'S LEG BITTEN OFF BY A SHARK.

Rescue, and Immediate Amputation Above the Condyles—Recovery.

On Jan. 28 of this year Mr. R—— of Port Elizabeth, engaged in mercantile pursuits, went with a friend to have a dip in the sea at about 7 A. M. Visitors to South Africa may remember that there are two jetties projecting from the shore into deep water, A and B; the jetty B has been only a few months in use, and, being in close proximity to the Malay quarter, offal of fish had been constantly thrown into the sea here, and hence the appearance of sharks, which up to this time had not been common and no cause of fear or hindrance to sea bathers. Mr. R— and his friend having disported themselves in their usual way, Mr. R—, who was an expert, came out of the water, and resolved to have one more glorious

PLUNGE FROM THE DECK

of the jetty; on rising to the surface he felt a sharp pain in the thigh, and before he could cry out received another horrid crunch and down he went in the jaws of a huge shark. He struggled for a moment, and felt twisted about and shaken, then free, and with an instinctive effort, as he rose to the surface, made a supreme attempt to reach the landing stairs, which were close by.

There were some lads on the jetty who saw the terrible scene, and one of them stretching out his hand fortunately grasped that of the unfortunate man, and brought him to the dressing room; those present did what they could to staunch the bleeding by ligatures of towels, and a doctor and a cab were sent for. My friend, Dr. Edwards, was very quickly in attendance, and in the hurry of the moment had snatched up from his table one of, I think, Martin's elastic rubber bandages and a piece of wadding; with this appliance he quickly and effectually stopped all hemorrhage.

Poor R— was at once conveyed to the Provincial Hospital, and when I arrived, which was in less than an hour, he was on the operating table. Pale, of course, but wonderfully collected, and with a fair pulse he consented to an immediate amputation, which was performed by the surgeon of the day, Dr. Leslie; Dr. Uppleby, the assistant surgeon,

ADMINISTERING THE CHLOROFORM

in a careful and watchful manner. The circular operation was performed above the condyles, as near to the extremity as the lacerated tissues would allow; strict antiseptic measures were adopted, excepting the spray, and a good-sized drainage tube was inserted, not transversely, but perpendicularly, by making two incisions in the skin. This method, I think, commands better drainage. The patient bore the operation well, and on waking up asked if it was all over. A quarter of a grain of morphia was injected, and later on at night half a grain.

Next day (the 29th) the report was as follows: The patient had slept fairly, but complained of starting and tearing in the leg; reaction had set in; the gauze was stained through; no bleeding. The dressings were renewed at 12 o'clock. Diet, barley water, milk, beef tea. He was very thirsty. His mental condition was hopeful and plucky. Two silk ligatures were used to tie two large arteries, a few smaller ones were secured by carbolic gut, and the edge of the wound closed by silver wire. A minimum of blood was lost only at the time of the operation. On the 31st the dressings were renewed; temperature, 90°; stump looked well; drainage good; no pus or ill odor. On Feb. 1 he slept well without morphia; temperature normal, never above 100°. From this time recovery was uninterrupted, the wound remaining quite clean and free from ill odor. The chief trouble was the irrepressible agitation of the stump while being dressed, and considerable acute pain toward evening, which the mind referred to the foot which had been torn away.

It is very rarely, I imagine, that a human being who has once been in the

TERRIBLE JAWS OF A SHARK

has been saved, and more rarely still saved by surgical aid. I would venture to remark that the method by which my friend Dr. Edwards restrained hemorrhage [illegible] covering of wadding and Martin's rubber bandage over the lacerated end of the femur, and the arrest of the hemorrhage was very complete. A few ounces more blood lost would have turned the scale. Would not this method be of use in cases where extremities have been torn off or crushed by machinery or by a heavy wagon? You save all blood between the ligature and the end, and avoid bruising skin, muscles, and nerves by a ligature too often applied with unnecessary force. On examination of the part removed, there were the distinct marks of the serrated edge of the shark's teeth on the outer condyle of the femur, two-thirds of which had been, as it were, sawn through; the monster must have caught the poor fellow's leg obliquely across the joint. There were also three wounds of the skin on the same side just below the rim of the glevis, where the shark first caught him. These healed kindly, being dressed antiseptically at the time of the operation.

March 1.—Met Mr. B—— this morning near his house, making his first essay with the crutches; he was looking well, but still troubled with pain in the absent foot. I advised him to try to do without morphia. The brain by and by would cease to remember.

Snake-Charming.

A traveller in India writes as follows: "One morning, while sitting on the veranda I heard a sound which much resembled that made by bagpipes; and presently as it came nearer I discerned a strange-looking figure coming toward me, playing on a curious double pipe. His hair was long and matted in elf-locks like strips of thick felt, and he carried over his shoulder a long springy bamboo from either end of which depended a reddish-yellow bag.

"'Salaam, sahib,' he said.

"'Who are you, and what do you want?' I asked.

"'Hazoor! your servant is a charmer of serpents, and desires to exhibit his skill for your amusement.'

"This seemed to me a favorable opportunity for testing the pretensions of these persons, and I proposed certain conditions under which he should work, promising him a liberal reward if he were successful in capturing a poisonous snake within a certain distance of my bungalow.

"After some demur he assented to my proposal, stipulating only that if he failed he should receive half the promised sum of money.

"Accordingly, I assured myself absolutely that he had no snake concealed about his person.

"Taking his pipe and followed by me, he began his peregrinations, playing his doleful music all the while. First he searched the house, then the small piece of garden in front thereof, after which he turned towards the cook-house and my servants' huts, which lay a short distance in the rear. Midway between these huts and my bungalow was a small weedy patch of rose garden; and towards this patch he first directed his steps.

"Fixing his eyes on a spot among the rose-bushes, he commenced playing on his pipe. Slowly—very slowly—he drew nearer and nearer, his pipe keeping up a soft, monotonous, droning sound, when—whish! with a plunge and a dart, he thrust his arm into the grass and drew forth a wriggling cobra. I gave him his reward."

Gamblers' Luck.

Let us consider the general idea which most men have respecting what they call luck. We shall find that what they regard as affording clear evidence that there is such a thing as luck is in reality the result of law. Nay, they adopt such a combination of ideas about events that seem fortuitous that the kind of evidence they obtain must have been obtained, let events fall as they may. Let us consider the ideas of men about luck in gambling, as typifying in small the ideas of nearly all men about luck in life. In the first place, gamblers recognize some men as always lucky. I do not mean, of course, that they suppose some men always win, but that some men never have spells of bad luck. They are always "in the vein," to use the phraseology of gamblers like Steinmetz and others, who imagine that they have reduced their wild and wandering notions about luck into a science. Next, gamblers recognize those who start on a gambling career with singular good luck, retaining that luck long enough to trust in it confidently, and then losing it once for all, remaining there-after constantly unlucky. Thirdly, gamblers regard the great bulk of their community as men of varying luck—sometimes "in the vein," sometimes not—men who, if they are to be successful, must, according to the superstitions of the gambling world, be most careful to watch the progress of events. These, according to Steinmetz, the great authority on all such questions, (probably because of the earnestness of his belief in gambling superstitions,) may gamble or not, according as they are ready or not to obey the dictates of gambling prudence. When they are in the vein they should gamble steadily on, but so soon as "the maturity of the chances" brings with it a change of luck they must withdraw. If they will not do this they are likely to join the crew of the unlucky. Fourthly, there are those, according to the ideas of gamblers, who are pursued by constant ill luck. They are never "in the vein." If they win during the first half of an evening they lose more during the latter half. But usually they lose all the time. Fifthly, gamblers recognize a class who, having begun unfortunately, have had a change of luck later and have become members of the lucky fraternity. This change they usually ascribe to some action or event which, to the less brilliant imaginations of outsiders, would seem to have nothing whatever to do with the gambler's luck. For instance, the luck changed when the man married, his wife being a shrew; or because he took to wearing white waistcoats.

The Run of the Maid of the Mist

The boat which made the trip was built in 1854. For a while she took passengers from both the American and Canadian shores, and ran up very close to the foot of the falls. Owing to some change in her appointments, which confined her to the Canadian shore for the reception of passengers, she became unprofitable. Her owner wishing to leave the place determined to sell her, and he received an offer of little more than half her cost if he would deliver her at Niagara, opposite the fort. This he decided to do, after consulting with Joel R. Robinson, who had acted as pilot and Captain on her trip under the falls. Mr. Robinson consented to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones, agreed to go with him. A machinist, Mr. McIntyre, volunteered to share the risk with them. The boat was put in complete trim, all superfluous articles being removed from the deck and hold. No notice was given of the time of starting, and a large crowd assembled to witness the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either boat or crew again after they should leave the dock, which was just above the railway suspension bridge.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of June 15, 1861, the engineer took his place in the hold, and knowing that their flitting trip would be short at the longest, set his steam-valve at the proper gauge and waited the [illegible] signal that should start them on the fatal voyage. Robinson took his place at the wheel and gave the starting signal. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from her escape pipe, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, cleared the smooth water and shot like an arrow into the rapid, and when a third of the way down it, a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, keeled her over, carried away her smokestack, started her overhanging on that side, threw Robinson on his back, and threw McIntyre against her starboard wheel-house with such power as to break it through.

Every looker-on breathed freer as she emerged, shook her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool, and for a moment rose again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large pot in the pool, then turned her directly through the neck of it. Thence, after another drenching from the waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston. The boat was 72 feet long, with 17 feet breadth of beam, 8 feet depth of hold and carried an engine of 100 horse-power.

Hope is the last thing that dieth in man; and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us: that while we are traveling through life it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.—*Anon.*

It is not quite possible for me to run away from the conviction that there is a lot of cant in thanking God for afflictions.

HOUSEHOLD.

Hints.

Never iron lace curtains, nor even embroidered muslin ones. Have two long, slender boards, as long or longer than the curtains. Tack on these strips of cloth or wide tape the entire length. Place them out doors on chairs, or [illegible] quilting frames, and carefully pin the wet curtain between, stretching it until it is entirely smooth. Every point and scallop should be pulled in shape and fastened down. It will quickly dry, when its place can be filled with another.

Catherine Owen says: "If any of your family are fond of marrow, seal up each end of a beef bone before putting it on to boil, with a paste of flour and water; when done remove the paste and take out the marrow, serving it hot upon toast; it may be seasoned with salt and pepper."

Ruth Rosen says, and she knows, that very good bread may be made out of not very good flour, thus: For about three ordinary sized loaves grate over night two cold boiled potatoes. Pour over them some hot water and add enough flour while hot to thicken it slightly. Add a little salt, and when cool enough a small ball teacup of yeast. In the morning make a sponge as usual, and add this for rising.

To take grease out of clothing or carpets, to clean paint, etc., take half a bar of ivory soap and a lump of saltpetre and sal soda, each as large as a walnut; add two quarts of boiling soft water; stir well and let it stand till cool, then add three ounces of ammonia, bottle and cork tight. It will keep good a year. It is best to bottle when luke warm, and add the ammonia at any time.

Choice Recipes.

Breakfast Puffs.—Take in the proportion of about one cup of flour, one cup of milk, and one egg; beat the egg very light and have the freshest milk obtainable, and be sure to sift the flour. Put in well-greased and well-warmed pans—gem pans or the small, narrow pans that savey biscuits are baked in are the best, but cups or muffin-rings will answer—and have your oven very hot.

Cottage-Cheese Pudding.—Take two cups of cottage cheese and mash it with a spoon; add to it three eggs, one at a time, beating well each one into the cheese, as much sugar to sweeten it to your taste, together with one tablespoonful of flour, a pinch of salt, a grate of nutmeg, and sufficient milk to make the mixture a little thicker than custard. Have a pie-plate lined with rather rich paste and strewed with sugar, in which put your pudding, sprinkling the top, before baking liberally with finely powdered cinnamon.

Bread Griddles.—Take 2 cups stale bread crumbs, put in a dish, and pour over them warm water enough to thoroughly soak them. Mash fine with a spoon or rub through a colander; then to this add 3 cups sifted flour, 3 measures of Horsford's preparation or 5 spoonfuls of baking powder, and a little salt. If milk is plentiful soak the bread in milk instead of water, and after mixing the ingredients, thin to the proper consistency to fry on a hot griddle. Sour milk can be used in place of the water or sweet milk, and in that case use saleratus enough to sweeten the batter, a teaspoonful usually being enough, if the milk is not too old. These are very nice spread with butter and sugar as fried, then laid lightly one upon another, and sent to the table in neat little piles.

Cream Sponge Cake.—Beat two eggs in a teacup, then fill the cup with rich sweet cream. One cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful saleratus.

French Apple Fritters.—Peel three large apples, core them with an apple corer, and cut them across in slices rather less than half an inch thick; put them in a flat dish with half a tumbler of strong cider and strew them plentifully with powdered loaf sugar; let them remain covered a couple of hours, then take each piece separately, dip it in batter so that it is well covered with it and fry a golden color in plenty of hot lard. Lay the fritters in front of the fire, and when all are done pile them up on a napkin, shake plenty of powdered loaf sugar over them, and serve.

Why Cowboys Hate Mormons.

The climate of Montana is not particularly healthy for Mormons, principally, I believe, because the soil contains so many wide-awake bachelor cowboys who are badly in need of wives themselves. The royal cow-punchers of Montana hate a Mormon male as they do a snake. Being unable to get a single helpmate, [illegible] able to support a dozen [illegible] with four, five and six [illegible] wives, and settle down with [illegible] on a Government claim. There are about twenty-five thousand more bachelors in Montana than there are women altogether. Nearly all of these twenty-five thousand have splendid ranches, farms or claims of some kind, and need only a wife to complete their cup of happiness.

It is no exaggerated picture I am drawing, for the vast Territory of Montana contains innumerable bachelor homes, and these bachelors would make the best of husbands if given half a chance. The little town of Malden, a few miles north of here, contains not a single unmarried lady. The small village only ten miles west of us is simply a community of bachelors. These thousands of young men, middle aged men, and old men have comfortable bank accounts, and would marry on the slightest provocation, so to speak. Each one is calculated to make some woman happy, and would give the damsel who cared to risk her future with him all the ready cash she could possibly spend in this world. No wonder our bachelors hate the Mormon males who have more than their share of female blessings.

In the noon and the afternoon of life we still throb at the recollections of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged by the relish of pain and fear; for he touched the secret of the matter, who said of love—

All other pleasures are not worth its pains,

and when the day was not long enough, but the night, too, must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song.—*R. W. Emerson.*

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

Sir Alexander Campbell's health is reported to have much improved.

The Canadian Pacific railway have commenced the building of another gigantic elevator in Montreal.

Mr. Patrick Fergus, of Fullarton, is 107 years of age, and is still able to hoe potatoes, and do similar work.

The Salvation Army at St. Mary's has adopted the practice of praying in front of the bottle of the town.

Trouble is apprehended at the village of Severn Bridge in reference to the enforcement of the Scott Act.

The crops in a small portion of southern Manitoba and the adjoining section of Dakota have been completely ruined by a hailstorm.

John Newell, a Toronto cab driver, was fined $30 and costs or thirty days for overcharging one of the Knights of Pythias. He wanted four times the regular fare.

A despatch from Regina states that a number of white desperadoes robbed the mail at Fort Pitzel and carried off $30,000. The Mounted Police are on the track of the robbers.

The Canadian artillery team for the contest at Shoeburyness left Quebec the other morning by the S. S. Vancouver. The men were heartily cheered, as they marched to the ferry.

Toronto was visited by a terrific thunderstorm on Saturday afternoon of last week, during which a man named Edmund S. Bobby, who had taken refuge under a tree, was killed by lightning.

A collision occurred on the Grand Trunk railway near Maitland, between a couple of freight trains. No one was injured, but the engines and cars were damaged to the extent of about $1,000.

It is stated that there is now a good prospect of capturing the persons who robbed the Prince Albert mail, the authorities having received important information which may lead to the arrest of the despredators.

Two detachments of Canadian artillery, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Armstrong of St. John, have left for England, to compete with the British artillery team at Shoeburyness for the prizes offered to the victors.

The condition of the crops in Manitoba and the North-West is reported to be fair, and in the Portage la Prairie district, from Brandon to Moosomin, very good. In the territories generally the crops are said to be below the average yield.

John S. Gorsuch, a well-known commercial traveller, who was injured on the Michigan Central railway at St. Thomas about a week ago, while jumping from a train, died at his residence in Toronto, the other morning from the effects of his injuries.

A very destructive fire has occurred at Glencoe, Ont. The Baptist Presbyterian church, Glencoe's bank and four factory and a couple of houses were burned to the ground. The loss is estimated from $12,000 to $15,000, mostly covered by insurance.

Samuel Luttrell, a self-accused Chicago murderer, was brought before the Police Magistrate at Toronto, and discharged. He said he had a notion he had committed a murder, but as the police there seemed to know nothing about it, he felt perfectly satisfied.

At the dry dock works, Halifax, under a pile of stones and earth, was found the dead body of Wm. Wiley, foreman of the labourers. The wall fell on Saturday morning, burying the unfortunate man, but no one knew of his whereabouts until discovered yesterday.

A collision occurred the other morning near Strathroy, between the westbound express from Point Edward and three freight cars which had been left standing on the track. The freight cars were demolished, and the engineer and baggageman of the express were severely injured.

Cable advices have been received from the agent of the Canadian Pacific Royal Mail Steam and Japan Express Service to the effect that the steamship Cyprus, 3,611 tons, has arrived at Moji, Japan, with a full cargo of tea from Shanghai and Yokohama, viz., Yokohama Line, American and Canadian cities. This will be the fourth shipment of tea by this route.

Lieut.-Col. O'Brien and three non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers are to start for Victoria, B. C. They expect to be accompanied by their wives, as they intended to survey Esquimalt harbor and other points on the Pacific coast for the purpose of preparing plans for the erection of forts, to be used as naval stations and military depots for the Imperial forces.

Thomas Caven, Commercial traveller, attempted suicide at the Toronto brewery Simcoe street, Toronto, by shooting himself in the head with a revolver. He was taken to the hospital, where the wound is not considered fatal. Caven travelled in the liquor previously for an old firm and for a brewing company, and had been indulging in a protracted spree. He expressed his regret that the shot were not fatal. He is a married man about 50 years of age.

AMERICAN.

Extensive forest fires are raging in various counties of Michigan.

The health officers of Detroit have fears of a smallpox epidemic in that city.

The great Exhibition at Milwaukee is reported to have been a grand success and to have attracted much attendance.

FOREIGN.

The Queen has arrived at Osborne, Isle of Wight.

Emperor William has presented to the Shah of Persia the principal works of Frederick the Great.

Despatches from Matamoras, Mexico, report the complete defeat of the revolutionists by Government troops.

The new British Parliament will probably be summoned to meet on August 5th, and then adjourn till October.

A man named James Junior, who called at Windsor, to know if the Queen would marry him, has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

Admiral Lalond declares the French navy to be the best afloat, and he would have no fear for the success of it in an encounter with Great Britain.

In the Crawford case a verdict was returned finding Mrs. Crawford guilty of adultery with Sir Charles Dilke and granting Mr. Crawford a divorce.

There is a scheme on foot in Copenhagen to construct a tunnel under the Sound to connect the Swedish town of Malmo with the Danish island of Amager.

A remarkable heat wave is passing over England, accompanied by disastrous thunder storms. At Liverpool the sewers overflowed, and two persons were drowned.

In Marseilles the other evening a mob attacked the offices of the Royalist papers, which were successfully defended by gendarmes, who arrested a number of the rioters.

A special train conveying a number of colonists from London to the grand naval review at Portsmouth was derailed in transit and twelve prominent persons received serious injuries.

It is asserted that a storm is brewing in Morocco, arising from the fact that the Emperor refuses to give satisfaction for the acts of his soldiers burning and looting a British factory at Cape Juby.

Severe storms with loss of life are reported in France. Lightning destroyed the Dannette spinnery at Armentieres, causing damage to the extent of 12,500,000 francs. In Paris the heat is oppressive.

It is stated that Earl Rosebery has sent an emphatic protest to Russia against the closing of Batoum as a free port, characterising Russia's action in doing so as "a flagrant violation of the Treaty of Berlin."

The London *Telegraph* says the new treaty is not as far-reaching as is desirable. It only touches refugees, and fails to reach a gang of dastardly conspirators who devise outrages from the vantage ground of American.

The match for the Kelapore Cup at Wimbledon is closed. England was victorious with a score of 666 points, Canada making 646, Australia 642 and India 595. The Canadians won the chief prize in the Corporation series of matches.

Much annoyance is felt in French Government circles at the fact that M. Waddington, the French ambassador, attended the garden party of the Prince of Wales, at which the banished Orleans princes were received with Royal honour.

It is stated in Paris that Gen. Boulanger, the present Minister of War, was formerly an ardent Royalist, but upon the Comte de Chambord's refusal to accept the tricolor crown of France, he renounced his allegiance and became a Republican with all the ardor of a convert.

An effort is now being made to induce Earl Carnarvon to accept the position of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. There is also a very influential movement on foot in Dublin to induce Lord Salisbury to continue Lord Aberdeen in the office of Lord Lieutenant.

A special says it is announced on high authority that Lord Salisbury has promised to give his favorable consideration to the project for giving a postal subsidy to a line of steamers to run between British Columbia in connection with the Canadian Pacific railway, and China, Japan and Australia.

AN AWFUL CRIME.

An Insane Mother Kills one of her Children and then Suicides.

Mrs. Ann Turpin, wife of a well-to-do farmer of White River township living five miles north of Princeton, Ind., hanged her babe, cut the throat of another child, and then hanged herself the other morning.

Mrs. Turpin was only 25 years old. Her maiden name was Laura Bilderback. Seven years ago she gave birth to a daughter out of wedlock, and, charging Turpin, who was a widower with two children, with its parentage, she sued and recovered $800. Subsequently she and Turpin were married.

The first four years of the wedded life of the Turpins was stormy, but during the last two years they lived together in decided comfort. A gloom came over the woman, and suddenly became reconciled to her home and all its surroundings.

On the morning of the tragedy at the breakfast table she seemed unusually bright and happy, and at 9 o'clock kissed her husband affectionately before he took his departure from the house to resume his labors in the field. Left alone with the four children she lost no time in sending her husband's two little ones into the room to gather blackberries. Then going to the bed, where lay her own children, she lifted the babe up cautiously so as not to disturb her 7-year-old daughter, and deliberately cut its throat from ear to ear. Returning to the apartment lit up by the sickly sun till the thought it was dead. Returning her steps with the apparently lifeless body of the infant in her arms, she went back to where her daughter still slept, and laid the baby by the sleeper's side. Procuring a razor she drew it across the daughter's throat, almost severing her head. After the commission of this terrible deed the murderous mother went to the barn and with the same rope with which she had hanged the babe suspended herself from the rafters.

When the other two children returned with the blackberries they entered the apartments of Mrs. Turpin's children and were horrified by the blood dropping from the bed clothing underneath which the heartless mother had hidden her slaughtered innocents. The alarm was given to the husband and a hired man in the field and they hastened to the house. When the wife was found she was hanging in the stable, dead. In the meantime, the infant that the mother left for dead had returned to life and it is probable that it will recover.

Mrs. Turpin left a note saying no one was to blame for her deed; that the devil had been after her for two months, and that she was unable to get away from him.

The Boundary Line

Between comfort and discomfort is often very slight. Have you rheumatism or neuralgia? or are you a sufferer from obscure nervous pains? Why suffer long? You can purchase for 10 cents a bottle of that king of pain—Polson's Nervuline, or you can get a large bottle for 25 cents. It cures promptly. It is sure, pleasant to take, and never fails to cure all kinds of pain. Don't wait an hour, but send to any drug store and get a trial bottle. Nervuline, the sure pain cure.

FAMOUS PARLIAMENTS.

The Remarkable Parliaments of Great Britain and Their Leaders.

There have been twenty-eight prime ministers in Great Britain during the present century, serving and embracing a period of eighty-five years. The longest term was that of Lord Liverpool, extending from 1812 to 1817, or 178 months; and the two shortest were those of Canning, 1827, and Peel, in 1834-35, each of which was four months long. The shortest Parliament was under George III., in 1806-7, which lasted four months and fourteen days, and the longest Parliament was assembled under the last of the Georgis, the Fourth, on April 23, 1820, and was dissolved June 2, 1826, or six years one month and ten days after it had convened.

It will be interesting at this time to revive some of the historic Parliaments, particularly those that have been distinguished for some acts or course or leaders. The British paragraphers on the press of the island kingdom have borrowed an idea from this side the water, and the Tory newspaper writer calls Gladstone the "grand old man" about as derisively as the American Bourbon refers to the Republican as the "grand old party." There are with enough, however, among the British Liberals to fasten some jingo name on any measure or Parliament that will go into history. And if the Unionists break up on forming a ministry, or if they break down after they have formed one, hatred and epithets will be found to tell its history and character just as in former generations.

The first on the list of famous or notorious Parliaments was the Mad Parliament, a name given by the old chronicles to a body that assembled at Orford June 11, 1258. Its members were greatly exasperated at the exorbitant demands for supplies made by Henry III. to enable him to prosecute his military campaigns in Sicily. The body broke out into open revolt against the Crown, and this terminated in the appointment of twenty-four of their number to administer the government.

The Wonderful Parliament met February 3, 1388, or nearly 500 years ago. In history is that it played into the hands of the Duke of Gloucester, and thus thwarted a determined attempt made by Richard II., the King, to assume the actual as well as the nominal control of the government.

The Parliament of Dunces also rejoiced in the title of the unlearned Parliament. These epithets were undoubtedly applied to it by members of the legal profession, as all lawyers were excluded from that body. It existed in 1404, and that seems to be enough to say of its and its work.

The Addle Parliament was the unhandsome name applied to that legislature that met April 5, 1614, at London, and which was dissolved on June 6. It was not a kingly convention, else it had never gone into history with such a name. It was, like its predecessor, the Mad Parliament, not afraid of the Crown, and boldly remonstrated with the King, James I., respecting "benevolences," a mild phrase for extravagance and personal pleasures; and that monarch, with the perversity of the Stuart race, sent the members of Parliament home. It was the people who "removed" this prince's ministers. The Long Parliament came in during the closing years of the reign of Charles I. It assembled Nov. 3, 1640, and was dissolved by Cromwell April 29, 1653. The Rump Parliament was was a remnant of the Long Parliament, which reassembled May 6, 1659, after the dissolution of the Parliament summoned by Richard Cromwell January 27, and dissolved by him April 23 of the same year. However, the Barebones Parliament must not be neglected nor omitted. That was a nickname conferred upon the Parliament convened by the first Cromwell, July 4, 1653. It was composed of 139 persons, who resigned their authority December 12, the same year. One of the body was so called from a leatherseller named Praise-God Barebone, who was a leading member.

SAVED BY A CROSS.

The Thrilling Experience of a Clergyman in South Africa.

The Rev. Theron Needham, the Baptist evangelist, whose sensational work in Wales is now exciting considerable comment among the Baptists, has had, according to his own story, a very remarkable and interesting history. When he was but 16 years of age, he went to sea on board an English vessel bound for South America. The captain was a very brutal man and often ill-treated the lad, and the sailors, not slow to imitate the example of their superior, also made the boy an object of all manner of petty bullying.

One of the seamen, just before the arrival of the vessel at her destination, took young Needham and, tying him to a mast, proceeded to tattoo the boy's arms and a portion of his body, the crew regarding the matter in the light of a joke. Arriving at South America, Needham was placed on shore and deserted in the midst of a howling wilderness. Left to roam at will in the midst of dangers, it was not long before the boy was captured by a band of Patagonian Indians, a tribe which, according to the reverend gentleman's statement, had a custom of serving up human flesh at state dinners.

This would certainly have been his fate had not the Indians, on removing his clothes, discovered the pictures on his arms. One of the figures was a cross. This emblem of the Christian religion—for these rude savages had on one or two occasions been visited by missionaries—struck a chord in their savage hearts that they instantly determined to spare his life. The scene must have been very impressive, for Mr. Needham says he saw tears coursing down the cheeks of his captors. After that the lad was taken good care of by the Patagonians—such good care, in fact, that for nine years, although his effort were ceaseless, he was unable to escape from them. "They regarded me," he says, "as a god," though perhaps they valued him as a work of art. At any rate his sojourn among them was of long duration, and when he was finally able to return to civilization it was as a man ready to serve his Creator for the protection afforded him amid such peril.

It was Freddy's first experience with soda water. Drinking his glass with perhaps unusual eagerness, he was aware of a tingling sensation in his nostrils. "How do you like it?" inquired his mother who had stood treat. Freddy thought a moment, wrinkling his nose as he did so, and then observed: "It tastes like your foot was asleep."

$700 to $2,000 per Acre Farms—2000 of Acre Farms for sale; every Township—160 to 1000 acres. 12 cents; 10 cents; 8 cents each; numbers; full plan. BUTLAND, 97 Elgin St., Ottawa.

BAND SAW MACHINES, Lath and Shingle Machines; Bolters; Edgers; Trimmers; Planers; Moulders; Matchers; Mortising and Tenoning; Shingle and Heading Machines; Saws of all kinds. JOHN GILLIES & CO., Graham Place, Ont.

AGENTS!—YOU CAN'T FIND A BOOK THAT sells faster, better satisfaction than ours. Our agents make money where others fail. "Woman's Wonders," Bishop and Chapman's great work for Protestants, old and young, married and single, who have not enough for report are going into the field with it; C. F. Jenkins sold 125 the first week; J. R. Brown a dye; A Pleasant business with a Permanent income. Only one hundred and fifteen dollars. A great chance for unemployed persons; could run in actual canvass; write for terms. BRADLEY, GARRETSON & Co., Brantford.

CARRIAGE & WAGON AXLES

Manufactured of the Celebrated

Anchor Brand, Guelph Axle Works SOLD BY

T. PEPPER & CO., Guelph, Ont

Our Dunbar Axles are all to be had at all the principal Hardware Stores in the Dominion.

Wesleyan Ladies' College,

HAMILTON, - CANADA.

THE FIRST OF THE LADIES' COLLEGES—Has graduated over 920 ladies in its 20 years' course, has educated over 2,000. Full Faculties in literature, languages, music and art. The largest college building in the Province. With open fire. Jan. 1, 1886. Address the Principal. A. BURNS, D. D., C. O.

GUELPH CARPET WORKS.

J. & A. ARMSTRONG & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Wool, Union and Damask Carpets,

Of new patterns and designs. Guelph, Ont.

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Send for Catalogue.

TENTS, FLAGS, HAMMOCKS, AND CAMPING GOODS.

Macnair's, 169 YONGE ST., Toronto.

Every enquiry cheerfully answered.

BRANTFORD COLD WATER RICE STARCH

NEVER FAILS.

ARMSTRONG'S PATENT BUGGY & CARRIAGE GEARS

Phaeton Carriage ON OUR Improved "EUREKA" Gear.

LIGHT, STYLISH, STRONG, DURABLE, AND THE EASIEST RIDING BUGGY MADE.

As now improved the "Eureka" Gear is free from defects of any kind, and is meeting with a ready sale. Made to suit open or top buggies and phaetons. For sale by all the Leading Carriage Builders. Send for our descriptive price list. J. B. ARMSTRONG MF'G CO. (L'D.), GUELPH, CANADA.

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There is NO BETTER BAKING POWDER

The Snow Flake Baking Powder Co., Hamilton, Ont.

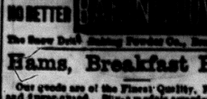
Hams, Breakfast Bacon.

Our goods are of the Finest Quality, Full Flavour, and Sugar-cured. Rivers made expressly to suit your taste. Sold everywhere. Ask your grocer for them.

JAS. PARK & SON,

Toronto, - - - Ont.

LINTON, LAKE & CO., Galt, Ont.



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Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday next and alternate every Saturday at noon, and thereafter from Quebec every Tuesday at noon, calling at Londonderry to land passengers for Ireland and Scotland, and Liverpool, calling at Halifax and St. John's, N.F., to Liverpool and Glasgow during summer months. For discount of the Steerage and during winter by and from Halifax and St. John's, N.F., to Liverpool and Glasgow; also between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; between Liverpool and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Halifax fortnightly.

For freights, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Allan & Co., St. John's, N.F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N.B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Allan, New York; H. Bourlier, Montreal; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brooks, Portland; Allan; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston Montreal.

The Royal Manufacturing Company,

6 Perth St., Guelph, Ont.

L. O. WIDEMAN & CO.,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Improved Family and Laundry Mangles, And all kinds of Laundry Appliances, Fireproof Window-Sash Locks, Step Ladders, etc., etc. Model-Making, Mill-Wrighting and Carpenter Work.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

Agents Wanted.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT

SPANISH GLYCERINE AND OIL DRESSING.

A BEAUTIFUL WATERPROOF A PATENT LEATHER POLISH FOR BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS

— SOLD EVERYWHERE —

MACHINE OILS.

MANUFACTURERS AND MILLERS WILL SAVE MONEY BY USING

McColl's Lardine Machine Oil.

Try it once and you will use no other.

We are the Sole Manufacturers of the Genuine Lardine.

Also Cylinder, Engine, Wool and Harness Oils.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., TORONTO.

TRY OUR CANADIAN COAL OIL, "SUNLIGHT" BRAND, FINEST IN THE MARKET.

L. D. SAWYER & CO'Y

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Manufacturers of "L. D. S." ENGINES.

"Grain Saver" AND "Peerless" SEPARATORS.

Awarded FIRST PRIZE, 1885, at Provincial Fair, London; Provincial Fair, Hamilton; and Northern Fair, Walkerton.

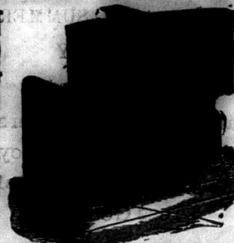
"Pitt's" Horse-Powers, for 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 Horses.
Tread Powers, for 1, 2 and 3 Horses.
Light Separators, for Tread and Sweep Powers.

Send for Illustrated and Catalogue Price List.

GURNEYS'

NEW HARRIS AND MAMMOTH STEEL DOME HOT-AIR FURNACES.

BURN WOOD OR COAL



Enabling Their Superior Heat.

The Most Effective, Clean, Durable and Economical Heaters in the Market for warming and ventilating Churches, Schools, Public Buildings, Stores and Private Residences. Simple in construction and easily managed, capable of giving more heat with less consumption of fuel than any other heating apparatus. Absolutely Gas Tight. Fit Right since "Harris" and Gurney since "Mammoth" are made and can be set either in Brick or Portable form. Correspondence solicited. For Catalogues and further information address

The E. & C. GURNEY CO. (Limited), HAMILTON.

Preserve your Sight

By wearing the only

FRANK LAZARUS

(Late of the firm of Lazarus & Morris)

Renowned Spectacles & Eye Glasses

These Spectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 35 years, and given in every instance unbounded satisfaction. They are the best in the world. They never tire you, and last many years without change.

R. [illegible] Casselberry, Esq., Brockville, Madoc, and Dr. Trayvou, Tweed.

Frank Lazarus, Manufacturer, 38 Maryland Road, Harrow Road, London, England. (Late Lazarus & Morris, Hartford, Conn.)

No connection with any other firm in the Dominion of Canada. 472.

BUGGIES FOR SALE.

Cheapest and Best in the MARKET.

I WISH to announce to the public that I have on hand a number of Buggies, new and second hand, also

DEMOCRATS AND LUMBER WAGGONS,

for sale cheap. Please give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

J. M. WELCH,

488 Madoc.

WATCHES.

The Waltham Watch Co.

Having discontinued making all Key Winding Movements, except BROADWAY, all their high grade key wind movements are being sold at greatly reduced rates.

In this connection, I have secured a small parcel of Ellery, Bartlett and Appleton Tracey Movements, which I can sell at very low figures.

E. L. WIESS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

Madoc, Ont.

EASTER CARDS,

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Garden,

FIELD.

& Flower

SEEDS,

AT

Wilson's Book & Drug STORE,

DURHAM ST. - MADOC, ONT.

VICK'S Floral Guide

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, best Flowers and Vegetables, with descriptions of the New and Rare, and how to get them. Only a few cents. Invaluable to all lovers of Flowers. Send 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order.

BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS. AT RELIABLE DEALERS.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

John Robertson.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT.

MILLINERY

MISS ELLIOTT'S

large, varied and handsome display of

SPRING - AND - SUMMER MILLINERY

this year is better than ever, consisting of

Hats, Bonnets, Feathers Flowers, Laces, Fancy Goods, and new stock of Dress Goods,

Call and examine our stock. You cannot fail to be pleased.

Miss L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

ESTABLISHED—1862.

WHITE'S Agricultur'l Works MADOC.

FARMERS' ATTENTION!

Spring Ploughing.

WHITE'S NEW DOMINION SINGLE PLOUGH,

improved for 1886, is the

Best General Purpose Plough

IN THE MARKET.

It is Steady Running, Light, and a Perfect Cleaner.

We manufacture

SHARES

for nearaly all the Ploughs sold in the County:

Frost & Wood's, Conley & Son's Walker's, &c.

We can say with confidence that our Shares are stronger and better than ever before, as we manufacture them from White Hematite metal.

All kinds of **HARROWS** on hand, and a full supply of repairs for Spring-Tooth Harrows.

J. & J. WHITE.

"STAR"

GROCERY

MADOC,

CHURCH & TODD

PROPRIETORS.

NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned, having purchased the entire stock and good will of

MR. DAVID E. BOWEN, MADOC,

begs to inform the public that he will always keep on hand a large and varied supply of all kinds of

GROCERIES, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE, BREAD, CAKES AND PASTRY

at the lowest CASH prices.

LUNCH ROOM.

I AM also fitting up a first class Lunch Room, which will be supplied with

OYSTERS AND FRESH LEMONS

etc., in season.

LUNCHEONS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

TERMS— - - STRICTLY CASH.

Notice is also given that the Delivery Wagon will be taken off the road after Saturday, 18th inst.

JAMES LATIMER.

Madoc, April 15, 1885. 415-3m

White's - Reliable - Woolen - Mills, MADOC

We are better prepared than ever to do

CARDING, WEAVING, SPINNING, &C.

We carry in stock a full supply of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS AND FLANNELS,

to exchange for wool.

Farmers, bring your wool direct to our Mills, at the Foundry.

Parties from a distance can have their Carding done the same day they bring it.

J. & J. WHITE.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is no 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Pony Mills, Madoc.

All parties wishing to purchase

FLOUR AND FEED,

will save money in going to the Mill where it is manufactured and getting it first cost. A large quantity kept constantly on hand.

Call and see prices before purchasing elsewhere.

GRISTING AND CRACKING

Done on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed to all

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

paid for Wheat, Barley, Rye, and all other kinds of grain.

FRED. ROLLINS, Proprietor.

Madoc, October 6th, 1885.

HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE.

FULL & COMPLETE IN EACH DEPARTMENT

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

G. A. ROLLINS.

SPECIAL CLEARING SALE.

The undersigned beg to call the attention of their many patrons, and the public generally, to their

"SPECIAL SALE."

We are now offering our whole stock, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Gent's Hats and Ready-made Clothing, at, and below cost.

We will give special bargains in Ready-made Clothing, as the whole stock must be cleared out.

A well assorted stock of Tweeds—Scotch, English and Canadian,—all of which will be sold at 25 per cent. reduction. We will manufacture into suits on the same terms.

Special lines of Dress Goods:—Langtry Cords, Cashmeres, Nuns' Veilings, Wool Serges, in all the leading colors, at manufacturer's prices.

Bargains in Ladies' and Gent's Boots.

Bargains in Teas—special reduction.

Bargains in Flannels. Bargains in everything!

Intending purchasers will save money by calling early, before the stock is broken.

D. C. CLARKE & CO.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. CRE, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance.

VOL. X., No. 464. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 12, 1886. POSTAGE PREPAID

Latest Local News.

Early Grinding.

Mr. B. Simmons informs us that they ground this year's wheat as the North Hastings mills, at the Rapids, on the 6th of August.

Prolific Peas.

Mr. Morrell, of Millbridge, sends us a few sample pea pods, each of which contains nine peas. Mr. M. claims that nine in a pod is something unusual, and worthy of being chronicled.

C. S. Appointment.

Mr. M. McKinnon has entered upon the duties of his new appointment as mail clerk on the North Division of the K. & P. railway, under the superintendence of the Inspector at Kingston.

Help Coming.

Archdeacon Daykin informs us there will arrive this week from England a number of laborers, who will be anxious to secure work in this neighborhood. Any of our readers wanting such help should leave word with Mr. Daykin at once.

More Oats.

Mr. M. Aselstine yesterday left in our office a stool of oats, the yield of one grain, which contained the large number of 65 separate stalks, the longest of which was 5 feet 8 inches. It was grown on Mr. John Rodgers farm, 3rd concession Madoc. This is the best we have yet seen.

Lacrosse.

The Athletics will play a match with the Riverside Lacrosse Club, of Peterborough, in that town, on their civic holiday, August 10th. This will be the best team the Athletics will have encountered this season. They also expect to play a match with the Norwood club on their way up.

Railway Extension.

We are informed on good authority that the Grand Trunk authorities have announced their intention of commencing the work of extending the line from Madoc to Eldorado within the next fortnight. The work will be pushed on to completion this fall. The commencement of this work will be a boon to all interested,—and Madoc is deeply interested.

Horse Buying.

Arrangements have been made by the Association by which Mr. Grand, of the large Horse Repository of Toronto, has agreed to be present at the Madoc fair on the 29th and 30th of September, to buy horses, of which he buys all classes. It is intended to secure some American buyers, and also those officers engaged in buying horses for the English cavalry and artillery.

R. T. of T.

The United Council of the Royal Templars of Temperance meets in this village every Thursday evening, and is, we learn, progressing favorably. There is yet room for good working members, however, and all the young men, and ladies, too, as well as those of more "mature" years, of our village, can find abundant scope for benefiting both themselves and others around them, by becoming associated with this institution, and aiding in the good work.

A Curiosity.

On Sunday morning, while Mr. Thos. Cross was taking his usual stroll near the village he had the luck to capture one of the greatest curiosities seen in Madoc for a long time. It was a small garter snake, about 9 or 10 inches long, with two complete heads. It was put in alcohol to preserve it and forwarded to the museum at Ottawa this week by Mr. Coste, of the geological survey. The unusual freak of nature was visited by crowds on Moon's Hotel, before it was sent away.

Safe Arrival.

The St. Joseph, Mo., *Daily Herald* of August 1st, announces the arrival of Rev. F. B. Stratton and daughter in that city, as follows:—"Rev. F. B. Stratton, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Ida, arrived in this city from Canada during the past week. He is visiting with his son-in-law, Mr. E. H. Bennett, at 220 South Nineteenth street, where he will remain for some time. The Reverend gentleman is a member of the Methodist church and secretary of the First United general conference of the Methodist body in Canada. *The Herald* wishes him and his daughter a pleasant sojourn among us."

Doing Their Work.

The many friends of the Rev. Thos. Hambly, in Madoc, will be glad to learn that he is prospering in his new work in Dakota, whither he went some weeks ago in company with Mr. Hyde, of Belleville. Late Dakota papers, which we have received, speak of them as follows:—

"Rev. Thomas Hambly preached in the Independent school house last Sunday evening. He has an impediment which hurts his delivery, but the writer thinks him among the best of the imported." . . . "Messrs. Hambly and Hyde are talented young men, and only need work to make them a credit to any church." . . . "Enterprise has a spirited conflagration ignited by Revs Hyde and Hambly, which is spreading over that portion of the county—one that is a credit to the community and illumines the distant hills and plains."

Local Chit-Chat.

—Madoc Fair.

—29th and 30th September.

—No REVIEW will be issued next week.

—Rural schools re-open on Monday next.

—Yesterday's showers in this section were welcomed.

—Mr. Coste's geological survey party is encamped at the lake.

—The village lock-up had occupants this week for the first time this year.

—We understand that another assault case will soon be ventilated before our magistrates.

—Durham street in this village is now proof against mud, no matter how heavy the rain.

—The attention of all members of No. 4 company is directed to a notice in our advertising columns.

—A new and wide sidewalk has been laid over the river on the north side of the bridge at Rollins' mill.

—Madoc's two days fall exhibition will be held the 29th and 30th of September. Remember the dates.

—Some of the neighboring farmers are complaining about the early closing of the stores in this village.

—Half an hour after the heavy rain yesterday our front street looked as if it had only been lightly sprinkled.

—Mr. M. Maybee lost a valuable horse last week, through inflammation. It had been under the veterinary's care for some weeks.

—The new iron railing has been put on the south side of the new sidewalk over the river at Rollins' mill. It looks well.

—The long bridge at the lake is in a very rotten-looking condition. The railway authorities will have to do something with it soon.

—A large committee of citizens has been appointed to act in connection with the officers of the Agricultural and Industrial Association in providing first class attractions for the amusement of the visitors to our two days fair here this fall. It is resolved that those who come once will be anxious to come again.

The Cheese Market.

INGERSOLL, Ont., Aug. 10.—Factories offered 8,245 boxes, July make. Sales were as follows:—1610 at 8⅞c. 5,260 at 9c; market active at the advance, several factories sold all July, which had only boarded first half 26 factories represented and 13 buyers present.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 10.—Cheese 42s.

MONTREAL, Aug. 10.—Market quiet but firm; 8¾c has been paid and bid for more; 8c to 8¼c for choice, 7¾c to 7¾c for medium to fine, and 6c to 6¾c for other grades, according to quality.

Over a Precipice.

One day last week a two year old boy of John Campbell, of Canifton, fell over the bank of the river whilst at play and struck on the rocks 14 feet below. The accident was noticed by Mr. Jacob Finkle, of Thurlow as he was passing on the opposite shore. He picked the child up and carried it home. It was unconscious for some hours, but finally rallied and recovered.

Sent Down.

There have been very few prisoners sent down from Madoc lately, and there would be less if the "hard cases" of the surrounding country could be kept away. Yesterday's *Intelligencer* reports the arrival at the jail in that city of Chief Huff with two women from Madoc, sentenced to 30 days each in the County jail. The women, named Anna Shooters and Elizabeth J. Keller, were committed on Monday by E. D. O'Flynn and John Dale, J. P's, for vagrancy and abusive language.

Fenian Raids.

A movement has been started in Montreal to obtain from the Government some recognition of the service of the volunteers in 1866 and '70, by medal or land grant. Some blank forms of the memorial have been sent to Lt.-Col. Lazier for signature by the veterans of '66 and '70 in this locality. All the old members of the force who participated in either of these campaigns and who are desirous of joining the movement, are requested to call at Colonel Lazier's office and sign the memorial.

The Consolidated Gold Mine.

Judging from the following from the New York *Engineering and Mining Journal*, which is edited by Mr. R. P. Rothwell, one of the principal owners of the consolidated gold mine, it would seem probable that that famous mine will again be opened in the near future: "It is true the mine has not yet made the profits its well-established richness, and the care taken in selecting the most experienced experts in this country for the establishment of its works, justified those interested in expecting; but great difficulties met with in treating so unusual an ore accounted for the errors, not otherwise discreditable, of the experts, and in great part for the delay in arriving at the success this property may reasonably be expected to attain."

Prospects are good for the sale of the Napanee glassworks to a New York firm.

Lacrosse at Bridgewater.

The Juveniles take a hand in the Game.

A few weeks ago a juvenile lacrosse club was organized at Bridgewater, and on Monday the Tweed juniors had arranged to play them a match on their own grounds. Early Monday morning the "Young Athletics" of Madoc telegraphed to Tweed asking if they could have a hand in the game, and on receiving a favorable reply from the club of that place, they also started for Bridgewater. It seemed, however, that the Bridgewater boys were not aware that Tweed had made the above arrangement with Madoc, and it was therefore decided that Tweed and Bridgewater should play first as originally intended, and Madoc then play a scratch match with the others afterwards. The two teams at once ranged themselves on the field as follows:

BRIDGEWATER.—A Parish, goal; A Lapam, A Smith, F Lapam, S Walton, D Clapp, A. Roberts, J Roberts, L Roberts, C James, C Clapp and F Breeze.

TWEED.—H. Findlay, goal; J McGowan, Z Lafontaine, Geo Lafontaine, E Wenham, R Sofa, F Gabourie, J Alexander, R Bowell, S Battams, Ted Mallett, and F Grier.

The Tweed boys took three straight games in 14, 13, and 30 minutes respectively, after a hard struggle. The boys played well and both clubs have the material for excellent lacrosse players.

After a good rest a team consisting of Cummerman, McGowan, Lafontaine, Lafontaine, Wenham, Mullett, and Grier, of Tweed and Lapam, Smith, Lapam, Clapp and Breeze, of Bridgewater, were selected to play the Madoc lads an exhibition game, which proved to be the best game of the day, and was only won by the Madoc boys after a hard and close struggle of 14 minutes. The Madoc players were, A Heyworth, goal; H Deans, W Atkins W Harper, F Thompson, A Harper, J McDonald, W Simmons, J Stoneburg, W. O'Flynn, C Cross and J Kirk.

BANNOCKBURN.

Mr. Wm. McCallum of this place has a fruit tree in his garden that has blossomed twice this year. He has also grapes grown on a vine set out this spring.

Mr. S. McEwen has closed his extensive saw mill for the season. He still has on hand a few thousand logs that will be cut up in the fall.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, of Belmont, has been paying a visit to her friends here for a week past. Glad to see her looking so well.

Mr. Geo. Jackson of this place is slowly recovering from a severe illness. Hopes are entertained for his speedy recovery.

Our little village stands greatly in need of a couple of good sidewalks. Who will lay the first plank?

Miss J. Stephens is visiting at Mrs. Wm. Mumby's this week.

The morning train was on time one day last week.

SPOOPENDYKE.

Bannockburn, Aug. 9.

ST. OLA.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—If you will allow me space, I will venture to mention a few items of interest concerning our prosperous and progressive little village.

Four new residences are now being erected here; two by Mr. P. P. Clark, Reeve of Tudor et al; one by Dr. Truesdell, and one by Mr. J. W. Morton. The Methodists of this place are about to erect a parsonage.

Mr. Wm. Morton is putting an addition to his grist and saw mills. The merchantile business has increased to such an extent that Mr. Clark has erected a new store adjoining his residence.

A great gloom has been cast over the place for the last week, by the serious illnes of little Estie, the two years old daughter of Mr. P. P. Clark. Death has also visited the place, and nipped a tender bud,—Jessie, beloved infant daughter of Mr. Lester Sargent.

Happy innocent, she fell
Like a flower before the reaper;
Weep not if you loved her well,
She is happier than the weeper.
We are all rejoicing in a daily mail.

CLANDENE.

St. Ola, Aug. 8, 1886.

"Grip's" Great Supplement.

With its Midsummer Number, our facetious contemporary, *Grip*, has issued a magnificent supplement, in the form of a lithograph plate 18 x 24 inches, a group of Conservative Leaders in Canada. The picture is as fine as photograph, and is well worth framing. The likenesses and autographs are accurate, and the whole picture is once striking and pleasing. It is one of the best things of this kind ever attempted in Canada; and not only all conservatives but those on the other side, will like to secure it. The price together with *Midsummer Grip*, is only 25 cents, and it will be forwarded to any one enclosing that amount to the Company at Toronto. In this connection we may state that the success of the enlargement and improvement of *Grip* (now 16 pages) has led the Company to reduce the price of Canada's Comic Weekly to $2. New subscribers sending $1 (together with five cents for tube and postage of plate), will get the paper for the last six months of this year, to Dec. 31, and have the Midsummer Number and its fine supplement Plate thrown in.

Notes by the Way.

For the REVIEW.

Our tour through the city of Cleveland was a most delightful one. The streets and avenues in the eastern part, the finest by far we have yet seen. We pass down Woodland, visiting Wilson, Cedar, Hawthorn, and other avenues of importance, until we reach Euclhid, stretching far from the "square" to east end, a distance of seven miles. Costly mansions and beautifully ornamented lawns of millionaires attract the visitor's attention until one wearies at the sight, and wonders at the energy that must have actuated the proprietors to have produced such manifest wealth in so short a period. Our next visit is to

LAKE VIEW CEMETERY,

a place where lie the countless dead, made so attractive by nature and art as to seem to take away the gloom from death, by the thought of the resting place for the wearied frame, amid the fragrance of the flowers and the ornamentation of the costly though transcient homes, where rest the loved ones gone. Our deepest interest here centres around the spot where the remains of one of America's grandest and best Statesmen, for the time being, are entombed. We look between the iron bars of the Sarcophagus, and behold the metallic casket so nicely carved and tinged with gold, and think of the noble Garfield, whose life like that of the great emancipator proceeding him, was sacrificed for the nation's good. We wend our way to the highest peak of the loftiest summit in this charnel house to see the monument in course of erection in honor to his name, and to which, when completed, Garfield's casket will be transferred. Any kind of a description that I could give of it would be to detract from its beauty and real merit as a work of art. The car, ornamented still with its decayed wreaths of flowers, which covered the body while transferring it, still stands here, covered by a house built over it for a shelter. It was drawn from the station hither by twelve black horses, each horse being led by a soldier. From this summit we have a grand view of Lake Erie, hence the name of the cemetery. A short drive and we enter the Wade Park, a nice one, donated to the city by a gentleman bearing its name. Three immense school buildings attract attention, and our guide informs us they were built by a man named Case, and given for a college, which bears his name.

Our next stop is at the new reservoir, covering twenty-one acres of land, situated 170 feet above the level of the lake, erected in 1885. Here stands a most wonderful engine, pumping the water from this reservoir 150 feet higher than this. Every stroke sends out 321 gallons of water through a pipe three feet in diameter. There are nine strokes a minute, giving about 4900 revolutions in the nine hours—a daily run. The power required to force this immense body of water three miles, to an attitude of 150 feet, is lessened by the erection of a perpendicular pipe of the same dimensions, 210 feet high, the water in the latter rising to a level with that in the upper reservoir.

We next cross the famous viaduct, half a mile in length, very high and built at a cost of $4,000,000. Four miles' drive on the west side brings us to Riverside cemetery. After viewing this, we started homeward, stopping, however, in a beer garden, long enough to take our dinner. This was quite a curiosity, to eat amid shade trees and in open cabins rudely covered. We had a good dinner—minus the beer, not a bottle or a glass was seen; I suppose because not asked for, as none of our party indulged. Between this and the east side, and stretching for many miles on the different streets through the hollow, south of the viaduct, are seen immense iron manufactories, the wonder of the continent. At night time the heavens seem lit up by streams of blaze pouring forth from mammoth chimneys, and in the day dense clouds of black smoke cover the valley and darken the sky, reminding one of the graphic descriptions given of volcanic eruptions. Here sweltering in the smelting works, surrounded by seething furnaces in every direction, are thousands of the hardy sons of toil, struggling for bread, in a half nude condition, owing to the intense heat. They are unable to stand this kind of labor long at a time. As we gaze upon the scene by night or by day, and behold this valley covering several square miles sending up its stream of fire and smoke, we seem to have visions of "the valley of Tophet," of which we read, and of the fire and smoke ascending forever. From this scene we turn to the oldest of the burying places, the Woodland cemetery, only differing in the main from the others in that it has more costly mausoleums and private vaults. From these scenes we wend our way homeward and seek rest, full of meditation, as to the wonderful wisdom and skill with which the Great Creator has invested the creature.

F. B. S.

St. Louis, July 27, 1886.

Born.

CALDWELL.—In the village of Madoc, on Thursday, 12th inst., the wife of D. A. Caldwell, of a daughter.

Stirling is now without a lawyer. Happy happy Stirling.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood, build them up, increase their appetite, and rejuvinate their whole system. No other preparation so well meets this want. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

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MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

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madoc, Jan. 27th, 1877.

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Madoc, June 21st, 186

JACK'S QUEEN;

OR,

Light at Last.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED).

And then he pushed away all his paper, locked his desk, and says I must go out and see if fresh air will revive my lost roses.

We cross a little burn by means of stepping-stones, and we have accomplished this triumphantly when the clasp of my necklet snaps, and my jewelry falls upon the ground; Percy restores it almost before I know.

"I never noticed that locket before," he says, re-fastening the chain; "it is very pretty. One of your numerous wedding-trophies of which I am the chief, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!" I reply. "I had this locket long before I knew you. Jack gave it to me."

"Jack?" he says, with a slightly bewildered look.

"Yes, my cousin—Constance's brother."

"Oh, Major Wylder!" he says slowly; and then I remember with confusion Constance's warning, too late of course.

"Did you know him, Percy?"

"Most men did, Vera—by report, at least. I knew him by sight, but was never introduced to him."

"He was very kind, Percy, and very good."

"Yes? I should scarcely set him up as a pattern or a rule—for my own life, at least."

"I mean good to me. Of his life I know nothing, except that he was wild; to me he was always kind, and I think it best to speak of people as we find them."

"No doubt," he replies briefly. "So he gave you that locket?"

"Yes, as a souvenir before he went abroad."

And the conversation changes, to my relief, for, after Constance's words, I cannot speak freely and easily of Jack. Poor Jack! Where is he? I wonder if his thoughts ever travel to me, if he ever thinks of the days at Idlehurst, of the walks and talks, the songs and music, of our wanderings about the gaily lighted shops, buying chocolate, of the night at the theatre, of the day we drove to the farm and sat in its garden reading "The Triumph of Time," the words of which come echoing back as I walk by my husband's side in the shadow of a Highland glen—

"I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
Fill the day of my daily breath
With fugitive things not good to treasure,
Do as the world doth, say as it saith."

I wonder why this poem should haunt me so?

When we return home, I find a long letter from Edith Lamarche awaiting me, and stating that she supposes I am lost to London for all the time; however, that is a mistake, as Percy has already resolved to return, and our stay at Lochdhui is rapidly coming to an end. The quiet weeks are over, the tranquil monotony passed, and I bid *au revoir* to my Highland home.

It is late at night when we arrive in London, so of course we see no one, save our own servants; and I glance round my new abode with pleasure; Percy's town-house has been laughed at as a high-art paradise, a place where all the tints are dead and dull, all the chairs hard and angular, which, he tells me, laughing, are common errors of the Philistines.

Our first visitors are Constance and Lord Rydall, and I give them the welcome I feel.

"You have grown since I last saw you," says Garry, inspecting me; "the effect of brose and haggis, no doubt. And your accent is intolerable—Scotch as the thistle!"

"Bannockburn!" says Percy, laughing.

"Flodden!" returns Garry; and Constance, with mock terror, begs them not to fight.

"If aunt Priscilla could see you now," she says to me, when the warriors are talking politics, "she would open her eyes, I think—oh, lucky girl!"

"I am better than lucky—I am happy, Constance!"

"Good child—virtue's reward! You and Percy are to dine with us to-morrow. Your ladyship has no engagements, and there will be some nice people to meet you. Do you think Garry looks ill?" she asks abruptly.

"No; he looks a little tired—that is all."

"He is dreadfully hard worked, and some one told me to-day that he looked wretched. If anything should happen him, I should go mad."

I reassure her; and, as it is some time since I have seen Lord Rydall, my opinion may be worth having, and there is no change in him that I observe; then I begin wondering, if anything happened to Percy should I go mad? I have seen him look pale and tired; but I am afraid my anxieties have not awakened like Constance's.

We go to dinner the next evening, and find a fair number of guests assembled. Some one button-holes Percy to tell him what the last captious critic said, and I hear a voice murmuring in my ear—

"I did not know of your being in town, Lady Glencairn."

It is Captain Dallas, good-looking as ever.

"We only got here the other day," I reply; "this is our first appearance. We have been wintering——"

"In Italy?" he suggests.

"No—Lochdhui. It seems ages since I saw London; it is almost a year. Do you remain?"

"For some time at least. May I call?"

"We shall be very happy," I reply; there is no earthly reason why he should not, now that I am Lady Glencairn; and he has evidently forgotten that episode of last autumn. So he promises to call soon, and I wonder to myself if he will be able to tell me anything of Jack.

We soon fall into the way of the world again, and our time is occupied in driving, visiting, *et cetera*; Percy sometimes shutting himself in his den with his beloved books; I steal in occasionally to sit watching him, as I did at Lochdhui, and devoutly wish that the vacuum in my life were filled by some bright ambition, some lofty hope, that I had one gift in which to excel—painting, or music, or poetry—I would reveal my visions to Percy and open my fairy-land to him, if such were the case; but, alas,

"I was ever commonplace,
Of genius never had a trace!"

—and he walked along his royal road, facing difficulties with dauntless courage, not seeing the small feminine foot-steps that vainly try to keep pace with his manly strides.

He has many visitors, men whose names before to me were objects of veneration, men "of light and lead" in the great world of art and letters, but none throned above him, to my thinking at least.

Much do I fear that the demon of discontent is struggling to obtain possession of me, for I do not care for this round of gaiety; I tired of it before, and then came the Highlands again, and, woe is me, did not my heart crave for England? What in the world do I want?

I am asking myself this question in one of the small drawing-rooms this afternoon when Percy has gone to the studio of Mr. Treherne, I have put aside *Cornhill*, and am getting into a very undesirable mood, when a servant enters, saying that a lady wishes to see me.

"I am not engaged," I return, after a little hesitation, for I am not in the humor to receive strangers; but, having cast the die, I abide by it.

The lady enters, and an electric shock goes through me as I recognise Jack's wife, advancing with a broad smile and a general air of stage entrance and footlights and minor-tragedy queen, except for the smile, which has on me a Medusa-like effect, chilling me into stone.

After my first surprise, my sensation is one of relief that Percy is not here to stare at poor Jack's skeleton; but there is no saying how soon he may return. I remember my promise to my cousin—a promise of friendship which nothing can break; and this memory blends with another of the many kindnesses he has shewn me, blends with a feeling of pity and compassion for him whose life is so lonely, so void of sympathy, and which, rightly guided, might have been so noble. And I look at the woman, who, with that other, ruined it and blighted him.

CHAPTER IX.

"I must introduce myself," my visitor says, as I look at her with the astonishment I certainly feel. "I am your cousin by marriage—Mrs. Wylder. It isn't too late to congratulate you, I hope."

I do not answer, for the reason that I am overwhelmed by her glibness and by the discovery that the eau de Cologne scenting her handkerchief is blent with the stronger perfume of eau de vie; but my silence does not embarrass her, for she sits down gracefully, still smiling.

"You are a stranger to me," I begin, not exactly knowing how I shall end; but she strikes in.

"Yes, I know; but I've seen you in the park; and I am your cousin's wife."

"You did not go abroad with Major Wylder!" I reply, looking her full in the face, so that she may see that I know of the separation.

"No, I did not," she answers, returning my gaze, "for the simple reason that we could not get on together, and had left off trying. Ah, but for interference and meddling mischief-mongers, poor dear Jack and I might have been happy!"

Jack happy with her! I repress a shiver.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Wylder, that my engagements——"

"Oh, don't mind me at all!" she says. "I can come again when you've more time."

"As Lady Rydall is frequently here—"

"Ah, Lady Rydall!" she interrupts again. "We have had some unpleasantness, some pecuniary disagreement. She treated me very badly, and poor dear Jack scarcely better."

"I shall not discuss Lady Rydall, Mrs. Wylder; and I am at a loss to account for your coming here."

Then she bursts into tears—not forced tears, but a genuine torrent that startles me even more than the sobs against which she struggles.

"You have been turned against me also," she says. "They are determined to make enemies for me, and to leave me without a friend, after setting my husband against me; but I don't blame you."

She rises, and, with faltering steps, moves toward the door, but halts, when half way there, to lean on a couch.

"Lady Glencairn, I will ask only one thing from you," she says. "Where is my husband?"

"Your husband!" I repeat vacantly.

"Yes, where is Jack? Oh, let me see him just for one moment—I must see him! I know that he will help me—all our quarrels, all the coldness will be forgotten when he knows the terrible position in which I am placed! I must see him!"

"But he is not here," I answer, very much alarmed by her agitation.

"Then tell me where he is, if you have any feeling."

"I do not know; he has never written to us;" and then Mrs. Wylder throws up her arms, with sobs and moans.

"What shall I do? Oh, great Heaven, what shall I do? What will become of me?"

Her head falls upon her hands, and I feel very sorry for her; I had never seen grief like this in my life.

"Mrs Wylder, are you in trouble?" I ask.

"In trouble? Yes; but what does it matter to you? Of what matter to any one is it that to-night there will be one more beggar on the pitiless streets?"

"What do you mean?' I ask in horror; and then she lifts her head and looks at me.

"I am penniless; I have been ill lately, and have had to part with my things; I am in debt, and to-night my landlord will turn me out. My last hope was Jack. Oh, poor darling, he would have helped me!"

I look at her in pity and self-reproach for my rash judgment and my coldness; what can I do to aid her? Percy is always liberal; but of late I have been very extravagant; the other day was little Garry's birthday, and I spent a small fortune on him; to ask Percy for money is a thing I dislike, and, if he inquires how I am going to use it, what explanation could I give? As I stand looking at her with the perplexity I feel, I hear a step and dart to the door to prevent Percy entering, if Percy it be; my hand has just touched it, when I meet the eyes of Lord Rydall, who gazes at me in surprise.

"What has happened?' he asks hastily; and then he catches sight of the forlorn figure on the couch. His expression is one of disgust, disgust unmistakable; and then it changes to anger and scorn.

"You had better go away for a moment or two," he says quickly; and something in his tone makes me obey, and I go into the opposite room.

I hear Garry's voice, followed by a hysterical scream strangled at birth; there is a long low murmur of voices, then a rustle on the stairs, the closing of the outer door, and I see my late visitor smiling along the street as if she were the happiest of women.

Garry comes in to me, looking grave.

"I am very sorry, Vera," he says, "that you should have been subjected to this annoyance."

"You sent her away?"

"I did. She is not likely to trouble you again; but, if she does, send for me, and tell her that you are doing so. That will be sufficient."

"She seemed to be in great distress."

"Yes? After three similar performances in my own house, it has become monotonous to me. She is simply a genteel impostor, Vera; but she will trouble you no more; I am only sorry that she has done so at all."

"Was she not in trouble really? She cried——"

"No doubt; and went away weeping bitterly, as you saw. Poor Jack Wylder! He paid dearly for his folly!"

This man is the first I have heard speak of Jack with compassion, and my liking for him increases.

"The—the separation was not Jack's fault, Garry?"

"Scarcely. He brought his troubles upon himself; but, all the same, I am sorry for him, very sorry."

"You will not tell Percy about this, Garry? We don't talk about Jack, and I would rather he did not know of this. It would only annoy him."

"I think it would, Vera; so I will do as you wish. We never speak of Jack to him, old friend though he is; so this visitation may rest in peace. And where is Percy? I wanted him to go to Pascoe's with me."

"He has gone to Mr. Treherne's studio," I reply.

"Perhaps I shall catch him; I will try. And do you forget that unpleasant affair," he says.

I have not much time to reflect upon it, for he is scarcely out of the house, ere Edith Lamarche and her aunt are announced.

I have not met Edith since my marriage, as, when we arrived here from Lochdhui, she was out of town, and I am anxious to see her as some property of mine is in her possession—nothing less indeed than my terrier Tip. He was much overlooked during the shooting-season; Constance decided that a voyage to Italy was out of the question for him, and he remained with Edith whilst we were at Lochdhui, so I am doubtful whether I shall win his confidence again. He wriggles from Miss Lamarche, and eyes the room very dubiously.

"There he is," says Edith, laughing. "I was inclined to keep him for my own use, and make an affidavit that he had been stolen; but my natural virtue and a few bites from Tip conquered the evil desire. And there's his collar; I took it off, lest I should be accused of robbing Major Wylder."

I fasten the collar emblazoned with Jack's name round Tip's neck, and he makes himself happy on the folds of my dress.

"You were not at the Yorkminster's last night," says Edith; "no one was, save myself, Cecil Hawdon, and his shadow Captain Dallas?"

"And how is Captain Dallas?"

"His health isn't in my keeping, dear. If it were, he would have two physicians daily. I don't like him," she adds thoughtfully, and Mrs. Chester, her aunt, looks reproving—"I don't, for three things; he is sly, he is spiteful, he is conceited—all else admirable, no doubt."

And then she begins talking about something else.

"Tip has forgotten me already," she says, when they are going, "but perhaps, if Major Wylder came, he would forget you, so I am not jealous."

Percy puts in an appearance a little before dinner, and is giving me a description of Mr. Treherne's pictures, when Tip barks at him as an intruder.

"Where did you spring from?" he asks, bending down to conciliate Tip's feelings, and, as he reads the name on the collar, I explain how he came into my possession. "Oh, another souvenir!" he replies, which reminds me that he remembers my locket; but then a Glencairn never forgets.

An evening after this we have dined with Lady Yorkminster, and we are in the drawing-room; Edith is there and Dallas, whom she treats with a calm indifference that convinces me the past between them is indeed past; she is monopolised by a Mr. Walter Baring, a pale young barrister with more brains than money; and, as I look at him, I hope Edith remembers her own words about one-sided flirtations, for I am sure he is earnest, however much in play she may be.

Sir Harry Barham is singing "The Silver Churn" as a successor to my "Golden Love," and Captain Dallas makes his way to me as I leave the piano.

"What a bore it all is!" he says in a confidential tone, lying back wearily in his chair.

"The singing, or the company, or what?"

"I meant life in general—of this kind any way. You look as if you were tired of it sometimes, as you never looked at Idlehurst."

"Or rather you never saw me when I did," I reply.

"I have been reading Sir Percy's last book," he says, turning the discourse. "It is very fine. Do you know I have often wondered why literary people are always unhappy in their home-life, when they can have thoughts so tender as those we find in their writings?"

"But are they always unhappy? I don't think so."

"Take Dickens, Lytton, Byron, and even 'gentle genial Will' himself. I think he gives the key-note to his own life in that sentence of his, 'A young man married is a man that's marred.' Are these examples enough, or do you desire more?"

"In most cases it is the wife's fault," I return.

"I don't admit that. The husband neglects her to dream about his ideal, forgetting that 'he whose eyes but watch some wandering star may crush the steadier glow-worm at his feet.' Were I a poet, my wife should share all my visions, all my dreams, and imaginings."

"And the unlucky destiny which puts the square men in the round holes would give you a wife, who, like Lady Byron, would ask you when you meant to give up versifying, or as sympathetic as Lady Scott, who, in reply to Sir Walter's rhapsodies about the beauty and innocence of the pet lamb, said it was truly a sweet creature—with mint-sauce!"

"You have become sarcastic of late, Lady Glencairn."

"There is no sarcasm in that," I reply; and then he begins talking about Jack.

"Captain Dallas is an old friend of yours?" says Percy, when we are driving homewards.

"I don't know that he is exactly a friend. I have known him some time of course, and he was one of Jack's friends."

"Of Major Wylder's friends!'

"Yes. He was down at Idlehurst when Jack was there."

"Was Major Wylder at Idlehurst?" asks Percy.

"Yes, with his regiment," I reply abstractedly, for I have just discovered that my fan is missing, and, as it is the very one Garry gave me for my first ball, I am rather put out, until Percy reassures me by saying that I must have left it at Lady Yorkminster's.

"Do you know Mr. Baring?" I ask, as we go on.

"A little; I have met him before. But why?'

"He seemed to be devoted to Edith, I thought. Is he nice?"

"He is very quiet and unassuming—a gentleman, you know; but, if a man needs money to make him 'nice,' then he is just the reverse, for he is very poor."

One of Percy's artist-friends and an R. A. is painting my portrait. The next day I give him a sitting, and, after watching the people in his studio, go through the gymnastics peculiar to some when they inspect paintings—*i.e.*, stooping sideways and scowling, advancing and retiring, telescoping one fist, staring over the top of one finger, leaning like the tower of Pisa, and so forth. I go home to find Captain Dallas in waiting, and to my surprise, he produces my missing fan.

"I carried it off last night in mistake for something of my own," he explains; and I rack my brains to imagine what article of masculine property a fan can resemble.

"Thank you for the speedy restoration," I reply. "I have been giving a final sitting to Mr. Tilly."

"Ah, then there will be a furore about you when the portrait goes to the Academy! Quite unnecessary, for people rave about you enough. Will you redeem your fan?"

"How redeem it?" I ask.

"With one of your flowers," he returns.

"I certainly shall not buy back my own property," I reply, laughing at the idea of spoiling the bright knot of blossoms Percy fastened in my dress this morning; and just then Percy himself enters. "Here is my fan restored already; Captain Dallas had carried it off in mistake for something of his own."

"Oh, indeed!" says Percy indifferently. He has not been in the room very long before some one calls him away again, and then Captain Dallas turns on me with something very like anger.

"Why did you tell Glencairn that?" he demands.

"Tell what?" I ask, opening my eyes.

"That about your fan. You should not have done so."

I look at him from head to feet in surprise.

"You must allow me to be the best judge of what I should or should not tell Sir Percy, Captain Dallas," I reply coldly.

I think of what Edith said about his being spiteful. The expression he wears is certainly that—it is more, it is vindictive—it is the look he gave me at Lochmere when I refused him. He gave me a crushing bow, says adieu, and walks out with his head in the air.

Being alone, I commence a long letter to aunt Mary, and am in the midst of it when Percy returns.

"Your friend has gone," he says.

"Ages ago. Do you remember, Percy, what Mr. Hawdon said about him at Lochmore—that he is a hedgehog, always sitting up his bristles for nothing at all? It was not very elegant perhaps; but I think it was true."

"Has Dallas been setting up his bristles at you?" asks Percy, laughing.

"He went away as if he were offended—not that it much matters!"

"No, it doesn't much matter, he replies; and then he lifts my face, looking into my eyes with a long quiet scrutiny that, grave at first, becomes tender. "'Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all' is one of your pet quotations; is it not?'

"It is, though I don't see what it has to do with any one's bad temper," I reply, glancing at his dreamy face.

I do not see any more of Captain Dallas, nor hear of him, until some one tells me that he has gone out of town—rejoined his regiment, in fact; and, as he did not honour us with a P. P. C. visit, I suppose he is still offended, and then dismiss the subject from my thoughts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEED CORN.

SELECTED BY UNCLE ESAW.

Hits er short row dat ain' got no weeds in it.

De row 'cross de cotton fiel' 'pears longer den de road ter town.

De man whut locates his naber, will bar a heap uv cotchin' hisself.

De bee ain' es good lookin' ez de butterfly' but he is er heap better provider fur er rainy day.

Pride en vanity air two match hosses dat de debbil likes ter see hitched up tergether.

Er 'possum in de pot is wuth two coons in de woods.

Er man whut 'spec's ter git to heaben on gist er little 'ligion en er mighty heap uv shoutin' is gwinter git fooled. Yer can't bake er pone uv bread outen er spoonfue uv flour en er gallun uv water.

Some folks when dey gives er dime to de pore is liker hen when she lays er aig—dey hafter cackle so everybuddy will fin' hit out.

Dars plenty uv people what's willin' ter ride on de gospel train but powerful few who wanster pay dere far' De weeds is full uv members uv de church dats tryin' ter deadhed dere way ter Heaben.

Ef de jedgerment dat wuz sent on 'Nias en S'phira wuster fall en dis country de yaller fever ende collery wud die er natural deth. Dar wouldn't be no material fur dem ter wurk on.

Ef de pan am greased de batter cake ain' gwinter stick. En gist so er man is got plenty uv money he kin de mos' ennything he please en people ain' gwinter say nuthin' 'bout it more'n dat dey'l call him Curnel.

Folks talks erbout wurkin' de rabbit-fut. But ef er man wants ter exceed in dis wurrel he better wurk his own feets—not only his feets, but his han's, too.

"Are you going to Europe this Summer, Mr. Snaggsby?" "Well, really, I have not decided. There is only one thing to prevent it, now that the Sheriff has sold me out." "And what's that, pray?' "The Atlantic Ocean."

A FREE FIGHT.

The great reputation of Briggs' Electric Oil is such that [illegible] unprincipled persons [illegible] Briggs' Electric Oil [illegible] of the United States [illegible] "Electric Oil," "Electron Oil," &c., and are striving to induce the public to buy them instead of the genuine Electric Oil.

In fact so determined were they that they brought a suit at Law, in the High Court of Canada, to deprive Briggs & Sons of their right to control the same; but the Courts and the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa fully sustained their registered trade mark.

Briggs' Electric Oil cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises, complaints arising from Colds such as Sore Throat, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and difficult Breathing.

A pair of slippers—An eloping couple.

"O, it was Pitiful!"

Of course it was! He tried one remedy after another, and finally gave up and died, when his life might have been saved by taking Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery"—the great "Consumption Cure"—which, if promptly employed, will soon subdue all threatening symptoms, such as cough, labored breathing, night-sweats, spitting of blood, etc., and restoring waning strength and hope, effectually stop the poor consumptive's rapid progress grave-ward. Is it not worth trying? All druggists.

"I will fan the place," remarked the strange dog, as he prepared to make his home with the farmer.

"Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed!"

So said Young. Straws show which way the wind blows, and there are a score of symptoms any one of which shows the existence of catarrh. Neglected, it will rob the blood of its purity and the system of its strength. Get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures even long-standing cases, as thousands testify, and should be used for colds in the head, which often result in confirmed catarrh.

Sam Jones says: "There is something wrong when a preacher gets $400 and a pitcher $5 000." But Sam must remember that the $5,000 pitcher has a much better delivery than the $400 preacher.

Its thousands of cures are the best advertisement for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

In order to be comfortable in such weather as this you must associate with those who are cool with you.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS,

opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and *kindred habits*. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it *if so desired*. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

Solitude is sweet, but it is sweeter when you have somebody to enjoy it with you.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine. [illegible]

A. P. 232.

MEN—TAKE— and two ladies—at Canvassing; good pay. [illegible], Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS FOR NEW PARALLEL FAMILY BIBLE—large type, splendid maps, beautiful illustrations; contains 4,000 questions and answers on Bible topics; liberal terms. International Book and Bible House, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED—IN EVERY TOWN AND county, for the O. K. [illegible] Best thing out; sells at sight; [illegible] on receipt of price, 15c. G. D. DAY, Agent, 60 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

BAND SAW MACHINES—ALL HAVE LATEST improvements; [illegible] circulars. JOHN GILLIES & CO., Carleton Place, Ont.

$700 50 Acre Farm— [illegible] RUTLAND, 37 King-st. W., Toronto.

REPRESENTATIVE [illegible] Toronto, Ont.

BENGOUGH'S Shorthand and Business Institute, Toronto. [illegible] Shorthand books for sale. Correspondence invited.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—TWO HUNDRED Students for Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Writing, Art, and all Commercial and English subjects, [illegible] COLLEGE, 37, 39, 41 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

SCHOOL Teachers & Students Attention.—During Holidays a special [illegible] Shorthand [illegible] Academy, Arcade, Toronto.

AGENTS!—YOU CAN'T FIND A BOOK THAT gives better satisfaction or that you can make money faster with than "World's Wonders." Selling all classes—Christians and Infidels, Catholics and Protestants, old and young; old agents who have not canvassed for years are going into the field with it; C. P. Jenkins sold 120 the first week; J. E. Bower says: "The first week with 'Wonders' netted me one hundred and sixteen dollars." A good chance for unemployed persons; outfit free to actual canvassers; write for terms. BRADLEY, GARRETSON & Co., Brantford.

NELSON & CO., MILLWRIGHTS & ENGINEERS, Berlin, Ont.—Sole manufacturers in Canada of automatic engines from 2 to 15 h. p.; automatic engines for printing offices; high speed automatic engines for electric lighting; automatic engines for cheese, butter, and sausage factories, or any other purpose where a light and cheap power is required. For price list and other particulars address as above.

H. WILLIAMS, Felt & Slate Roofer,
Manufacturer and dealer in Tarred Felt, Roofing Pitch, Building Papers, Carpet and Deafening Felt,
Ready Roofing, &c.
For Low prices address H. WILLIAMS, 4 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

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HAMILTON, CANADA.
THE OLDEST OF THE LADIES' COLLEGES.—Has graduated over 200 ladies in the full course, has educated over 2,000. Full Faculties in literature, languages, music and art. The largest college building in the Province. Will open on Sept. 1, 188[illegible]. Address the Principal, A. BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

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MONEY TO LEND
—on—
Productive Town, Village & Farm Property
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6 Union Block— Toronto Street —Toronto

Dirt thereof to [illegible]. Drinking water should be pure. [illegible] water to [illegible] a sign of purity. [illegible] water may contain disease germs. [illegible] two or three times a week if possible. It is important that bathing water should be pure. Typhoid fever and other diseases have been produced by the absorption through the skin of the disease germs. The temperature of the bath should depend on the power of the individual to react. A cold bath should never be taken for those going to bed.

To clean windows, wash them with luke warm water; rub with any clean, dry cloth to take off the first dampness, then polish with a piece of chamois. A large one can be purchased for 50 cents and it will last a life time and save so much hard work. When soiled wash in soap suds, rinse well and dry then rub it in the hands to make it soft. For silver it is unequaled. Also wring it in tepid water, and use it to rub off the finger marks on the glass, then rub with a dry one.

When your red tablecloth is too much worn in spots to use any longer on the table cut the good parts in the shape of napkins; fringe them out for others at an inch; if hemmed by novel readily, ornamental them, and it will be many a long day before any member of your family will discover that they are not regular "breakfast" fruit napkins.

The cleanest and most polished floors have no water used on them at all. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is steeped in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks. Shake clouds of dust, and with a rubbing brush of stubby broom go rapidly up and down the planks (not across.) In a few rubbings the floor assumes a polished appearance that is not easily defaced by dirt or footprints.

A small barrel is a capital receptacle for salted beans instead of a hamper. Have it well stained and lined with cabute; the outside should be either painted or covered with Turkey red. The lid must be covered or painted to correspond.

Choice Recipes.

Corn Pudding.—Grate ears of green corn; add to a quart of it a teaspoonful of cream or of milk, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix all well together; put it in a pan and bake one hour. To be eaten as a vegetable.

Corn Soup.—Grate 12 ears of corn. Boil cobs in 1 quart of water for 1½ hours; remove the cobs and put in the corn and boil half-hour. Add 1 quart new milk, 1 tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. When ready to serve add 3 well beaten eggs. Stir briskly and do not return to the fire but serve quickly.

Beef Loaf.—Chop very fine or have your butcher mince two pounds of cooked beef. Season spindly with pepper, salt, nutmeg, summer savory, or sweet marjoram, and a sentiment sprinkling of minced onion. Rout two eggs light and work up with the meat. Press hard into a bowl, fit a saucer or plate (inverted) upon the meat, and set in a dripping pan of boiling water to cook slowly for an hour and a quarter. Lay a weight on the saucer when it is done and let it get perfectly cold before turning out. Cut in perpendicular slices.

Washing or Flannel Cakes.—Mix a cup of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a cup of milk to a batter; beat well and add a piece of butter the size of a walnut melted. Bake on a griddle. If the batter is too thick add more milk; it should be very thin and flexible and fall of many holes.

To Centennial Fruit.—Pick out the finest of any kind of fruit; leave in the stems; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, lay the fruit in the beaten egg with the stems upward; drain and hand the part that dulips of again; select them and one by one, and dip them into a cup of finely powdered sugar. Cover a pan with a sheet of fine paper, spread the fruit on it, and set it in a cool oven. When the icing on the fruit becomes firm, pile them on a dish and set them in a cool place.

Blackberry Jelly.—Use only perfect fruit, boil till tender in enough water to keep the berries from burning. Strain through a flannel jelly bag, pressing out all the juice. Strain two or three times through a clean cloth, return the juice to a preserving kettle; for every pint of juice allow a pint of sugar and the beaten white of an egg for the whole. Boil rapidly for twenty minutes, counting from the time it begins to boil. It is well to test it by putting a few drops in a tin on the ice. When done run through the jelly bag. If the first dripping is not entirely clear, return to the strainer until it runs clear. Put the jelly into glasses when it has become firm, cut out little papers to fit the top, dip them in brandy, and put over the jelly. Place over these larger papers, brushed over with the white of an egg; press the edges against the side of the glasses to exclude the air. These directions apply to the making of nearly all jellies.

Fruit Pudding.—Place in the bottom of a pudding dish fresh fruit or berries of any kind, as raspberries, strawberries, sliced oranges, peaches, etc., and sprinkle well with sugar. Let them stand an hour or two, and then take one pint of milk, put on the stove and when it boils stir in the following mixture: Yolks of four eggs, a little salt and sugar, one teaspoonful of corn starch. Let it cook till stiff, stirring all the time. When done, turn over the prepared fruit and let it stand till cold. Just before sending to the table, make a meringue of whites of two eggs and a little powdered sugar, and place on the top of the pudding.

At breakfast table: Mother—"Always say 'please,' Bobby, when you ask for anything; never forget to say 'please,' even to the servants." Father (getting ready to go down town)—"Yes, Robert, my son, bear in mind what your mother has told you, and always say 'please.' It's a little word, my boy, but full of meaning; and the use of it marks the gentleman. Now, wife, my overcoat and hat, and be quick about it."

"Stroking her eyes through the gathering darkness," is the way a new novel begins. Now that seems to be rather a laborious task, and at the same time very unsatisfactory, especially to one who likes to make a good job of an undertaking of that sort. If she had taken an old blanket, such as the Indians use to strain their maple sugar through, or even an oyster can with some holes punched in it, she could have strained her eyes with a great deal better satisfaction.

A Life That Yoked.

Thirty years ago that region about the London docks combined as large a heathen population as any district in Africa. Back of the long ware-houses were "hummums," where rum and alleys filled with fog and disease. Every horror of sight, sound and smell was there. It was a rendezvous for the lowest type of humanity.

The wealthy and influential class in this settlement were the rum-sellers and keepers of gambling-hells. Children were born and grew to middle age in these products who never had heard the name of Christ, except in an oath. Thirty thousand souls were packed in one parish here, but the clergyman never ventured out of the church to preach.

A young man named Charles Lowder, belonging to an old English family, happened to pass through this district just after leaving Oxford. His classmates were going into holy orders, or the army, or to the bar, full of ambition and hope to make a name in the world; but Lowder heard, as he said, "a cry of mingled agony, suffering, laughter and blasphemy coming from these depths, that rang in his ears, go where he would."

He resolved to give up all other work in the world, to help these people.

He took a house in one of the lowest slums, and lived in it. "It is only one of the conveniences that they will hear; not patronizing visitors."

He preached every day in the streets, and for months was pelted with brickbats, shot at, and driven back with curses. He had unfortunately no eloquence with which to reach them; he was a slow, stammering speaker, but he was bold, patient, and in earnest. Year after year he lived among them. Even the worst ruffian learned to respect the tall, thin cassock, whom he saw stopping the worst street fights, facing mobs, or nursing the victims of Asiatic cholera.

Mr. Lowder lived in London Docks for twenty-three years. Night-schools were opened, industrial schools, and refuges for drunkards, discharged prisoners and fallen women. A large church was built and several mission chapels. His chief assistants in this work were the men and women whom he had rescued from "the paths that abut on hell." A visitor to the church said "the congregation differs from others in that they are all in such deadly earnest."

Mr. Lowder broke down under his work, and rapidly grew into an old, careworn man. He died in a village in the Tyrol, whither he had gone for a month's rest. He was brought back to the Docks where he had worked so long.

Across the bridge where he had once been chased by a furious mob, bent on his murder, his body was reverently carried, while the police were obliged to keep back the crowds of sobbing people who pressed forward to catch the last glimpse of "Father Lowder," as they called him.

"No such funeral," says a London paper, "has ever been seen in England. The whole population of East London turned out, stopping work for that day. The special trains run to Chislehurst were filled, and thousands followed on foot—miserable men and women whom he had lifted up from barbarism to life and hope."

There are many careers open to young men on entering the world, but there are none nobler or that lead more directly to heaven than that of this modern crusader.

LOVE-LINKS.

BY JOHN IMRIE, T. RONTO.

The look of a loving eye
Tells all it knows,
Like blushing rose,
And lives to be loved—or die!

The touch of a gentle hand
A tale doth tell
Love knoweth well
And only Love understand.

The tones of a loving voice,
Like birds in Spring,
Doth sweetly sing,
And maketh the heart rejoice!

The joy of a love-lit heart
No tongue can tell
Its potent spell
Neither time nor distance part!

Sweet words that can never die:
"Wilt thou be mine?"
"I will be thine!"
Is the maiden's faint reply.

These links must not be broken,
Oh, no! no! no!
But stronger grow,
Love's changeless, deathless token!

A company has been formed to develop the power of the Niagara Falls. How foolish when Keely's motor is just about ready to move.

Bridget (to lodger)—"Av yo plase, sir, me mistress sez will yez put the ice in the saucer here every mornin' and cover it wid the tay cup, so we can have some left if we don't get there the minit ye lave it."

Debtor—"Hello, Jobson, old man, how are you? Oh, by the way, can you change a twenty-dollar bill for me?" Jobson (pleased to be thought a capitalist)—"Certainly, my dear boy, certainly." Debtor—"Good! I'm glad to hear it. Then you'll certainly be able to pay me that five dollars you borrowed last year," and Jobson had to pay.

"Well, that man was big and no mistake," observed Snaggs, after he had read to his wife that a civil engineer of Toronto was 7 feet 10 inches high, and weighed 680 pounds. "Yes," replied his wife "and isn't it a good thing he is a civil engineer?" "I don't see what that has to do with it." "Don't you? Why, you see if he were quarrelsome instead of civil he'd be a nuisance."

A rock weighing over a ton fell on the track of the Derby Railroad, and was seen by two twelve-year-old New Haven boys. One of them, Willis Kehoe, at once began stripping to get off his red undershirt, but the other, Christie Holton, ran to warn boys on the back and got a red handkerchief. This was vigorously waved as a train came around the curve. The engineer slacked up, but, seeing that the flag was waved by small boys, started on again. The boys made such frantic signals that he decided to stop, and brought his locomotive to a halt 100 feet from the boulder. The passengers were so pleased at being rescued from danger that they gave $4 20 to the boys, which is considered a good deal in some portions of Connecticut.

FARM.

How to Make Hens Lay.

This topic certainly interests all poultry-men, and more especially those who have not succeeded very well in this branch of the business. One of the first requisites is to have a love for the work and take much interest in it, for if there is a lack of either the fowls are quite liable to be neglected. It is of course important that the hen house should be clean and commodious, also well ventilated and situated so that there will be plenty of sunlight. I would never advise a beginner to start in with more than fifteen or twenty hens, for often he gets tired of his new occupation and throws up the whole thing, and besides this, being young in experience he may make serious mistakes in some situation, and consequently lose a part of his flock. However, if he succeeds in the venture he may profitably augment his flock, should his hen house be suitable, and continue to do so gradually, until he ascertains that he has as many as he can manage conveniently. It is not best to experiment much, but if at all do not put in more than you can afford to lose, unless the experiment be a very promising one. As to feeding one should observe very carefully in what matter the different diets affects his brood as regards eggs, and select the one which seems best. Since many of the foods have equal properties for producing eggs, the one should be selected that can be obtained the cheapest. I do not wish to infer in this by any means that the food should be chosen which costs the least, such as damaged grains, but that the food should be given which the poulryman raises, or can be got cheaper than some other variety of no greater value. It is conceded to by all that meat and bones are indispensable for the poultry, and I think that the cheapest way to provide these is by purchasing a beef creature's head of a neighboring butcher. This beef head which costs but a trifling sum, should be chopped upon each morning, and by so doing the hens will receive much benefit.

Construction of Roosts and Nests.

In the construction of roosts and nests a great many things should be considered for the comfort and convenience of the fowls. There should at least be one foot, or better, one foot and a half of space allowed them on the roosts; therefore a flock of hens would require about twenty five feet of roosts for convenience. The roosts should never be placed one above the other, but on a level. If placed in the former manner, there will be a general squabble for the upper roosts, and the weaker hens being compelled to remain on the lower ones will be tormented by those above. The best material is long poles with the bark stripped off, or pieces of three inch timber with the edges rounded off. It is a good plan to lay a sort of temporary floor under the roosts that the droppings may be saved, and their repugnant odor removed. The distance to the floor from the roosts should not be more than four feet lest some of the heavier breeds should be injured in getting down and attempting to get on to the roosts. Enough nests should be provided so that there will be no need of two hens sitting on one nest or quarreling for a nest; the vanquished will steal away a nest. Where a large number of hens are kept it is best to have them in sets of two or three together. Any common wooden box or basket of proper size may be used. These should be filled with straw or hay and should be renewed often, and the old material destroyed. Disinfectants should be used freely about the nests, and one of the best of these is sulphur.

Scissored and Penned.

Don't let the stock suffer for fresh water.

Nip off the ends of grape vines and thin out the pears and apples.

Fight weeds with the cultivator. Get ready for sowing late crops.

Farmers could help the sheep business by eating more mutton themselves. Mutton is more nutritious than beef or pork.

One of our exchanges calls for a public test farm, conducted in such manner as to give an animal opportunities for proving her excellences, upon not only concentrated food, but also grass, and under favorable conditions.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says a hammock is one of the greatest luxuries that a farmer's family can enjoy. It gives rest, fresh air and comfort to the tired housemaker, the over-heated housewife and the children. Every member of the household appreciates its comfortable luxury. Hung in the shade of trees, it is one of the most pleasant resorts on the farm.

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Every man needs a true inward manhood. All the elements that are in us are insignificant except as they stand related to that.

Modesty in a woman is a certain agreeable fear of all she enters upon; in man it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt.

Wrong-doing is a road that may open fair, but it leads to trouble and danger. Well-doing, however rough and thorny at first, surely leads to pleasant places.

No girl, whether from the highest or the lowest position, is fit to become a wife, a mistress of the home, who has not been carefully educated in all the accomplishments and details of the kitchen.

One should never give a good purpose time to cool, nor allow labor and obligations to run up a score of debts and then clog one's heels with dues. These things should all be kept ahead like a drove of sheep, or else they will loiter and hang behind, much to the plague of the overseer.

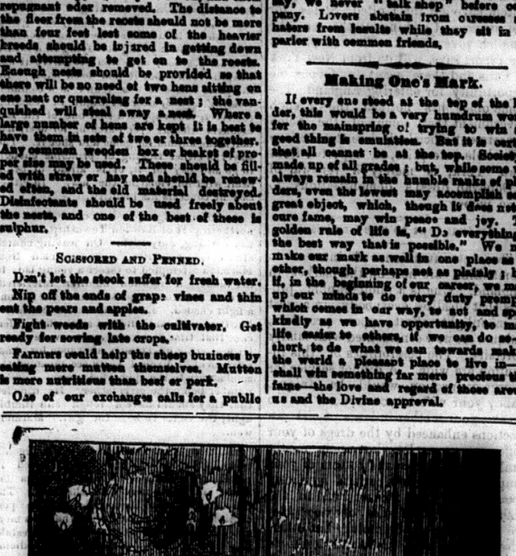
You are not obliged to discuss your business or affairs with every one you may chance to know; but in dealing with a confidential friend be perfectly frank. Disclose the real motives of your conduct, and then those who differ from you may still respect you. Nothing is more fatal to friendship than prevarication and deceit.

We may not always be able to see how our work or our actions are to endure, but, if they are of high and noble quality, they will never die. Some of the best things that most of genius or of character accomplish are never traced home to them. A suggestion is made, an idea is implanted, a generous impulse is awakened, and the efforts may continue to reproduce themselves long after their originator has been forgotten.

The law of the table is beauty—a respect to the common zeal of all the guests. Everything is unreasonable which is private to two, or three, or any portion of the company. Taet never violates for a moment this law, never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from caresses and haters from insults while they sit in one parlor with common friends.

Making One's Mark.

If every one stood at the top of the ladder, this would be a very humdrum world, for the mainspring of trying to win any good thing is emulation. But it is certain that all cannot be at the top. Society is made up of all grades; but, while some will always remain in the humble ranks of pleaders, even the lowest may accomplish some great object, which, though it does not secure fame, may win peace and joy. The golden rule of life is, "Do everything in the best way that is possible." We may make our mark as well in one place as another, though perhaps not as plainly; but, if, in the beginning of our career, we make up our minds to do every duty promptly which comes in our way, to act and speak kindly as we have opportunity, to make life easier to others, if we can do so—in short, to do what we can towards making the world a pleasant place to live in—we shall win something far more precious than fame—the love and regard of those around us and the Divine approval.



YOUNG Roger Coverly Green
Loved a maiden of blushing sixteen;
No wonder she blushed,
By mendacity crushed,
She was born in 1813.

But Roger was taught to believe
That a nice girl could never deceive;
Caught first in her mesh,
He declared her quite fresh,
And vowed he would unto her cleave.

Now Roger is reckoned a sage,
For she died, did his bride, of old age;
And she left him a pile,
Which her Pa made in "tile,"
And her parrot preserved in asuage.

HEALTH.

Medical Advance.

Each year sees substantial advance in medical science. The last year is no exception to this. We give some few points in illustration.

The study of bacteriology—the causal relation of microscopic plants to infectious diseases—has been pursued in the world over with increasing interest and conviction of its fundamental truth. Investigators, however, are not yet agreed that Prof. Koch's "comma bacillus"—so called from its resemblance to the comma—is the cause of cholera, though the view is ably defended by others than the professor.

That the microbe or germ, to which tubercular consumption is due, has been discovered, has been rendered strongly probable by recent investigations.

To 1885 belongs Pasteur's supposed cowery of a protective vaccine against dropheble. Should the present year firm it, it must take its place among the most valuable of the age.

Dyspeptics have long known that fat, as a food, was a special trouble to them. It has now been proved that, even in healthy stomachs, it delays digestion. By rendering digestion greatly slower, where it is already slow and weak, the food necessarily ferments, and various hurtful acids are developed.

Nitro-glycerine has been largely recognized as a valuable remedy in that terrible disease, *angina pectoris*, and in other spasmodic affections. The discoverer was awarded a prize by the French Academy of Medicine.

The clinical experience of the year seems to have confirmed cosmic acid in its high place as a remedy for neuralgia, and menthol also as an efficient remedy in many forms of this latter disease.

Important advance has been made in rendering foods easier of digestion—in fact, in largely predigesting them.

The lung cavities have been successfully opened, and experts now stand ready to perform the operation in cases of simple pulmonary abscesses. The expectation, drainage, and extirpation of one of the kidneys are now among hospital operations. Considerable portions of the intestines have been removed, and the cut ends brought together; and the patients have made a good recovery. The abdomen has been successfully opened in a case of acute peritonitis (inflammation of the membrane), attended with suppuration (forming of pus).

Consumption and Infectious Disease.

A German physiologist has been conducting a series of experiments upon rabbits, by which he has shown that pulmonary tuberculosis is a disease which may be communicated through the food. His experiments show that, while the gastric juice is capable of destroying some kinds of germs, it seems to be powerless to destroy the germ or bacteria of tubercle. The acceptance of this fact makes it very clear that great care should be exercised in selecting animals for food to be eaten, those which are free from disease, and particularly from pulmonary disease, which are becomer more and more frequent among domestic animals.

Lemon Juice in Diphtheria.

Prof. Simon, of Paris, recommends lemon juice as a local application in diphtheria. According to his experience, lemon juice is to be preferred to the other applications commonly made in this disease. He also recommends lime-water and vinegar—water for use as a gargle, and for swabbing the throat. The effect of these applications is to relieve the pain and to check the progress of the disease.

A Lion Among Them.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing!" exclaimed Bottom. What would the weaver have shouted had he been present one night, in South Africa, when a lion leaped among a party of hunters seated around a camp fire? They had "took repassed" in a clump of trees, with a patch of thorn-bushes on one side. White seated in a semi-circle about the fire, listening to a story told by the guide, of an adventure with a lion, suddenly something came with a crash among them, scattering the sand and the hot ashes over them.

"The lion bites me!" screamed Klas, a young guide, who that moment was kneeling forward to get a live coal to light his pipe.

One of the leaders of the party, who had been knocked into a bush, scrambled up and near, by the flickering light of the fire, a lion stretched flat upon the ground, lid, tail lashing, and under him a boy's foot protruding.

Seizing a half-charred brand, the hunter rammed it under the lion, and kicked hot ashes over the brute's body. With a growl of pain, the lion jumped up, and, making three bounds, alighted on the shoulders of the black wheel-ox, tearing him to the ground.

The bushmen seized their guns and fired. The lion clung to his prey. Another hunter, who had been ale ping in the wagon, fired, and his second shot bowled the lion over. The dead body was pulled from the ox, who gave himself a roll and stood up, wounded, but not disabled.

The young guide's face was scratched, his thigh deeply torn, and his shoulder dislocated.

The Earthquakes of 1663.

The recent earthquake in New Zealand has but one redeeming feature, and that is the testimony it leaves to the existence of life within the planet, without which, according to the scientists life could not be sustained upon its surface. There have been a few tremblings to the veritability of the earth given Canada in recent years, but the most decisive was in 1663, when Lower Canada was convulsed. On the 5th of February in that year a great roaring sound was heard in the morning; the walls of houses shook; bells rang; the ground heaved, the trees struck one against the other as if in battle. Hills and tracts of forests disappeared, and the St. Lawrence was charged with mud for weeks. The people regarded the occurrence as a punishment to them for their neglect of the clergy that they should sell no more brandy to the Indians. It is well to know that another earthquake is still alive, for proofs of her health and vigour are the more acceptable the further from horrors they present themselves.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y.
(ONTARIO DIVISION.)

TIME TABLE.

GOING WEST.

	Express.	Winnipeg Express.	Express.
Tweed	3.40 a. m.	6.47 a. m.	4.47 p.m
Ivanhoe		7.09 "	5.09 "
Central Ont. Jn.	4.13 "	7.39 "	5.18 "

Daily, Sundays excepted.

GOING EAST.

C. O. R. Junction	12.44 p.m.	9.05 p.m	12.15 a.m
Ivanhoe	1.00 "		
Tweed	1.17 "	9.27 "	12.46 "

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST 12, 1886.

No Paper Next Week.

In accordance with our usual custom, as well as that of most country journals during "dog days," when the weather is too hot, even if farmers were not too busy, to read papers, we have decided to omit publication for one week, and consequently there will be no issue of the REVIEW next week. Our time will be occupied in the interval with what will be of as much interest to the farmers of the riding—issuing the extensive prize lists of the A. and I. Association for their two days exhibition to be held in Madoc on Sept. 29 and 30. The next issue of the REVIEW will therefore be August 26th.

Madoc Agricultural and Industrial Association.

The scheme for organizing an Association for holding a creditable fall exhibition in the village of Madoc, which has so successfully been carried out by a few of our leading citizens during the past few weeks, is now fairly before the public of North Hastings. The preliminary work has all been completed, the organization of the Association effected, the officers have been elected, and the necessary machinery put in motion for securing what is above all things the most absolutely necessary for its complete success,—the required funds and a large membership amongst the farming community who are to reap the benefits as exhibitors. The business men of the village have done their part by backing up the Association, in the shape of a guarantee to the extent of nearly $500, that the obligations of the Society will be met and fully carried out. It now only remains for the farmers of the district—of the whole Riding—to show their interest by becoming members, and thus put themselves in a position to become exhibitors and secure for themselves the advantages and benefits that are really the first aim of all Agricultural Societies. There should be no difficulty in securing from 600 to 1000 members in North Hastings, as it requires no long-winded talking now to show the thrifty and successful agriculturist or manufacturer the benefits of such organizations, which, on a small scale, of course, are doing their work in almost every township in the province. The larger the Association the more extended its field, and the greater benefit it will confer on the community. The Madoc A. & I. A. will this year expend in prizes, &c., upwards of $1000 amongst the people of our own county. We feel certain it cannot help but be a successful venture, considering the gentlemen who, as comprising the Executive Board, have its management in their care, and, as we said before, it only requires the solid backing of the farming community, by their joining the Society, and at once getting their stock in condition and making up their minds to become exhibitors in every department possible, to ensure its being a grand success. We are certain no movement could have been started in Madoc that would bring more direct benefits to the whole community. The prize lists will be issued in a week or so and distributed throughout the county. Every one interested should procure a copy.

The Ontario barley crop is reported to be larger and finer than last year.

The Queen's speech will be read in the Imperial Parliament on the 19th inst.

Important to Farmers.

Mr. Wood when in Toronto last week made arrangements, on behalf of the Association, with the Commissioner of Agriculture, to have Principal Mills and Prof. Robinson of the Guelph Agricultural College, to attend on one of the days of the Fair to be held here, and hold a Farmers' Institute. The Executive Committee have fixed the second day, 30th of September, at 3 o'clock p. m. Discussions on butter and cheese making and stock raising will be the principal topics. It will be free to all. We look upon this as most important to our farmers, and trust they will show their appreciation by joining the Association and aiding in this and every other way in their power to make this Fair a decided success. The fact is that with the energy that has been and will be displayed it is bound to be a success, but Farmers are the largest interested. Let there be from 800 to 1000 members.

A Priest's Advice to his Flock.

MONTREAL, Aug. 9.—Cure Marechal, of the parish church of Notre Dame de Graces, at the morning service yesterday advised his flock earnestly at the approaching elections to vote for the best candidate, and expressed a sincere hope that no other considerations would weigh with them than a solemn desire to do their duty to the Almighty. He also took occasion to revert to the fact that he extremely regretted, that some of his parishioners had a picture of Louis Riel with a rope around his neck in juxtaposition to sacred pictures. He also stated that Louis Riel could not be a martyr, as he had persecuted both the priests and the Church.

THE DYNAMITERS.

SAID TO BE AGAIN PREPARING FOR OPERATIONS.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—The home office has, it is announced, been informed from New York that a number of dynamiters have left the United States for the purpose of making attacks on the English government. The conspirators the report says, will go from New York to Paris and there await a favourable opportunity for entering England. The home office has notified the French government that some of the home department officials declare the believe the whole enterprise, as reported from New York, is merely a renewal of O'Donovan Rossa's demonstrations to raise money.

Of Interest to the Ladies.

Two new inventions of interest to womankind are now on the market in England. One is a photographic process that idealizes everybody, in a sort of moonlight effect, upon porcelain. Palques are now ornamented with family portraits. The possibilities of this invention are wide. A dinner service for a large connection would be unique. Fancy your wife in your saucer, so to speak; your mother-in-law's facial attractions enhanced by the dregs of your coffee-cup; your long-lost uncle mistly smiling at you from the bottom of your soup plate! There's a certain ignominy about having one's face washed in the dish-pan, and all shades of vegetables are not uniformly becoming, but otherwise the idea will commend itself to everybody.

The other novelty is a pocket sewing machine without wheels, at two dollars and-a-half. London Truth speaks favourably of it, and if it is really as trustworthy, as it is clever, it should prove a boom to multitudes of working women who find it no easy matter to save the fabulous amount the sewing machine agents are at present privileged to charge. You can take your machine and Tommy's night gown, as you now take your knitting needle and his socks over to a neighbor's to spend a friendly evening. Nor is it at all likely that doctor would for bid your using thenew substitute, as he often does now. The pocket sewing machine will come like a good fairy, who snapped her fingers, and wonders were accomplished—if it will only sew.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia, and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill of my acquintence but still grew worse, until unable to eat anything without great suffering, or to do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me, and that I must surely die; when like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial, I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—WM. EVERS, LEAMINGTON. Sold by any Druggist. Free trial bottles.

Enumerators are now taking the census of Manitobia.

DISTRICT DOINGS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

Marmora takes the front rank for successful socials.

Belleville's vital statistics for July were: births 18, marriages 8, deaths 16.

Belleville's imports for July were $2,097 more than last year; exports $2,309 less.

Settlers continue to flock into Faraday where forty-two locations were made last year.

The British military horse buyers found but few suitable animals in this district.

The C. P. R. is making great headway with the branch from Smith's Falls to Montreal.

Gunners Cliff and Seely of "A" Battery, Kingston, were drowned on Monday by the capsizing of their boat.

All the suits against Napanee hotel keepers for violations of the Scott Act have been withdrawn at the instance of the prosecutors.

An old anchor was recently fished up in Kingston harbor. Each link weighed 20 lbs and the anchor chain weighed over four tons.

Mr. Francis Keirl, of 1st con. of Thurlow, has a field which he claims will yield 50 bushels of barley to an acre. One head bore 78 kernels.

A memorial asking the Dominion Government to grant lands or medals to those volunteers who served during the Fenian raid of 1866 and 1870 is being numerously signed in Belleville.

Chief McKinnon has been notified by Wm. Kemp of Newcomb's Mills, that three horses were stolen from that place on the night of Aug. 3rd. Two were black horses, with star on foreheads. The other is an iron gray mare 15 hands high.

Mr. J. E. Cook, of the 5th concession of Thurlow, has harvested 180 bushels of fall wheat from a sowing of six bushels. A stool of barley grown on the same farm from one grain, bore six heads yielding 400 kernels in all. Four of the heads averaged 78 grains each.

A two year old child of Mr. Richard Potter, of Huntingdon, District master of South Hastings Orangemen, was playing about the kitchen on on Tuesday, 3rd inst. The child in its play, backed against a tub of hot water and fell in. Assistance was at hand but before aid could be rendered the child was frightfully scalded. Dr. Hudson of Roslin, was summoned, and dressed the burns. It is thought the injuries are not fatal though serious.

The Marmora correspondent of the *Intelligencer* says:—On the morning of the 8th, as Mr. W. McMullen of this place, was going through his field where some of his stock was feeding, he saw a young colt lying in a rather unusual position, and went to drive it up, when he found that it had been shot. As the place where it was found is a common crossing used by deer at night in reaching the river, it is supposed that one of the law breakers who are ever watching for deer, has taken the animal for game and shot it. The slayer is either lacking of principle enough to go and pay for it, or is afraid of being dealt with for violating the law. In either case he conceals his identity.

An interesting episode occurred in the northern part of Rawdon Township on Sunday evening, July 25th. On leaving church after evening service, a young man from Marmora attempted to escort a young lady to her home. A Rawdon admirer interfered. As each wanted sole possession of the fair one a fight ensued. Rawdon assaulted Marmora, but the combatants did not settle their difference that time. Arrangements were made for a meeting on Tuesday afternoon for final settlement. A select party accompanied the combatants to the appointed place, one of number being the girls father. He directed that they should have a rough and tumble fight, the victor to have the girl. Marmora won.

Holloway's Pills are strongly recommended to all persons who are much reduced in power and condition, whose stomachs are weak, and whose nerves are shattered. The beneficial effects of these Pills will be perceptible after a few days' trial, though a more extended course may be required to re-establish perfect health. Holloway's medicine acts on the organs of digestion, and induces complete regularity of the stomach, liver, pancreas, and kidneys. This treatment is both safe and certain in result, and is thoroughly consistent with observation, experience, and common sense. The purification of the blood, the removal of all noxious matter from the secretions, and the excitement of gentle action in the bowels, are the sources of the curative power of Holloway's Pills.

Denouncing Cremation.

A DECREE FROM ROME.

A decree of the Sacred Tribunal of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, under date May 19, 1886, now first made public, declares it illicit for Catholics to become members of socities having as their object the cremation of human bodies, and when the said societies are affiliated to the sect of Freemasonry they fall under the excommunication reserved to the Pope. The decree further prohibits the faithful from in anywise participating in or promoting the act of cremation, whether in leaving directions to that effect or in any other way. "The Holy Father, in confirming and sanctioning this decision of the Holy Office, has ordained communication of the same to the entire hierarchy of Christendom, in order that they may earnestly endeavor to deter the faithful from falling into the abominable abuse of cremating human remains."

For its soothing and grateful influence on the scalp, and for removing and preventing dandruff, Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal. It restores faded or gray hair to its original color, stimulates the growth of the hair, and gives it a beautiful, glossy, and silken appearance.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the public against negotiating in any way for notes purporting to have been given by me, which I understand are being circulated by Saylor and Shaw, sewing machine agents, as no such notes were ever given.

WILLIAM McKILLICAN.

Thurlo, Aug. 9, 1886. 444

VOLUNTEERS!

ATTENTION!

Headquarters No. 4 Co., 49th Batt.

THE Battalion being ordered out for 12 days drill in Brigade Camp at Kingston, on September 7th, the members of No. 4 Company enrolled last June are notified to hold themselves in readiness, or else notify the undersigned and return their clothing at once. No excuses will be accepted after the 25th. The Company will parade at Madoc on Saturday evening, September 4th, at 6 o'clock sharp, for drill and instruction prior to going to camp. Every member must be present.

J. R. ORR,
Captain.

Madoc, August 12th, 1886.

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

B. LAURANCE'S Spectacles & Eye-Glasses

are the only genuine

English Articles in the Canadian MARKET.

Real Pebbles are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove genuineness.

They have been recommended by and testimonials received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University; the President and Ex-Presidents of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, etc., etc.

These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed, call on

JOHN DALE & SON,
481 Agents for MADOC.

Again in Business!

THE undersigned, having resumed business in his old stand,

ST. LAWRENCE STREET,

Opposite the Post Office,

begs to inform his old customers, and the public generally, that he will always keep on hand

BREAD, BUNS, CAKES, BISCUITS, AND ALL KINDS OF CANDIES.

Of the best qualities, and at reasonable prices.

Please give me call.

D. R. BOWEN.

Madoc, June 9, 1886. 475

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID,

Nurseryman, - Enterprise, Ont.,

WISHES to thank his many customers for the liberal patronage he has received while handling Nursery Stock as a dealer.

Having now secured an interest in the Newcastle Nurseries, is prepared to furnish stock, both Fruit and Ornamental, of first class quality and at prices to compare with any. Nothing but the most hardy and well tested varieties grown.

COSTIVENESS

affects seriously all the digestive and assimilative organs, including the Kidneys. When these organs are so affected, they fail to extract from the blood the uric acid, which, carried through the circulation, causes Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

The functions of the Liver are also affected by costiveness, causing

Bilious Disorders.

Among the warning symptoms of Biliousness are Nausea, Dizziness, Headache, Weakness, Fever, Dimness of Vision, Yellowness of Skin, Pains in the Side, Back and Shoulders, Foul Mouth, Furred Tongue, Irregularity in the action of the Bowels, Vomiting, etc.

The Stomach suffers when the bowels are constipated, and Indigestion or

Dyspepsia,

follows. Fetid Breath, Gastric Pains, Headache, Acidity of the Stomach, Waterbrash, Nervousness, and Depression, are all evidences of the presence of this distressing malady. A Sure Relief for irregularities of the Stomach and all consequent diseases, will be found in the use of

AYER'S PILLS.

They stimulate the stomach, free the bowels, healthfully invigorate the torpid liver and kidneys, and by their cleansing, healing and tonic properties, strengthen and purify the whole system, and restore it to a salutary and normal condition.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Caution to the Public.

I HEREBY give warning to all parties against trusting or giving goods of any kind to my wife, Mrs. Margaret Johnson, as I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract.

JOHN JOHNSON,
Huntingdon, July 28th, 1886. 482-3w

—IN THE—

Matter of the Estate!

—OF—

MICHAEL QUIRK,

late of the

Township of Madoc!

in the County of Hastings, yeoman, deceased.

PURSUANT to Section 34 of Chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, Chapter 9, Section 1, notice is hereby given that the Creditors of the said Michael Quirk, who died on or about the Seventh of July, A.D. 1886, and other persons having any claim against his estate on or before the

7th September, 1886,

to send by Post, prepaid, to Alex. A. McDonald, Esquire, Solicitor, at Madoc, in the County of Hastings, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their accounts and nature of their securities (if any) held by them, together with a statutory declaration certifying the same.

And further take notice that immediately after the said 7th day of September next, the assets of the said deceased will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been received, and the said executors will not be liable for the assets so disposed of or any part thereof to persons whose claims shall not have been received by the said Alex. A. McDonald by the said date.

Dated this 30th day of July, A.D. 1886.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Solicitor for the Executors, — P. Casey and Donald McKinnon.
483-5w

Mortgage Sale!

UNDER and by virtue of power of sale contained in a mortgage made by J. McCaw, in favor of E. Hailstone and bearing date 21st day of March, A. D. 1884, which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION

—AT THE—

WINDSOR HOTEL,

—IN THE—

VILLAGE of MADOC,

at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, on

Saturday, 31st of July, 1886,

the following property, namely,

The north half of lot number twenty-one, in the Fourth concession of the Township of Elzevir, County of Hastings.

Title good.

Terms of Sale—25 per cent. of the purchase money on the day of sale, the balance as may be agreed on at the time of sale.

For further particulars apply to the Mortgagee's Solicitor, Alex. A. McDonald, Madoc.

Dated this 29th June, 1886.

A. A. McDONALD,
Mortgagee's Solicitor,
478-4w Madoc.

POSTPONED.

The above sale is adjourned until Saturday the 21st of August next, at the same hour and place.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Mortgagee's Solicitor.

Dated this 31st July, 1886.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

11TH LETTER.

Catholic Rule.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—I shall simply show what the Catholic Rule of Faith is, and *what* the Catholic Church from its commission given by its Divine Founder, and *thereby* prove, without further argument, to an intelligent public her exclusive claim to being the *one and only true Church of Christ*. This manner of proceeding must evidently be amply conclusive for everyone who pretends to a belief in Christ, and Christianity. The rule of Faith for Catholics is, the *Bible and Tradition*, interpreted by the *living infallible voice of the Church*. Without here going into the many direct proofs against the faithfulness of the Protestant translation of the Bible, I will merely remark that said Protestant Bible is radically defective in this, that it is completely devoid of that which alone can make it the Word of God to any man, namely, the *stamp and approval* of the proper authority. As every civil government condemns as forgery every issue of coin of the realm, without its stamp and authority, no matter how pure and genuine said coin may be as to the gold composing it, or no matter how much alike to the true coin it may be, so the Catholic Church condemns as forgery every translation of the Holy Scriptures, *no matter by whom made*, without the stamp and approval of her authority. The Catholic Church received her commission from Christ, and fulfilled her mission in the whole world, before a single line of the New Testament was written. She it is who is the natural guardian and protector of Holy Writ. Without her *infallible* authority to give us perfect certainty of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, no man can know that what he reads is the pure Word of God. We must remember that the Greek and Hebrew originals of the Bible, have long been lost. The present Greek and Hebrew texts are only *copies*, and deviate from the originals, as is well known by every Biblical student. According to every rule of criticism, the Catholic translation, or the old Latin Vulgate deserves preference before every other translation of the Bible, 1st, Because St. Jerome, the translator and revisor, was a scholar who, being in every way qualified, translated it from the Greek and Hebrew 1400 years before the so-called Reformation, at a time when those original sources were much purer than at present. 2nd, Because he made said translation the special work of his life, and he was a perfect master of the Greek, Hebrew and Latin languages. 3rd, Because having been appointed to the task by Pope Damascus, A. D. 370, he went to Jerusalem and there compared all the ancient manuscripts he was able to procure. 4th, Because said Vulgate, translated be St. Jerome, was received by the universal Church *at the time* when the most bitter Protestants confess her to have been the true, *uncorrupt* Church of Christ. Most Protestants foolishly proclaim the Catholic Church to have been sunk in superstition, and idolatry for the space of 800 years before the pretended Reformation, but the Latin Vulgate translated by St. Jerome was adopted by the church, A. D. 370. It was this Latin Vulgate of St. Jerome which the Council of Trent declared authentic in every part. That decree does not certainly mean to say that this version should be preferred to the original text, but only that *among the Latin versions in use at the time of the Council* the Vulgate ought to have preeminence, it is that of which we ought faithfully to make use. This decree does not mean, that the Vulgate is *perfect* in every respect, that it contains no expressions which might not with advantage be replaced by some other, but it simply means that it contains no fault from which any doctrinal, or moral error can be deduced, and that, in all the texts which concern Faith or morals, it gives us the *Veritable Word of God*, in all its integrity, so that in such matters we can draw valid proofs from it which no one can reject under any pretence whatever (Franzelin, p. 465). Protestants often find fault with the revisions made in the Vulgate by different Popes since the Council of Trent. Did they but understand the sense of its decree they would not indulge in their puerile recriminations. The corrections made in no way affected the doctrine, nor, consequently, the authencity which was then established. Even amongst Protestants, many of their most learned men have always recognized the superiority of the Latin Vulgate. With many others, I may mention, Horne, Mill, Cappel, Hugo Grostius, etc. It is then a plain palpable fact, 1st, that Catholics admit and profess the Holy Bible to be the Word of God, and hold it in the highest respect; 2nd, that the Bible has been left to the care and guardianship of the Teaching Church which is bound to preserve it intact, and give it an authentic interpretation, but no private individual is at liberty to treat it as he pleases. 3rd, That the Vulgate is still the most faithful of the Latin versions of the Bible, and contains nothing which can substantially affect the doctrines given by Christ to man, As to Tradition, this alone is what is meant. In general it signifies those things in the *deposit* of Faith, which Catholics believe, and yet are not found *formally* in written documents. Tradition is simply the WHOLE of the oral teaching which the Apostles received from the very lips of our Lord, and that other interior teaching suggested and inspired oy the Holy Spirit of Truth (John 14 : 16, 17). In other words, we Catholics mean by Tradition that *body* of Catholic truths which we have received from the generation preceeding us. Our case may be thus stated: A Catholic receives what he holds entirely upon the authority of the Catholic Church. His tenets are not the result of his own investigation either into Scripture or other records of antiquity, he has not derived them from independent personal study, but receives them because they are told him, and that by men who like himself do not deliver them to him as the result of their own *independent* study, but as being what has been delivered to them. These in turn have received from their predecessors what they hand on to their successors, and so on in a regular chain up the time of the Apostles. Thus it is that Catholic tenets are *belief*, and not mere opinions. They are not founded upon private judgment of our own, of that of others, but upon *testimony*. We receive the word of men who testify to what they have seen and heard. We hear and receive the teaching of the *living infallible Church*. The *hearing* and *receiving* of her teaching *is belief*. The Apostles, who were the first link in the chain which connects the present generation with Christ, testified to what they had seen and heard and stamped a certain view of truth such as themselves had received, upon their hearers. These in turn did to others as they had been done to, and these in their turn again to others; each generation relying upon the testimony of the preceeding one, which asserted that it had received what it teaches from its predecessor, and so on to the beginning. Such is what we Catholics mean by Tradition. This is then the principle of the Catholic Church as distinguished from that of Protestants, "to go by the existing Tradition, or that which we find in existence in our own times. Catholics, therefore, take Tradition in its usual sense, and that is to designate "that which now exists." By Tradition we do not mean simply what extant documents, as interpreted by individuals, lead them to *suppose* Christ to have delivered to His Apostles, or they to their successors, and so on, but what our predecessors *have delivered* to us. Any attempt to go by anything else, the Catholic Church considers simply as a *modification of the principle* of private judgment. Hence the difference between Protestantism and Catholicity lies in *the way* in which we ajcertain the truth of what Christ actually taught. T. D.

Mrs. Robert Hooper, of Kinloss, county of Bruce, in a letter says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints for a number of years, and am glad to say to the public as well as to friends that McGregor's Speedy Cure brought me around and I am now alright, thanks to McGregor's Speedy Cure. Hundreds of like testimonials are frequently received, and are daily proving that this is truly a wonderful remedy, curing Sluggish Liver, Bilious Headache and Costiveness, where all else fails. Sold at any Drug Store. Trial bottles free.

The health authorities of Bath have succeeded in stamping out diphtheria in that village.

CANADA AND CHINA.

PROBABLE SUBSIDY TO A CANADIAN LINE OF STEAMERS.

London, Aug. 6.—It is generally believed in London that the Salisbury Administration will grant a postal subsidy to a line of Canadian steamers running between British Columbia and China. Lord Salisbury and other members of the government have in private expressed themselves as favorable to the scheme, believing that it would be in the interest alike of Canada and Great Britain.

Latest Swindling Dodge.

One of the latest swindling schemes is for the swindler to get a check for a small amount from a depositor at a bank and at the same time a blank check exactly like the filled in check. Lying one check on the other so that the edges are exactly even the two are torn so that the signature appears on one piece of the filled in check, and the amount and name of the payee on the other. The blank check having been torn with the good check and in exactly the same way, the swindler can fill in on the large piece of the blank check any amount he desires, and with the piece of the genuine check containing the signature, is ready to tell how the check became accidentally torn when he demands payment. The fact that the two pieces exactly match is calculated to deceive any bank teller.

A Violent Storm.

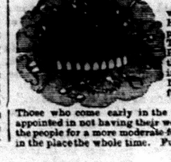
Wind, rain, hail, and thunder and lightning all combined on Thursday afternoon last in producing one of the greatest storms that has been witnessed in this locality for years. The wind blew into a furious gale, the rain came in torrents as if "the windows of heaven had been opened," the lightning and thunder, vivid an loud, was of frequent occurance, and the hailstones came down in a great shower, some of them as large as marbles.

During the storm the house of Mr. John Lane which is course of erection was pushed over two feet. A bracket scaffold lay against one side of it, and when the greatest gusts of wind came it settled and held the building fast. The house was set back to its place the same evening.

Several panes of glass were broken by the hailstones, and a little damage to crops is reported.

The storm continued about twenty minutes, and was of a local character. A few miles north of Campbellford there was not a drop of rain, and the sun was shining when the elements were raging their greatest in this vicinity.—*Campbellford Herald.*

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.,



DENTIST,
Preston, Ontario,
will be at Windsor House, Madoc, from 6 p.m. monday to 3 p.m. Tuesday, every week. Particular attention to the treatment and filling of diseased teeth. In Artificial teeth will furnish a fit every time Vitalized Air used.

Those who come early in the day will not be disappointed in not having their work done. Can serve the people for a more moderate fee than if remaining in the place the whole time. Full cases of Teeth, $7.

"RED STORE."

MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK, MADOC, ONT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

This Store will be closed at six o'clock every evening during

JULY AND AUGUST,

in order to give the staff an opportunity of enjoying themselves in the open air, as those months are very precise as regards health. This is what we are all looking for. Will open at the usual hour in the morning with new vigor to wait upon customers, with energy and despatch.

Goods will be sold cheap as usual.

Respectfully Yours,

JAS. DOLAN.

Yachting Disaster.

London, Ont., August 6.—A holiday party of yatchmen, including Messrs. Telfer, manager of the Bank of London, Watford; Wm. Vidal, station agent, Watford, and son of Senator Vidal: W. C. Morrison, of Jarvis, formerly of Sarnia: Wm. J. Sinclair, law student, and Secretary of the West Lambton reform Association: Hope Mackenzie and Fleming Mackenzie, nephews of Honorable Alexander Mackenzie, left Sarnia three weeks ago in a pleasure yacht for a cruise to the Manitoulin Islands and the northern waters of lake Huron. They started on the return trip last week, and on Saturday afternoon last reported by telegraph from Southampton that they were on the homeward run and would reach Sarnia by Monday morning.

LATER.

The yacht it now appears, was wrecked near Port Franks, and all hands are believed to be lost. The bodies of Telfer, of Watford, and the two Mackenzies have already been found. A tug has gone out in search of the others.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour per 100 lbs	$2 25 to $2 45
Fall Wheat	0 70 to 0 75
Spring Wheat	0 70 to 0 75
Barley	0 60 to 0 70
Rye	0 50 to 0 60
Oats	0 35 to 0 40
Peas	0 60 to 0 65
Butter per pound	0 13 to 0 15
Eggs per dozen	0 9 to 0 10
Lard per pound	0 10 to 0 12
Potatoes per bag	0 65 to 0 70
Hay per ton	8 00 to 10 00

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvelous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple unable to get out or the house from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief, and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not possibly have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle, So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at any Drug store.

Wild Lands For Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale lots 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, 2nd concession of Elzevir. All parties are hereby forbid from trespassing, or cutting hay, on the marshes on the above lands, unless authorized by the owner, Joseph George, Kingston, or

WM. WIGGINS,
Agent, Queensboro.

Elzevir, June 28, 1886. 478

Threshing Machine For Sale.

ONE of Walker's Separators, in good working order, will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to

MAGNUS FIDLAR,
481-4w Lot 15, 5th con. Marmora.

GEO. W. WALKER,

DENTIST,
FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE.
Mr. Walker visits
Madoc the 3 first d'ys of every month
—ALSO—
20th and 21st of Every Month.
Rooms in the Madoc House.
VITALIZED AIR.
the LATEST and BEST agent for extracting teeth without pain, only administered in the Office in Belleville.

SELLING OFF AT COST.

I am selling off at cost to get out of business.

Parties having accounts will save costs by settling at once.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

McCOLL'S CELEBRATED LARDINE MACHINE OIL

NEVER FAILS TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

FARMERS AND MILL MEN CAN SAVE MONEY BY BUYING "LARDINE."

For Sale by the Hardware Dealers, Madoc.

Sole Manufacturers, McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA

Have opened out and have on view the most complete and attractive stock they have ever shown.

DRESS GOODS.

The range we show is very complete. Don't fail to see our stock of Dress Goods before purchasing, as you cannot fail to be pleased. A full stock of Ladies' JERSEYS.

LACES.

Oriental in all widths—Cream, White, Pink and Sky.

EMBROIDERIES, - Low! Low! Low!

MUSLINS AND FRENCH LAWNS.

Swiss, Spot and Sprig, Ecru, White, Sky and Pink INDIAN MUSLINS.

BERLIN WOOL—A full range of colors.

TWEEDS.

We call your attention to a very complete assortment of Canadian and Imported TWEEDS, in which we are offering BIG DRIVES. For LOW PRICES and GOOD PATTERNS, we defy competition.

Remember the stand—

POST OFFICE BLOCK, MADOC.

HARNESS SHOP

BUY YOUR

Harness and Horse Furnishings

FROM

D. A. CALDWELL,

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.

MIDWIFERY.

DOCTRESS S. PLUNKETT,

Having a Diploma from the

Comb Lying-in-Hospital, DUBLIN,

Founded A. D. 1826, Incorporated by Royal Charter 1867.

HAVING had 16 years' experience, also practice under

George H. Kid,

Obstetric and Clinical Lecturer on the "Disease of Woman" of the above Faculty, who was a pupil of Professor Simpson, of Edinburg, Scotland.

Communications can be addressed to the NORTH HASTINGS HOUSE, Bancroft.

418-3m

THE PIRATE'S PUNISHMENT.

Shown to Death by a Greater's Guns.

It was in the year 1826 that a British cruiser was dismasted from Sidney around into the Banda Sea on a double mission, and I, John Faulkner, purser's clerk, was aboard of her. Three or four British vessels trading among the islands had mysteriously disappeared, and on several occasions reports had been made of piratical pursuits and assaults. The master of our cruiser was the Resident, and his orders came from the Home Office. The instructions were to cruise from Avee Island, off the west coast of Guinea, across to Celebes, taking in the whole length of the Banda Sea, a distance of a thousand miles.

We had been cruising a month before anything happened out of the usual routine of our life. Then, one morning soon after daylight, as we were steaming at half speed to the west of the Ambeyna Islands, and at not those hours very busy, we picked up a canoe headed to the north. We at first thought him done for, but after the surgeon had worked over him for a while he came back to life, and in a couple of hours was strong enough to tell his story. He was a German, and one of the crew of a German brig trading to the Spice Islands. Three days previous, to the northward of Boero Island, the brig had been attacked by three native boats, each swarming about forty men. Her crew consisted of twelve men, and, as they had no weapons but muskets, the Captain decided that

DEFENCE WOULD BE USELESS,

He hoped that an easy capture might induce the pirates to spare the lives of the men.

It was about dark when the pirates seized the brig, and their first movement was to drive the crew below and place a sentry over them. Then, while a portion of them sailed the brig to the east, along the north coast of the island, the others gathered such plunder as the ship afforded. Her cargo was of no good to them, but they wanted sails, cordage, chains, guns, and whatever could be made use of in fitting out their own craft. Before midnight they had her moored in a cove on the coast, and the crew were ordered on deck to get the plunder overboard. She was first stripped of her sails, and the crew were engaged in this work when they witnessed the death of the Captain and mate on the deck. The pirates believed, or pretended to believe, that the brig had a large sum of money aboard. She may have had a few hundred dollars, but it was not likely that she had above a thousand at outside figure. Whatever sum she did have was handed over without dispute, but the pirates were not satisfied with it and made threats. The mate was killed first, getting a blow on the neck from a huge knife which almost severed his head from his body. At this the Captain went down on his knees and prayed and begged for his life. They ordered him to produce more money, and when he could not they made

HIS DEATH A PAINFUL ONE.

They cut off his ears and nose and fingers, and as he danced about the deck in his pain, the wretches uttered loud cheers of delight.

The men aloft were in a state of terror, but Hans, the man we picked up, was probably the coolest of the lot. A quantity of planks and spars had been thrown overboard before the mate was killed. When the tragedy began all the natives crowded aft to be spectators, and for a time the bow of the brig was deserted. Hans was on the forecastle, and when they began tortering the Captain he made up his mind to escape. He asked a comrade to go with him, but the man was too terrified to move. Hans descended the shrouds and dropped overboard without being discovered. He first swam to the shore, which was only a few hundred feet away, but finding people on the beach, he rested for a few minutes and returned to within fifty feet of the brig, where he found a plank. His idea was to make use of this float to hand himself further down the coast, but a current set him out after a little, and he lashed himself last, hoping that wind and sea might eventually drive him to the shore. Instead of that he was driven off the island and to sea, and hunger, thirst, and the hot sun had about done for him when the Pandora picked him up. We were within five hours' run of the cove where the German brig had been captured, and the cruiser was at once headed in that direction.

Hans had given information that the pirates afloat and ashore numbered as least 300 men, and that each of their boats carried at least one six-pounder. It might therefore be expected that

A LIVELY SCRIMMAGE

would take place when we ran in upon them. The Pandora made ready for it, and her crew, all of whom had learned the story of the Gemma, were enthusiastic to get to work. Our approach was sheltered by the heavy forest along the coast, and the pirates had no intimation of our presence until we rounded a point and brought the high or cove into full view. It was a body of water about a mile wide by two long, and at the lower end was the distasteful brig and three native craft. There was a good depth of water in the bay, and we drove right down at the fellows without slackening speed until only about a mile away. They were at first thrown into wild confusion, but they presently recovered and rushed aboard of their shows to give us a fight. The wind was off the land, thus being fair for them to come out, and as our Captain knew that they meant fight he turned the Pandora about and prepared for a stiff affair. They did not wait and followed after, and we drew them at least two miles from the beach before the cruiser turned on her heel again. The shower had six pounders, as Hans had stated, and they popped away at us and kept wasting their powder for a full half hour.

When we turned, every gun was loaded and every man at his station, and we were not a quarter of an hour sending the three craft to the bottom of the bay. One of them was seated by one shot cracking into her at the water line. As the last show went down we saw numbers of

PIRATES FLOATING ON THE SURFACE

by means of wreck stuff, and our marines were called upon to fire at every head in sight. Of the hundred or more who came ashore to meet our men of them escaped death. It was evident that the island was a rendezvous for most of the stuff from the brig had been landed there, and there were quarters on shore for at least three hundred men. The Pandora turned her guns loose on the place, driving the few people ashore to the woods, and a detachment of men landed and set fire to whatever would burn. The brig had been completely dismantled, and, as she had been run high and dry ashore, we put the flames to her. Not one of her crew could be found, alive or dead. Here and there the decks were splashed with blood, and it was evident that they had been butchered one after another and tossed overboard.

SHE USED HER REVOLVER.

How a Roostate Woman "Had All the Way Through," Put a Highwayman to Flight.

Mrs. Kate M. Pincin, of East Monmouth, who has lately been visiting her sister in Auburn N. Y., and is perhaps 40 years old, and of fine physique, tells a story of a recent attack upon her by a highway robber while on her way from Augusta. Mrs. Pincin started from Monmouth and drove to Gardiner, where she left her team, took a freight train to Augusta, and called at the pension office there for the money that was due her —about $50.

"Are you not afraid that somebody will rob you?" asked the folks at home that morning before she started. "The road to Gardiner," they said, "is full of dark pieces, and you are alone and a woman, and it is dangerous."

She thought there was no danger and declined to inconvenience any one else by the trip. She also declined to take a revolver. Her father, however, took down the revolver, loaded it, put it in a snug place under the wagon seat and told her to use it if occasion demanded it. Mrs. Pincin hardly thought of the revolver until she stood by the desk in the pension office counting her money. At this time her eyes met those of a man who had been greedily watching her as she counted it. She put the money in her pocket, and watched the man as he turned on his heel and walked to another part of the office. She didn't see him again in Augusta or on the train to Gardiner.

Mrs. Pincin rode along until she had passed Shear's corner, when she heard a horse coming behind her as though driven at full speed. She started her own horse a little, but the coming horse was faster than her own. She looked around and at first glance was startled, for she thought she recognized the man whom she had seen at the office in Augusta. She hung on, driving in the middle of the road, the other every minute coming nearer. The place was secluded and well calculated for robbery. The man drove up so that the horse's head lapped the wheel of Mrs. Pincin's buggy, and then turning to one side of the road drove quickly by. When a rod ahead he pulled up, jumped out and grabbed her horse by the bridle, stopping his own at once.

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. Pincin.

"I want that money," was his reply.

"Fork it over."

As the highwayman turned to look at his horse, and again at her, he suddenly noticed that he was looking into the muzzle of a cocked revolver. There was no trembling in the hand that held it, either. There was a look of resolution, too, in her face, for, as she expressed it, she was not frightened, only "just mad all the way through." The man with an oath, let his hand drop from the bridle, and jumped into his own buggy.

"Now, sir, you turn toward Gardiner," said Mrs. Pincin, her revolver still covering him at every movement.

The resolute woman watched the man from the minute he dropped her bridle rein until he had turned the waggon and was a hundred yards back on the road on his way toward Gardiner. Then she picked up the reins, tucked the revolver under the seat, and drove home to East Monmouth.

An Old Story Well Told.

A gossip from the African camp relates Sir Evelyn Wood did not get on very well with his chaplain. On one occasion the following conversation took place:

"When are you going to leave us, Mr. ——" asked the General.

"Oh, about the same time that you do yourself, I suppose," meekly answered the parson.

"I don't know so much about that," said Sir Evelyn, "for I want your mule, and I cannot spare your rations much longer."

"Ah, but I want my text myself, General, though I don't want spare rations."

"Yes, but you know mine is the 'flying column,'" and I cannot be expected to fly with a lot of parsons hanging on to my coattails."

"Well, General, all I can say is that if you call seven miles and a half a day flying I think I shall be able to keep up with you."

This was a floor.

"That's all very well," said the General, a little nettled, but I hear now that there is a Roman Catholic chaplain about to join us, and if he does I declare I'll put him in your tent."

"If you do I dare say I shall have strength enough to put him out again," meekly observed the parson, and so the interview ended.

Going and Coming.

"Good-by, father."

"Good-by, my son; God bless you."

And the train starts, bearing the boy away to college. The old man watches it until it is out of sight, and brushing away his tears, turns to a friend.

"There goes my boy to get an education. I tell you, sir, it's something to have a boy like that!" and the happy father turns and getting into his wagon, which is standing near by, drives home.

A year has gone by and the same wagon is standing in the same place, and the old man with a radiant face is waiting for the train which is bringing his boy home. It comes puffing into the depot and the boy steps down.

"Hallo, gov'ner."

The old man says nothing; those careless words and that careless tone have struck him to the heart. Again there are tears in his eyes, but he does not say, "I tell you, sir, it's something to have a boy like that."

One of the bridegrooms of the week is notorious for his thrift. He complained of the clergyman's fee. "A widower whom you married at Easter," said he, "tells me that you charged him very much less." "True," said Rev. Mr. H——, "but he was a regular customer."

"Yes," said the old man, "my sons are very ambitious, and they are getting along well. One is the captain of a tow boat, and the other is a physician, and each is trying his best to see which can make the most money." "Ah!" said the listener, "a sort of heal and tow match, as it were."

HERE AND THERE.

Prince Bismarck has sent to President Cleveland his photograph, bearing his autograph and framed in oak.

It is estimated that the wine crop of California will reach 25,000,000 gallons, an increase of 10,000,000 over the crop of 1885.

There is a mother in Richmond, Mich., who has a regular orchard of olive branches, consisting of seventeen healthy children, the oldest being but 19 years of age.

George Simmons of Westfield, Ill., was awakened by some one walking in his room. Without investigating further, he seized his pistol, blazed away, and shot his aged grandmother.

A large cave has recently been discovered in the Oregon range, forty miles north of El Paso, which is vast, and in the beauty of its stalactites and stalagmites bids fair to rival the Mammoth Cave.

A citizen of Albany, Me., who had a hundred gallons of hard cider in his cellar, was rather surprised when he returned home and found his wife had turned the spigot to every cask and let it all run out in the cellar drain. Taking a sober second thought, he said he was glad of it.

New apparatus for recording the readings of thermometers has been brought into use at Greenwich, England, and thermometers have been placed about twenty feet above the ground, from observations of which it seems that the range of temperature during the day is greater at four feet above the ground than at twenty feet.

The Prohibitionists of Michigan are making much ado over the fact that in the new private car of Gov. Alger wine lockers have been built. They aver that this is a slap in the face of the temperance people of the State, without regard to party, and that it will lose the Republican party thousands of votes.

Randall Vaughn, of Paulding, Ga., was wounded in the battle of Waynesboro', in 1864. A rifle bullet entered his body between the breast bone and the point of the heart. Four years ago an abscess formed in the abdomen fourteen inches from where the ball entered, and the other day the ball was extracted from the abdomen and Mr. Vaughn is recovering.

The love of the ancients for pearls and the extravagance of the Romans in spending fortunes upon them, is well known, and modern times have exhibited equal enthusiasm. Twenty-five years were spent in search for a virgin pearls" to form the necklace (the most perfect pearl necklace now in the world) of the dowager Empress of Russia.

A lady writes from Mexico:—Some of the poorest class of Mexicans have a good deal of beauty. I hope to get some nice studies of different types. The natives are very scantily clad, many in hardly rags enough to cover them, and go barefoot. I never saw so many people either cross-eyed or with but one eye. I do not understand the cause of it.

Capt. Joseph Bury, of Halley, Idaho, has a war record to be proud of. When the rebellion broke out he spent $3 000 of his own money raising a regiment in Ohio; he went to the front with it, and when the regiment was mustered out after the war closed his commanding officer wrote on his discharge: "This officer has not been absent from his command a day during the entire war."

"There has been of late no much alarming talk about the exhaustion of our coal fields," says the London Truth, "that it is good news to learn that an inventor, Mr. R. M. Marchant, has at last perfected an engine in which the steam is returned to the boiler, and, so to say, used over and over again. The saving of coal thus to be affected is calculated at 80 per cent. Besides saving coal, however, this invention will upset a pet theory of the engineering fraternity, who have always considered this problem as impossible as perpetual motion."

The other day there was crape on the door of the residence of Mrs. A. L. Chamberlain of Philadelphia, as agent of the women's branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. When an anxious neighbor called and asked who was dead, Mrs. Chamberlain is reported to have wept and said, "Poor Clar Belle is dead." Clar Belle was a fine St. Bernard dog, well worth crying over. The body was wrapped in a shroud, tenderly placed in a coffin, which was placed in a carriage, and, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, was carried to the family farm and there buried decently. Clar Belle was a male dog and very intelligent. He always ate at the table with his master and mistress, and had a napkin tucked under his silver collar.

A new dodge has been started by a beggar-woman at the West End, London. This ingenious mendicant, instead of displaying openly a pair of sleeping babes in the go-cart she pushes before her, carefully covers what purports to be her two infants, thus appealing to the curiosity as well as the charity of the female public. She is quite prepared, however, to keep the curiosity which she bounds, as she showed the other day. On this occasion a lady, slipping a shilling into the beggar's hand, said with maternal eagerness, "Now, do you show me the dear little creatures." The pseudo mother was fully equal to the surprise. Drawing herself up, she replied, "No, I am very poor; but, please God, I will never show my starving infants for money." And with that she rapidly pushed on her go-cart, covering up more closely as she went the final bundle of rags which were probably doing duty as her suffering offspring.—London Figaro.

Mr. Flinders Petrie, the fortunate finder of Naukratis, and agent of the Egyptian Exploration fund, has made another important discovery in the land of the Pharaohs. This is none other than the ruins of the royal palace of the Egyptian monarch at Tahpanhes, mentioned in the forty-third chapter of the book of Jeremiah, the place to which "Johanan, the son of Kareah," with "all the captains of the forces," and "the remnant of Judea" brought the fugitive daughters of Zedekiah, then a dethroned and unfinished captive in Babylon. The place, which is the loneliest and dreariest corner of the Delta, now half marsh, half desert, was once a rich pastoral district, fortified by the annual overflow of the Pelusiac and Tanitic arms of the Nile. Mr. Petrie before he commenced the work of excavation which has richly rewarded him, was delighted to learn that the particular mound found was known far and wide by the natives as the "Castle of the Jew's daughter."

Educated tramps are rare. They always say, "I seen some wood." They never put it, "I saw some wood."

HIS HAPPIEST DAY.

The Last Words of a Cool Criminal.

"This is the happiest day since I came into the hands of Udell."

These words were the last spoken by James Dacey, the murderer of Ald. Michael Goyer, as he stood on the scaffold at Woodstock, Ill., a moment before he was choked to death. Within a few feet of Dacey stood Sheriff Udell, who showed by his looks that the sentiment expressed was mutual. A moment later the drop fell and a corpse swung in the air.

The early morning hours were rather uneventful. At 5 o'clock a reporter entered the jail. The sun shone into the jail still so brightly, and Deputy Sheriff Wyncoop, who had been on watch all night, said that the prisoner was sleeping calmly. A visit to the cells found Dacey below. Sheriff Udell escorted his visitor over the route which led to the scaffold. When the inspection was through the party came back to the private dining room.

Here a lady was playing a pretty little bouquet on the shoulder of a beautiful little girl. A few feet away lay Dacey. He was strapped to a cot in such a manner that he could not move hand or foot. A few hours before he had made a

DESPERATE ASSAULT

on his guards, and it was necessary to turn a hose on him and overcome him by force. After the battle a few words from Father Clancey, one of his spiritual advisers, sufficed to calm down the turbulent spirit. As he lay in his cot his right cheek was upturned. Across it was a red mark which he had received in the encounter. His thin hands lay on the quilt moving nervously. The ravings of the day before had ceased and neither directed the stillness of the interior of the jail but the measured tramp of the guard past the door.

At 8 o'clock the Nicle county capital began to wake up. A few women from the country came in, and the women tied the horses to the fence of the park which is in front of the court house. Inside of half an hour men began to crowd into Sheriff Udell's office. They were provided with numerous tin stars which were worn by Cook county special deputy sheriffs in the May riots. After being decorated the specials spread themselves over the green lawn in the park and held their heads a little higher.

At 8:30 o'clock Dacey, who had been lying quietly with his hands for some time, was asked to eat something. To the deputy who offered him food he returned no answer. Thrice the offer was made with the same result. Then Fathers Clancey, Burke, and Ryan, who have tried to minister by the prisoner's spiritual needs, came in. From them Dacey accepted a cup of cold water.

The reverend fathers approached their charge with words of comfort. He spurned them. Two deputies got him out of the bunk and put a pair of trousers on him. Dacey fought the deputies.

HE REVILED THEM,

and told them he wanted none of their services. Father Burke spoke to him. In a moment he quieted down and allowed the priests to clothe him in a new suit.

Then, for nearly two hours nothing of consequence occurred. A few more teams were hitched to the park fence, a few more deputies were sworn in, and two of the sheriff's jury prepared themselves for their duties.

Deputies Nelson and Harper examined the rope, then Sheriff Udell looked at it. About one hundred and fifty invited spectators were admitted to the inclosure, and then everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. This feeling was rewarded at 11:45 o'clock. Patrick Dacey was admitted for a last interview with his brother. James Dacey, the condemned man, immediately became violent. He began to yell and exclaimed:

"Ah! I haven't go on now! Let me out! this mockery I despise; if I have to go, I want to go right along. Master of hell, defy all your tortures; I will sound the key note to my Creator. Oh! this spirit of torture! I am with my God! Not palaces or diamonds, nor all the towns of earth, can give me one moment of rest. Let me outside! Infernal furies of hell get down! You lying scoundrels! Yes, let 'em at me! I want none of this show business."

Then Father Burke spoke to him, and he became as quiet as a babe at rest.

In the meantime the priests had consulted and came to the conclusion that they would not administer the sacrament. Dacey did not wish it, and the priests held to the opinion that his mind was in no condition to receive it.

At 12:29 o'clock the solemn procession left the cell

TO GO TO THE SCAFFOLD.

Sheriff Udell led. Then came Dacey, with Fathers Clancey, Burke, and Ryan with him; after them walked Deputy Sheriff Late Bentthurst, William Meyer, Henry J. Ehle, Harper and Galpin. The party stepped from the jail into a little court. There was green grass growing in it. It was the first that Dacey had stepped on since his long confinement. Down through the crowd he walked, and as steadily as if he was going to the polls to vote. He walked up the fifteen steps to the scaffold with a springing step, and took his position a few inches back of the trap. Then his arms were bound. He looked down as if to see that the operation was done neatly. The white shroud was tied on him and then the rope was placed on his neck.

At this point Dacey's remarkable calmness was most apparent. He held his head back as one does who is having a barber's towel put under his chin. He calmly looked over the crowd. The scratch on his cheek seemed to stand out more prominently. The white cap was drawn over his head. Before it was half down he uttered the last words: "This is the happiest day since I came in to the hands of Udell."

Precaution Against Fire.

"Johnny," said McSwilligan, "go down to the corner and get me two gallons of beer."

"What in the world do you want beer in the house for?" asked Mrs. McSwilligan.

"Can't you drink enough before you come home?"

"As a precaution against fire my dear."

"Precaution against fiddlesticks. How is beer going to prevent us from fire?"

"Why, a fire which might have been a very serious one was put out in Chicago with a pitcher of beer that was handy, and I am going to adopt the new improvement. This house has been unprotected long enough. Johnny hurry after that beer."

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

A Few Sensible Remarks by a Young Lady.

A lady who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following to young men:

Dear Gentlemen, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, listen to a few gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call of an evening on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour, supposing you come at 8 o'clock; an hour and a half is probably as long as the most patient of you is conversation can, or rather ought to run his charms. Two hours, however, can be very pleasantly spent with most ladies, or other gamest to hand vanity; but by no means stay longer. Make short calls, of course, oftener. A girl who is sensible and true-hearted will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of both father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike 10, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair in the most terror lest papa should put his threat into execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And you girls understand it as well by experience, and know what it is to dread the 10 o'clock. In such cases a sigh of relief often escapes the closing of the door behind the visitor, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then, sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother, and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to. Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most travelled, witty charming and fascinating. Then beware! Mercenary's response will be all you need expect. And if, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling inquiry shall be heard rousing conversation: "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and talking your last mouthy depart—sudden, and, if it to be hoped, a wiser man. Do not get angry, but the next time you come keep within bounds. We want to rise early these glorious mornings and improve the "shining hours," but when forced to sit up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak. We can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reproof from papa, who don't believe in beauty—as though he never was young—and a cold, repeating glance from mamma, who understands it. Now, better her poor daughter's feelings, but must still disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't—for pity's sake, don't—respond with a "Pshaw," but remember the safe side of ten.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

LIFE THOUGHTS.

The parent who does not teach his child a trade, teaches him to be a thief.—[Brahminical Scripture.

Whatever may be the authority of custom, a wise man makes himself independent of usages which are impediments to his best activity.—[Hamerton.

Shakespeare is as much out of the category of ancient authors as he is out of the crowd. He is incontestably wise; the others, consentably.—[Representative Men.

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than colors or figures; it is the truest of the fine arts.—[Manners.]

Indeed, what marvel is there of us, who would find his satisfaction enhanced by an opportunity of contemplating the pictures he presents to himself of his own doings, with the picture they make on the mental retina of his neighbors.—[George Elliot.

Shallow men believe in luck, believe in circumstance: wise: It was somebody's name, or he was opposed to the state of the times, or it was so: then, and another day it would have been otherwise. Strong men believe in cause and effect.—[Emerson.

Conscience will sometimes let a gentleman doze; but either discovery has come, and opened your curtains, and said, "You destined to be called early?" there's little use in trying to sleep much.—[Thackery.

Words by George Eliot.

When did Adam first use a walking stick? When Eve presented him with a little Oahu.

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of boots and no mud-puddle.

When Death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never of our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.

Trouble is appointed for us all here below, and there comes a time when we need more comfort and help than the things of this life can give.

It is more than a woman's love that throws us in a woman's grave. It seems to be a far-off, mighty love that has come near to us and made speech for itself there.

It is well known to all experienced minds that our firmest convictions are often dependent on subtle impressions for which words are quite too coarse a medium.

But we get accustomed to mental as well as bodily pain, losing our sensibility to it; it becomes a habit of our lives, and we cease to imagine a condition of perfect ease as possible to us.

Let us be thankful that our sorrow lives in us an indestructible; it can, only changing its form, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—then the one poor word includes all our best insight and our best love.

Modern Proverbs.

As the odor of the rose outlives its beauty, even so with a virtuous couple, do the tender feelings of youth outlive the decay of years.

When hunger pinches poverty braves the storm.

It is better to be innocent than to be punished.

Works of art, however grand, sink into insignificance when compared with woman, that wonder of creation.

Mules and jackasses are as apt to kick at saints as they are to kick at sinners.

He who lays a claim to true piety ought to be vigilant, because the higher the pinnacle the more fatal will be the fall.

It is better to live and die a mouse among mice than a fox in a palace.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

There were four executions from "A" Battery, Kingston, last week recently.

Thos. Caren, commercial traveler, who attempted suicide some days ago, is in a very low state at the Toronto Hospital, and it is feared that he will not recover.

A special exhibition of Canadian fruit and flowers to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in the autumn had been proposed, and steps are being taken to carry out the suggestion.

A Canadian Pacific railway special freight train ran off the track at the water tanks about 18 miles from Orangeville. Ten cars rolled over an embankment, but fortunately no one was injured.

It has been decided to replace the four massive stone towers which support the big tubes of the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls by strong iron supporters, at an estimated cost of $60,000.

Samson & Cain's elephant broke loose at Eastman, Mass., and scratched the cage containing the two-headed cow to splinters and ran riot through the town. It was captured with considerable difficulty.

The steamer Nova Scotian, while on her way from Halifax to St. John's, struck and sank a French schooner at anchor off St. Peter's and lowering a dense fog. The crew of the schooner were saved with the exception of one man.

A man named Patrick O'Brien, of Westville, Pictou county, Nova Scotia, died suddenly at Winnipeg railway depot the other night. He was returning to his home from the Galt mines where he had been working three years. He had been sick for several weeks.

The schooner N. J. Miller has been seized at Hopewell Cape by the Customs authorities for an infraction of the Customs laws. The captain is charged with smuggling a quantity of wall paper from Boston. The vessel sails under American register, but is owned by residents of Albert County, N. B.

Arrangements have been made by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for a through transcontinental route from St. Paul to the Pacific coast via the Canadian system. The necessary arrangements have already been made with the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Company.

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Telegraph line to connect with the Baltimore and Ohio Company's system is being rapidly pushed forward both in Canada and the United States, and it is thought the line will be ready for public business in a few weeks. It is believed that an arrangement has been made with the Commercial Cable Company for a direct service between Canada and England.

The Mayor of Toronto has written to Ottawa for particulars regarding the suffering of the fishermen on the Labrador coast, and asking if the Government intended to send a vessel with supplies for their relief. He thinks Toronto people are generous enough to lead a vessel with supplies if necessary. Direct advices state that the weather on the coast has been unprecedentedly severe, snowstorms and a temperature of 22° below freezing point being common occurrences during last month and the beginning of July. About 3,500 persons are reported to have died from starvation and cold.

A correspondent writing from St. Pierre, Miq., says: "Smallpox has made its appearance in our town, and we cannot tell the moment we may get it. Several deaths have occurred and new cases are occurring every day. The municipality have purchased Robert's House, at Savergard, and have made an hospital of it. Numbers in the place have gone to the dogs, and there is nothing doing—in the cheap and eleven. The fish trade is in such a condition that the article is unsaleable at any price. The catches are enormous, and it is a poor year for bankers. Some 37 schooners were added to the fishing fleet of this port last fall."

AMERICAN.

The revolutionists in Mexico seem to have been quite successful lately.

The hop crop in the State of New York is reported to have been utterly ruined.

The other afternoon all the prisoners in the county jail at Fort Scott, Kan., escaped.

The tornado storm destroyed about a million and a half bushels of wheat in north Dakota.

The ill-feeling in Mexico against the United States is said to be increasing, and war is openly talked of.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field has gained his action for libel against Mr. J. Gordon Bennett for $5,000 damages and costs.

Maud Juliens, of Evansville, Ind., 17-year old daughter of Joseph Juliens, has died of hydrophobia. Six men were required at times to hold her.

While the officials of the jail at Wheeling, Va., were eating dinner the other day twelve prisoners scaled the walls and escaped. Ten of them were captured.

The London *Standard* hopes the United States Senate will pass the new extradition treaty, and thereby extend her sympathy to England in the matter which may soon be felt by the United States.

A Bohemian living in the suburbs of Pittsburg, Pa., butchered a large fat dog and served it up as a feast to which several of his countrymen and country women were invited. All heartily ate of the flesh, and nearly all who partook were taken sick with symptoms resembling those caused by poison. The doctors think some of them will die.

An epidemic of diphtheria and scarlet fever is raging with serious results in that neighborhood at Chicago bounded by Forty-fifth and Fifty-third streets and Troop avenue and Atlantic street. Twenty-five cases have been reported within a short time. The malignant cases result fatally in about a week. The neighborhood is being thoroughly cleaned up.

FOREIGN.

Prince Alexander has prohibited the circulation of Russian coin at Bulgaria.

In the recent riots at Amsterdam twenty-five persons were killed and ninety wounded.

Mr. Gladstone is going on a yachting cruise as soon as he is released from official work.

Reports have been received from the Soudan to the effect that Khartoum has been seized by the rebels.

Lord Randolph Churchill is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and will be leader in the House of Commons.

It is probable that a duel will take place at an early date in France between Sir Charles Dilke and Capt. Forster.

A Russian troop ship has been ordered to take a police force to Oban, Scotland, to maintain order among the Tiree Crofters.

A great sensation was created in Paris by a report, subsequently proved to have been false, that Emperor William was dead.

Portugal has annexed the gold field territory between Manica and Ojoe on the Zam bezi river that was discovered by a German explorer.

The Czar has written an autograph letter to the Sultan expressing his amicable sentiments and trusting that their relations will always remain friendly.

German manufacturers are uneasy over the passage of the Anglo-Spanish treaty, which will give England a chance to successfully compete with Germany.

A sloop laden with 25 tons of dynamite exploded at Harve recently, and did a great amount of damage in the way of wrecking houses and breaking windows.

It is said Lord Salisbury's Irish policy will include a proposal to lend to Ireland £5,000,000 to enable her to establish local banks on the Scotch system to lend money at a nominal interest to farmers and manufacturers to develop trade.

A special says while Sir Charles Dilke is politically dead there is a flaw in the evidence as to his moral guilt, and either Sir Charles must find Fenny and prosecute Mrs. Crawford, or the Crown must prosecute Sir Charles for the same offence.

An attempt was made to blow up a pleasure steamer having on board Prince Leopold of Brazil and members of the Brazilian legation, who were on a pleasure trip to Coney Island. A dynamite bomb, with fuse ignited, was found by a deck hand and was thrown overboard.

It is said Prince Bismarck favors a firm alliance with Austria and closer relations with England under the Conservative Government. The St. Petersburg journals in this connection are discussing the probabilities of a coalition between Germany, Austria and England, against Russia.

THE CHAMPION WHITTLER.

How a Raft Pilot Makes a Good Living with a Jack-Knife.

Recently the attention of a reporter was called to a little family boat moored to the bank at Syracuse. It is occupied by M. F. Dugan and his invalid wife. Mr. Dugan is an Allegheny raft pilot by occupation, and knows the channel of the rivers from the head of the Allegheny to New Orleans. This gentleman claims to have always been handy with a jack-knife, but within the past few years he has conceived the idea of turning his ingenuity to account, and is now whittling for the money there is in it.

His first effort was to whittle out Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, as he appeared on the scaffold, and all this was put into a square quart bottle, the hole in the neck being less than half inch in diameter. In one corner of the bottle stands Guiteau's sister offering him the poisoned flower, and she is holding a fan before her face so as not to see the execution. The mystery is how the scaffold and all the other fixtures can be put together after they are in the bottle, and Mr. Dugan has a standing offer of $500 that no man can detect that the bottle has been tampered with or find out how he does it. He made over $200 on this piece of work on wagers of one kind and another, and finally sold it for $25.

He next took a bottle of the same size and put in it a good representation of the "Ashland Horror." Our reporter examined this carefully, and found it even more impossible than the Guiteau scene. The bottle is of clear glass, is square and about eight inches high. In the bottom are the murdered children in their coffins, which are about two inches wide and look to be about twice as wide as the hole in the neck of the bottle, and it looks impossible that the little pine coffins could be put in that way, but perhaps the glass magnifies. Directly over the coffins are suspended by their necks the bodies of Rilly, Neal and Grafe, the supposed murderers. How this all must have been put in the bottle first, and then the scaffold above afterward. Running down through the neck of the bottle and about two-thirds of the distance to the bottom is a round piece of pine that is exactly the size of the hole in the neck of the bottle.

In the body of the bottle there are six mortises through the centre piece, and cross pieces put through them, something like a little dog's flutter-wheel. In the ends of these cross pieces are also mortises and upright pieces making a complete and solid structure inside the bottle. From the lower part of this framework are suspended the murderers. The upright piece through the middle of the bottle is held in place by means of a horizontal double key, which is also a mystery, as it is impossible to tell how it is done. Mr. Dugan made $200 out of the first one of these "Ashland Horrors." He now sells them at ten dollars each, and is able to make one in two days.

This Spring he left his boat at Syracuse and went down the river to the mouth of the Ohio, and when returning on the steamer City of Madison the captain saw him working on an "Ashland Horror," which he was making for his sister, and it struck him favorably as a piece of ingenious work. In fact the captain was so favorably impressed that he offered Mr. Dugan $500 to make a fac simile of the City of Madison and put it together in a bottle. The offer has been accepted, and Mr. Dugan has commenced one the job, and he says he is bound to get the $500. He has ordered the bottle from Rochester, Pa., as it is to be sixteen inches high and five inches square. The neck is to have a hole in it one-half inch in diameter. When this job is finished it will be worth seeing.

Mr. Dugan has also engaged to make a group representing the Saviour and the twelve disciples, and put them in a smaller bottle. The whole thing is original with Mr. Dugan as he studied it out while resting on the long raft sweep as he floated down the river.

Mr. Dugan also makes a rope halter, which he claims is not equaled in the land for simplicity and durability. He claims he can earn $1,000 per year making these trinkets, and not work very hard, either.

OVER THE OCEAN.

Mr. Longley is writing a novel for simultaneous publication in England and America.

The city of Berlin consumes nearly twelve tons of eggs every year. The German hen must be an industrious bird.

Mr. Francis Channing, who has just been elected to Parliament in East Northamptonshire, England, is a Boston boy, being the son of the late Rev. William H. Channing, of Brook Farm memory, and a brother-in-law of Edwin Arnold, the poet-editor.

Since Cyprus came under British rule the revenue has been steadily increasing, and instead of being unhealthy, as it was at one time said to be, the island is now a recognized sanatorium for British troops, and its Government a model for Eastern rulers.

In the experience of the English Society of Friends annuitants live long. The insurance company which insures only Quakers and those connected with them, has just privately issued its report for the past year, and it is shown that the average of the annuitants who died was more than 78.

Since the first appearance of the cholera in Japan this year, and up to June 20, there have been 10,276 cases of the disease, 7,803 of which have been fatal. The average death rate per 100 has been 75.93. The total number of cholera cases which occurred throughout the country from Aug. 23 to Nov. 30, last year, was 11,927, of which 7,162 proved fatal, the death rate being 59.96.

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette who went through Mr. Arch's constituency, tells a sad story of the shrewdness of an illiterate laborer's wife, who had been at a loss how to ensure putting the cross against the right name on the ballot-paper. Says the wife, "If you can't read you can count; A-r-c-h, that is four letters; B-e-n-t-l-n-c-k, that is eight; write the cross opposite the four letters."

A kite which built its nest in a lofty house at Kurrachee was much persecuted by some boys. In revenge for this treatment every time they pass by it sweeps down and takes away their silk skull-caps. In India the kite is very audacious. When the cook's coolies are carrying soldier's food on trays on their heads, these birds will sweep down and carry pieces of the meat away. The bird is not very rare in the British Isles.

Says a writer in one of the London weeklies:—One of our domestics gave us notice the other day that she wished to leave at the end of a month. Had she any cause for complaint? Oh, no; she had been very happy, and quite content in every way. Then why did she wish to leave? Merely because she wanted to marry a young man who is out of work and has not a couple of sixpences to chink together. Now, this girl has been used for the last three years to a great many comforts, and has never known what it is to have an empty pocket. I fear she will find it a terrible change when the glamour of matrimony has worn off, to live from hand to mouth in some wretched unwholesome lodging, with her husband away all day seeking work. There is far too much marrying and giving in marriage among us. No man has any right to take unto himself a wife until he can keep her in reasonable comfort.

SHORT SUMMER SERMONS.

BY BROTHER GARDNER.

A lawyer will work harder to break de law dan to enfo'ce it.

It am easier to govern a State dan to boss a Sunday skule picnic.

De man who gives you thirteen cents fur a shillin' will borry yer fea an' coffy and' pay nuffin back.

A photograph doan' shaw de devilkry in a man's eye ner de pimples on a woman's face.

De mo' good clothes you kin heap on yer back de less your bad grammer will be commented on.

De public nebber stop to quashun de treef of a scoundal, and de man who climbs above us am nebber quite forgived.

De him of de philanthropist am not to preserve de good eggs, but to work de bad ones over an' palm 'em off agin.

De room which a man takes upon de sidewalk am no criterion to judge of de'amount of brains in his head.

You can't h'ar de jingle of gold pieces half as far as you kin h'ar de rattle of tin pans.

De man who announces his own honesty sometimes gits into Canada wid de beedle, an' sometimes he am caught in Detroit or Buffalo.

Let two life-long frens begin a disoushun as to de color of Adam's hair or de size of Noah's head, an' de chances fur a row am fust class. What man doan' know am what day refuse to let go of.

Sift down de talk of de world's greatest man, an' when you cum to extract de bigotry, egotism, prejudice an' self-interest, you will have to look fur de quotient wid a spy-glass.

When a man sots out to be purty he mustn't blame his hatter for any shrinkage of his head. As de hoss-sense oozes out de cranium has got to contract.

Doan' worry ober de theory of transmigrashun. When you am turned into an old white hoss an' set to work grindin' bark in a tannery it will be time to complain bekase you wasn't turned into a tanner instead.

Luv am a beautiful sentiment, an' de game of three-keard monte am a swindle, but fifty people are drowned by luv fur ebery one swindled by the keards.

Industry am a rack in which dar' am always a peg to ang up one mo' workin'-man's coat.

When you come to let de gas out of a balloon you am surprised an' disgusted at de shrinkage.

One-half de great men expect deir speeches to be read by posterity an' deir debts to be paid by deir childr'en.

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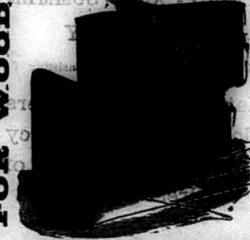

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Is a foul corruption in the blood that rots out all the machinery of life. Nothing will eradicate it from the system and prevent its transmission to offspring but AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This preparation is also the only one that will cleanse the blood of Mercurial poison and the taint of Contagious Diseases. Impoverished blood is productive of

ANÆMIA,

A wretched condition indicated by Pallid Skin, Flaccid Muscles, Shattered Nerves, and Melancholy. Its first symptoms are Weakness, Languor, Loss of Nerve Force, and Mental Depression. Its course, unchecked, leads inevitably to insanity or death. Women frequently suffer from it. The only medicine that, while purifying the blood, enriches it with new vitality, and invigorates the whole system, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

John Robertson.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER. ETC,

MADOC - ONT.

MILLINERY!

—o—

MISS ELLIOTT'S

large, varied and handsome display of

SPRING - AND - SUMMER

MILLINERY

this year is better than ever, consisting of

Hats, Bonnets, Feathers Flowers, Laces, Fancy Goods, and new stock of Dress Goods,

Call and examine our stock. You cannot fail to be pleased.

Miss L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

ESTABLISHED—1862.

WHITE'S Agricultur'l Works

MADOC.

FARMERS' ATTENTION!

Spring Ploughing.

WHITE'S

NEW DOMINION SINGLE PLOUGH,

improved for 1886, is the

Best General Purpose Plough

IN THE MARKET.

It is Steady Running, Light, and a Perfect Cleaner.

We manufacture

SHARES

for nearaly all the Ploughs sold in the County:

Frost & Wood's, Conley & Son's Walker's, &c.

We can say with confidence that our Shares are stronger and better than ever before, as we manufacture them from White Hematite metal.

All kinds of **HARROWS** on hand, and a full supply of repairs for Spring-Tooth Harrows.

J. & J. WHITE.

"STAR"

GROCERY

MADOC,

CHURCH & TODD

PROPRIETORS.

NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned having purchased the entire stock and good will of

MR. DAVID R. BOWER, MADOC,

begs to inform the public that he will always keep on hand a large and varied supply of all kinds of

GROCERIES, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE, BREAD, CAKES AND PASTRY,

at the lowest CASH prices.

LUNCH ROOM.

I AM also fitting up a first class Lunch Room, which will be supplied with

OYSTERS AND FRESH LEMONS

etc., in season.

LUNCHEONS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

TERMS— - STRICTLY CASH.

Notice is also given that the Delivery Wagon will be taken off the road after Saturday, 18th inst.

JAMES LATIMER.

Madoc, April 15, 1885. 415-3m

White's - Reliable - Woolen - Mills,

MADOC

—x—

We are better prepared than ever to do

CARDING, WEAVING, SPINNING, &C.

—o—

We carry in stock a full supply of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS AND FLANNELS,

to exchange for wool.

—o—

Farmers, bring your wool direct to our Mills, at the Foundry.

Parties from a distance can have their Carding done the same day they bring it.

J. & J. WHITE.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in al Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joint it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is no 33 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious*

FOR = SALE = CHEAP.

—o—

HAY

AND

MANURE FORKS

AT

JOHN DALE & SON'S.

HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE.

—o—

FULL & COMPLETE IN EACH DEPARTMENT

—o—

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

G. A. ROLLINS.

SPECIAL CLEARING SALE.

The undersigned beg to call the attention of their many patrons, and the public generally, to their

"SPECIAL SALE."

are now offering our whole stock, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries Boots and Shoes, Gent's Hats and Ready-made Clothing, at, and below cost.

We will give special bargains in Ready-made Clothing, as the whole stock must be cleared out.

A well assorted stock of Tweeds—Scotch, English and Canadian,—all of which will be sold at 25 per cent. reduction. We will manufacture into suits on the same terms.

Special lines of Dress Goods:—Langtry Cords, Cashmeres, Nuns' Veilings, Wool Serges, in all the leading colors, at manufacturer's prices.

Bargains in Ladies' and Gent's Boots.

Bargains in Teas—special reduction.

Bargains in Flannels. Bargains in everything!

Intending purchasers will save money by calling early, before the stock is broken.

D. C. CLARKE & CO.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN E. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance.

VOL. X., No. 485. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 26, 1886. POSTAGE PREPAID

Local Chit-Chat.

—Read new advertisements.

—To-morrow, 27th, is Tweed's civic holiday.

—Fall goods are beginning to arrive for our merchants.

—The excursion to Coe Hill, on the 14th was quite a success.

—Crow Lake near Marmora is becoming quite a fashionable resort.

—They thought he went off to get married, but he didn't; just took in the circus.

—The mortgage sale, *re* McCaw has been further postponed until September 4th.

—The large two-colored posters for the fall fair, Madoc, have been issued, and are pronounced No. 1.

—School commences in the village on Monday 30th inst. This is "good news" for the youngsters.

—Remember the two-day Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition will be held on the 29th and 30th of September.

—Notice has been given that the Madoc Postoffice will be closed at 7.30 every evening hereafter. Don't forget this.

—Hailstone to the depth of six inches, in low places, twenty-four hours after the storm is reported from the north a week ago.

—Several parties have been, and are now, rusticating at the lake. They have all caught some "big" fish and had a pleasant time.

—The crops throughout the country are reported first class, this year. There will no doubt, be a fine display of everything at the exhibition.

—The blessed rain came in gentle showers on Monday. Man and beast and the parched earth have put on brighter expressions of thankfulness.

—The Model Term begins on the the 14th of September. We are informed a large number will again attend the Model School, in this village.

—Have you secured a ticket of membership with privilege of exhibiting your stock, farm produce, or any article named on list? If not, do so at once.

—Fruit is the only thing that farmers will not have an abundance of this season, and even in this they will not want. Why shouldn't they be happy.

—Those desiring to secure space for advertising in the pamphlet containing list of prizes for the exhibition to be held in this village, must do so at once.

—The prize lists for the Madoc Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition will be completed this week after which they will be distributed by the committee.

—The village of Tweed is agitating for a fair to be held in that village, similar to that already under progress in Madoc. There is no good reason why it cannot be made a success.

—Mr. S. A. Chambers announces in our advertising columns, that his new store house will be ready for the reception of all kinds of clean grain by Sept. 12th, for which he will pay the highest price.

—Some party or parties amuse themselves by firing off revolvers on the streets late at night—Sunday nights not excepted. Probably they forget that there is a $20 fine for carrying these weapons.

—News must be scarce along the "front." Nearly all the papers have to "fill up" with marriage notices which took place four months ago. It is interesting to those who read the notice in the REVIEW *immediately* after taking place.

"White" Blackberries.

Mrs. George Weiss left at this office a few days ago something new in the berry line—being a sample of the long black specie, perfectly white, completely ripened. This is the first time we have seen white "black" berries.

Model School.

The re-opening of the Model School is announced for the 14th Sept. Those admitted must be of the full age of 18 (males) and 17 (females). The staff of teachers will consist of, Principal, D. Marshall, (First Class B), Principal's assistant, E. Longman (First A); Assistants, Misses McDermid (Second B), Barr (First C), Wootton (Second A), Kennedy (Second B). The Public School will re-open on Monday next. The teachers request all pupils to be in attendance on that day. Parents will aid the school and also their children by having this request attended to.

Latest Local News.

Long Oats.

Mr. John C. Moore, of lot 14, 6th con. Madoc, brought us an oat straw 5 feet 9 in. in length, which he thinks pretty good growth.

Too Healthy.

The Deseronto *Tribune* says:—Norwood like Deseronto is too healthy and subscription lists have been started for the benefit of the two resident physicians.

Discharged.

Mrs. McDonald, the wife of "Coffin" McDonald, was tried last week for receiving what she knew to be stolen goods, and discharged as there was no evidence against her.

Prodigals' Return.

Mr. Charles Wellington, and other of the Madoc boys who were engaged on the Brockville and Westport railway, near Unionville, with Mr. W. S. Volume, returned home again on Tuesday.

New Captain.

The new captain, Mr. Fisher, of the Madoc corps of the Salvation Army, arrived last week, and has got down to work. He gives evidence of being a popular captain and successful worker.

Reversed.

The Baltimore *Herald*, U. S. A., says:—Thomas Cross, of Madoc, Ont., recently found a snake with two heads and put it in alcohol. On this side of the St. Lawrence they mostly put in the alcohol first and find the snakes afterwards.

Voters' Lists.

We have already issued voters' lists for six different municipalities, this season. Two or three others are expected, of which the manuscript for Dungannon and Faraday has been received and will be pushed through as fast as possible.

Change of Name.

Conroy's Farm post Office, in Carlow township, will hereafter be known as Havergal. This change of name was made recently. As changes of this kind are frequently made in the north country, our readers will do well by making a note of them as they occur.

Civic Holiday.

Every town or village around us have had, or are having a civic holiday. Other years, Madoc had her civic day in August, but this year, if steps are not taken pretty soon, we will have none at all. Why cannot the 1st of September be chosen as the day of "outing." "Athletics," start the ball rolling.

Accident.

A brakesman, named George Clancey slipped from the top of the van car of the freight train near Havelock, on the C. P. R., last week, falling into the cattle guard and striking one of the beams with his nose, breaking in the nasal and malar bones and bursting the right eye ball. Concussion of the brain set in, and little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Temperance Convention.

There is a call for a convention of temperance people, in Toronto, on September 14th and 15th, from the fact that the present state of the temperance movement in every part of the Dominion demands earnest consideration. It is expected that the proceedings will be eminently practical, and the desire of the promoters of the convention is that the gathering shall be made to tell on the future policy of this country.

Benevolent Society.

The Ladies' Foreign Mission Society, of this village, will hold a meeting in the basement of the Methodist Church, on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 7th, at 3 o'clock, for the purpose of re-organizing and changing the name to the Ladies' Home Mission or Benevolent Society, when the present officers will resign and new ones will be elected. The meeting is open to all denominations, and it is hoped that there will be a general turnout of the ladies of the village.

A Necessity.

There is one thing that is very much needed,—in fact, is almost a necessity, for the safety and protection from broken limbs, necks, or other injuries—and that is, a large lamp hung outside the Methodist Church, in this village, especially on dark nights. It is really dangerous for those touched with the infirmities of age—and even those blessed with the elasticity of youth—to retire from the church, and difficulty is often experienced descending the steps in safety. A good lamp hanging outside would be much appreciated.

Lacrosse.

On Thursday last the Athletics of this village visited Peterborough to play a match with the Riversides of that town. After driving to Iyanhoe they boarded the C. P. R. train, and arrived in Peterborough before 9 o'clock. The morning was spent having a group photograph of the team taken at Sproule's. At 2.30 p. m., they were met at the hotel by the Riversides, and escorted to the Riverside Park, where over 600 spectators had assembled. The following are the teams, and their positions:

Athletics.		*Riversides.*
Geo Wright	goal	J Phelan
H Senkler	point	E Rogers
J R Orr	cover point	W Walsh
A Huff	defence field	T Meagher
W Wright		A Rose
P Corkery		W McAvelia
D Caverly	centre	F Lerone
E Brough	home field	T Giroux
R Collinge		F Pakenham
H H O'Flynn		J Begley
W Cross	outside home	H Neil
E Cross	inside home	J Scott
Jas Dolan	field captain	M McDonald

The first game, which proved to be the best contested of the match, was a pretty exhibition of lacrosse. It was seen that the boys were not playing in anything like their usual style, probably from having to get up so early in the morning. After 40 minutes hard play during which neither side had much the advantage, the first game was scored for Peterborough by a lucky swipe from Begley. The second and third games were shorter, occupying 9 and 3 minutes respectively, and were also won by Peterborough. After the match a number of races took place, two of which, viz: 100 yards, open, and 100 yards open to lacrosse players only, was won by H. Senkler, of Madoc, time 10¼ and 11½ seconds.

The boys left for home about midnight and arrived shortly after 2 o'clock, being much pleased with their visit to Peterboro. This is the first defeat of the Athletics this season. The return match will be played during the Fair here, on the 29th and 30th Sept., when the Athletics hope to retrieve their laurels.

In Trouble.

We are very sorry to see last week, a notice of sale by the sheriff of the goods and chattels of the Rev. Father Davis. On enquiry we learn that the cause of the trouble was the non-payment of notes given for work done on the churches in Marmora and Queensboro. It seems, that Father Davis, for the past seventeen years, has had to give his own personal security for every cent spent in church building, and improvement. Owing to circumstances over which he had no control matters in this case have been forced to an issue by a firm of Belleville lawyers, and hence the present difficulty. Father Davis has had to pull through many a tight place in his building operations, and we have not the slightest doubt but what he will come out of the present one right side up. There are more causes than one, (friend T. D.) for a man to have to carry a prematurely bald-head For our part we find it quite sufficient to have our own private responsibilities without being further saddled with those of a whole community.—COM.

Personal.

Mr. B. C. Sills was very bad again the fore part of the week, but is now on the mend.

Rev. W. Down, of Flinton, preached two very practical discourses in the Methodist Church in this village last Sabbath.

Mrs. Geo. W. Sine and Mrs. Fred. Sine, of Stirling, were in town this week, visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. E. Brough had another severe attack of sickness the fore part of the week, but we are glad to see him around again.

Mrs. Cummings, of Stirling, paid a visit to this village this week.

Rev. J. W. Sills, of Prescott, brother of Mr. B. C. Sills, of this village, is visiting the latter.

Rev. Mr. Childerhose occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church last Sabbath, preaching able sermons.

Misses M. Brown and J. Mouncey are paying a visit to friends in the west at present.

Rev. R. H. Leitch will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist Church next Sabbath morning.

Ernest Sine, of Mayfield, Utah, formerly of this office, reports doing well, but does not give a very favorable opinion of the majority of the people of that "Zion," as they call it.

Mr. John Mouncey and Ed. Cross left on Monday for the north, for a week's holidays.

Miss A. Mackay, of Belleville, is spending a week with Miss Jennie Sinclair, of this village.

Chased by a Snake.

N. M. Ostrom, dry goods merchant of Frankford, was turning over stones on the margin of a small lake on Sills Island when he heard a sudden splash and looking up he saw a huge snake with his head about three feet out of the water making straight for him. Mr. Ostrom, who lost no time in reaching home declares that the snake was thicker than a stovepipe and of extraordinary length.

Sad News.

The sad news reached us that Rev. F. McAmmond, B.A., of Fenelon Falls, formerly of Madoc, his wife and son were all suffering from a severe attack of diphtheria. We have since learned that Freddy, their little boy, had died, and that Mr. and Mrs. McAmmond were still ill. We, with his many friends from Madoc and vicinity, sincerely hope no fatal consequences will result, and extremely sympathize with them in this sad hour of their bereavement.

Excursion.

The Str. Quinte, having on board the Hon. Edward Blake and the Hon. Oliver Mowat, who will be presented with addresses on their way down, will run an excursion from Belleville to Picton on September 3rd, the occasion of the great Reform convention. Tickets from Belleville 50 cents. Arrangements are being made for single fare from Madoc to Belleville, if sufficient number of tickets can be sold. The excursionists will be accompanied by the Oddfellows' Band, and will leave Picton on return trip at 7:30 p. m.

District Meeting.

The financial meeting of the Madoc District was held in the Methodist Church at Marmora last week, presided over by the District Superintendent, Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., of Stirling. The work on the missions was reviewed and grants recommended, and arrangements made for holding the annual missionary and educational meeting. Harmony prevailed throughout the meeting, which was one of interest and profit and the hope was entertained by all the ministers present that this conference year will be one of great spiritual and financial success throughout the entire district.

Church of England.

The most important advance yet made by this Church in this district takes place to-day. The Mission of Madoc is now divided, and Queensborough becomes the headquarters of the new mission. Rev. W. W. Burton, of St. Augustine College, Canterbury, is to be inducted at the morning service to his new charge. He announces that the usual services will be held at Empey's Settlement on Sunday next at 10.30 a. m.; Queensborough, 3 p. m.; Bannockburn, 7 p. m. The service at Millbridge is unavoidably postponed to the following Sunday at 10.30 a. m. The permanent engagements will be announced next week.

Teachers' Examinations.

The following pupils of our Model School were successful at the recent examination for Third Class Certificates:—James Burns, S. Eagleson, Beatrice Cross, Laura Farrell, Minnie Geary, Jennie Rollins, Martha Whytock.

At the Campbellford High School the following candidates from North Hastings were successful:—Second Class—Nellie McDougall, Bessie Parker, Fred. Herity, Crozier Moore, J. A. Johnston. Third Class—Annie Countryman, Annie Ketcheson, Marion Lambly, Lucy McGowan, Thos. Lafferty, Daniel Minchin, Joseph Mitts.

Had we a High School in the Riding, twice as many would, in all likelihood, have passed. The District abounds in good material, which only lacks opportunities for development. Much of the best talent is lost to the country because parents are not able or unwilling to send their children to High Schools at a distance.

Accident.

An accident occurred on Tuesday at the new building in the rear of the Wilson Block which might have resulted fatally for those engaged in the work. As it was, however, serious injuries were sustained by some of them. It appears that the scaffolding used for the work was improperly constructed and poor material employed, which was the cause of the accident. On Tuesday, Mr. Stevens, who has the contract, and his son, and Mr. Ward were upon the scaffold laying brick, and Mr. Collinge was engaged in carrying mortar; and as the latter stepped upon the platform it gave way, precipitating Mr. Stevens and his son and Mr. Collinge to the joists below, and Mr. Ward, who was at the opposite end of the scaffold when it broke, was thrown over the wall, striking on his head and shoulders outside of the building. All were more or less injured; but Mr. Collinge, who fell astride the mortar board, sustained more serious injuries than the rest.

MADOC LODGE,

No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

S. F. WEAVER, *Secretary.* D. A. CALDWELL, *Noble Grand*

Madoc L. O. L. No. 130.

MEETS the first Wednesday in each month, in the Orange Hall, White's Block, village of Madoc. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

JAMES WHITE, *Secretary.* M. BRISTOL, *W. Master.*

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.,

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

Residence at C. F. AYLSWORTH'S.

454

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES GREAM.

SOLICITOR Supreme Court, Notary Public, and Conveyancer. money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, madoc.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street. Private money to loan at lowest rates.

LEONARD & O'BRIEN,

BARRISTERS. Office over the Telegraph office, Belleville. Money to loan on farm and village properties at lowest rates.

CHAS. J. LEONARD. | S. O'BRIEN.

ALEX. A. McDONALD.

SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC.

Ashley Block, Belleville.

A. R. DOUGALL, Q.C. | D. E. K. STEWART.

DR. R. TRACY,

HAVING returned from Europe, is prepared to meet his patients as usual, at his residence, Hotel Street, Belleville. Consulting hours 9 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and after 6 p. m., daily.

JOHN DALE,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

madoc, Jan. 27th, 1877.

BANKING HOUSE!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted.

Drafts Bought and Sold.

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto.

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.

HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm

To improve your Land?

Put up new buildings?

Pay off a Mortgage?

Or require money for any other purpose,

Apply to

A. F. WOOD,

Agent for the Company.

Madoc, June 21st, 188

JACK'S QUEEN;

OR,

Light at Last.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED)

Edith Lumsdaine is one of our most frequent visitors, and we are great friends. One day I give her a word of warning anent Mr. Walter Baring.

"Is it likely," she demands theatrically, "that the beauty of two seasons will be carried off by a briefless barrister?"

"Not likely; but some wise man says that the unexpected always happens. I know he admires you."

"Most people do, dear; they can't help it; and, as I share the feeling myself, I don't blame them."

"Whom are you discussing?" asks Mrs. Chesney, Edith's aunt and guardian. "Mr. Walter Baring? Dear Edith was bored to death with him the other evening; he is one of those stupid men who never know when they are not wanted."

"I must be stupid myself, for a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and I rather like Mr. Baring," returns Edith placidly. "In these times a modest and retiring man is a refreshing novelty."

And so my days go on. Percy's book makes its appearance, and I read all the reviews, and remember how he corrected its proofs at Lochdhui; I glory in the praises it brings him, the new lights given to his already bright fame, and when I tell him so he reddens like a boy, for all the modesty of true genius is his.

I never know a man whose writings were worth the reading praise himself, or sing the Mighty Me. And Percy has another grand quality—generous appreciation of others' merits; the breath of envy never tarnished the bright mirror of his mind; he is truly that rare thing, a man free from professional narrowness. Naturally his society is much sought by his brethren of pen and brush; besides that, he is besieged by gentlemen of all kinds, people who want lectures and books and leave volumes and great sheets of manuscript, through which I have known him painfully to wade, for pure kindness' sake. Then, his own work, his *Dunbar*, is ever with him; the hero of that poem clings to him, whispers or sighs, claims attention; the heroine beckons him away from the confinement of drawing-rooms, the heat and glare of theatre, to bathe in pure clear sunlight and moors free and open, swept by heather-scented breezes from great and solemn heights, and he shuts himself in his den, and my eyes still watch him with wistful wonder.

What need has he of human love? His skill seems to satisfy him, to be friend and companion and all things else. I have seen him come from a gathering of our friends, where he has been courted and flattered, seen him draw pen and paper to him with a look that made the action a caress. This fills his life and is his refuge, just as the love of wife and child fill the life of Lord Rydall, being his refuge from the world of statecraft and ambition, just as music is a solace to Edith Lumsdaine, who can turn from *vanitas vanitatum* of gaiety to the composing of graceful waltzes and peaceful sonatas.

But I am empty-handed; I sit at my poet's feet greedy for crumbs too precious to be spared from the golden table of his genius, and he grows though me with the far-off air I knew in Lochdhui too well. Just as he came down from the clouds then, he comes down here as abruptly and suddenly with the discovery that it is a long time since he heard me sing: it is truly an age.

"Have you forgotten all the old ballads," he says, patting his arm round me, "or have you deserted the Stuart cause?"

I open the piano and the long-neglected ballad-book, and sing of the king o' the Highlan' hearts, who shall enjoy his own again, driving somehow into the beautiful "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

Then I play from memory an air of Edith's singing, of which I have caught the words vaguely—

"Oh, come, my love, for thee I sigh!
The days are long and the nights are dreary.
I cannot live, I cannot die;
Oh, come, my love, for my soul is weary!"

CHAPTER X.

The centre of the square where we reside is filled by a private garden, wherein the chestnuts at this season are things of beauty and joy for the whole day; and it is a favourite resort of mine and Edith's on specially fine days; when the sunshine tempts us out and we are not inclined to go far; we can see the windows of our own dwelling, screened ourselves by green boughs. Here to-day I betake myself with a book and Tip, who delights in barking at the sparrows, and insanely chasing them, to snap and growl spitefully when they fly away, and assume an injured expression.

One of my neighbours, a majestic lady with a hooked nose, sweeps once round with two pale little girls, a meek governess following, and I am conscious that the lady looks upon Tip as an ill-bred dog. She passes by, and he sits and pants after the last exciting chase. It is a fair spring day—upon me it shed "the freshness of the earlier earth," and there is peace in the soft murmur of wind through the leaves above me.

I am reading one of Percy's poems, "After Culloden," a favourite of mine, and am in its most ardent passage when Tip gives me a perfect frenzy of barking, which makes me more than a little disgusted with him, for my dignified friend hates a dog, and would decide that he knew nothing of good society; and I lift my head to speak to him, but I am really afraid he will hurt himself.

But many one else is scolding him, patting his shiny black head, and Hubert, who is quiet, at sight of whom my heart gives a mad jump that nearly chokes me, at sight of whom my loneliness, my discontent, my vague yearnings vanish, swept away by a silver tide of recollection, by a joy that is almost grief, by a mingling of love and pity and gratitude. I rush forward with both hands extended; but speech has left me, and I can only gasp out, half laughing, half sobbing, his name—

"Jack!"

For it is Jack. I knew that before he lifts his head, and there are those that have more pale and worn and weary than I have ever seen him, but, oh, so much more handsome! Tip has no doubt prepared him for my presence, for he is not startled, though scarcely less excited than I am.

"My dear girl, my dear Vera, yours is the only face that has looked brighter for my coming—you are the only being who has welcomed me, except your dog!"

These words he utters inconsecutively, holding my hands; and I am certain his eyes are wet. Ah, he is not changed—the same kind Jack, so easily moved by kindness, my dear old friend of childhood and of beloved Idlehurst! I could almost imagine myself back there, in the old farm-garden, and that Percy's book lying on the seat is but "The Triumph of Time," which I have just read for Jack, and which beats its refrain in my ears—

"Grief shall endure not *for* ever, I know;
As things that are not shall these things be;
Wrecked hope and passionate pain still grow
As the tender things of a spring-tide sea."

These words I hear as if some one spoke them, as I stand hand-in-hand with Jack; and Tip goes mad, his manners not having the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Jack is the first to recover self-possession, and to pull himself together. He drops my hands, and looks at me quietly and calmly—I will not write coldly.

"Lady Glencairn——"

"Not to you," I return, still half sobbing—"never aught to you save Vera, your friend, who has never forgotten one of your kind words or acts, who has prayed for you daily. Oh, Jack, my own dear old Jack, it does me good to see you!"

"Heaven bless you, Vera!" he says; and then we sit down beside each other, and Tip paws the ground and conducts himself in an utterly Idiotic fashion.

"When did you come back?" I ask, calming down.

"A few days ago. You don't read the *Gazette*, or you would have seen that Major Wylder was sent home on sick leave. I was ill; but it didn't much matter, and I had no intention of saying anything; however, the doctor found me out, and sent me home peremptorily. And here I am, back in my old chambers and adopting my old delicious ways. Respectable people don't know me; old cronies give me the warm welcome of 'Hallo, Wylder! Back again, eh? Might lend a fellow a fiver.' That's enough about myself. I came here just to look at your windows."

"Have you seen Constance?" I ask.

"No, nor do I wish," he replies, with some bitterness; "nor does her ladyship care two straws. Come, Vera, tell me about yourself. I read about your marriage in the papers."

"Constance was goodness itself to me, Jack."

"Was she? I am glad, my little cousin, that you were not left moping at Idlehurst. Ah, we had fine times, hadn't we? Do you remember the theatre?"

"Oh, Jack! And the day the grays bolted!"

"There, there," he says, with a laugh that is impatient and pained and unmirthful—"let the past be! Tell me your history from the day we parted."

So I do. I tell him of my first season, of my days in the Highlands, of Percy, of Edith, of everything; and he listens in silence to the end.

"You have got the cash, though not the coronet," he says. "Are you happy, Vera?"

"You don't know how happy, Jack! And now that you are here, my happiness is complete."

"Perhaps it is not a fair question," he says, bending down to pull Tip's ears; "but there was no coercion in the marriage? You married of your own free will?"

"Yes, Jack—because, you know, I loved him."

His head is still bent, and Tip licks his hand.

"He is very fond of you, of course?"

"I—I think so. Do you know him?"

"By report; he is famous. But as to introduction, when that was tried it was a case of 'Drag not this spotless tartan in the mire.' I was never his sort; he was one of those who won't touch pitch."

There is bitterness in his tone that jars upon me, a sneer about his mouth that I do not like.

"Don't, Jack—it isn't like you!"

"You are the only one who ever saw any good in me, Vera," he says, turning round to look at me, and leaning his elbow on the back of the seat to support his handsome dark head—"the only one who didn't see me all black! Despite the changes, your fine marriage, your new friends, your position, I see no change in you; to all seeming, you are the same dear, true girl."

"I am not changed in reality, Jack. My friendship has remained just as it was when I told you that nothing would change it."

"I wonder how it will stand when you see every one giving me the cold shoulder, my own father among them—when you see people drawing away when I, with my condemnation, come near—when you see people point me out as a rogue, a worthless scoundrel——"

"It will never change me, Jack. Indeed, I think it would but make my friendship the more firm."

"If you know all, Vera——"

"Perhaps," I return, putting my hand on his, "perhaps, Jack, I do know all."

He looks at me for a moment, then flushes deeply.

"You know of my luckless marriage?"

"I do. Constance told me."

"Yes, she blamed me for not doing so; but I never had strength. My mad boyish infatuation for one woman drove me into that marriage with another. Oh, Vera, only Heaven knows what I endured! The seeds were my own sowing, and the harvest was reaped—reaped in blood, I might say. I wrecked my life myself; nothing can undo it, nothing can give me back what I have lost!" He leans forward, covering his eyes, and I hear him sob. "You can only pity me," he says, after a long pause; "but there's not one in the wide world whom I trust, and to whom I can speak as I do to you; and my heart has ached for a kind word—I have been actually hungry for it. And I was sure, when Constance told you, that you would despise me."

"No, no! When we parted, you said, 'Remember me at my best'; dear, you have always been at your best with me."

"It is true, it is true! If there is any good in me, your pure influence brings it out."

"There to me
Act as a tower of strength, a sanctuary
To which I fly from the world's maddened cave,
And there, with blood-cleansed hands,
Cling to the altar of thine innocence!"

Again we are silent for some time.

"All must be changed," he says; "our days are gone, Vera, and my way is not yours. Heaven forbid!"

"All is not changed. We are going to begin again. You and Constance will be reconciled——"

"Lady Rydall is not the woman to help a man in degradation. And do you think I shall forget to the last hour of my life that their eyes saw what I would have given my heart's blood to conceal—the shame, the hideous loathsome shame of my home—and that Constance, with sweet sisterly sympathy, told me it was my own doing, and that she——"

"Words spoken in anger, dear Jack, and long past. She is sorry for you, I know; and, for my sake, you will begin again, will you not?"

"Too late, too late; you cannot enter now!" he quotes.

"It is never too late. And, for my sake, will you try?"

"I only hope, I only crave for, a soldier's grave. So you kept Tip, Lady Glencairn?" he says, with an easy slipping back into his old manner. "He has got an air of society about him, to which he carries the passport in that collar."

"You must come and see Percy, Jack," I say, rising; but he remains seated, and answers quietly, "No, thank you."

"Why not?" I demand, very much surprised.

"I must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it there. Sir Percy is not sufficiently virtuous for me to know."

"Don't be ridiculous, Jack! Why not, really?"

"Odd though it seem, I have some grains of pride left, and I shall not give Sir Percy the chance of ordering me from his door."

"He will not do anything of the kind, Major Wylder."

"My dear girl, he is one of the men who are too good to make allowances for others' sins. Those who have always walked on rose-leaves don't know how thorns and thorns feel. If I crossed his path, he would imitate the people in *La Mascotte*, and turn round three times to avert ill-luck."

"He is my husband, Jack, and——"

"And you are his wife, good and noble, to whom he gives his best. I am Jack Wylder, and you can't expect him to look as a weed as he looks at a lily. I knew how high he holds himself, and how justly proud he is of his spotless shield."

"Then you refuse my request, Jack?"

"Don't put it like that. Tell Sir Percy that your scamp of a cousin has turned up, and listen to his opinion of me. I will call later on; and when your servant says, 'Not at home,' I shall understand that your husband is prudent, and that you love, honour, and obey. Rather than cause division or dissension in your home, even for a moment, I'd—never mind what; I shall always think of you as my Idlehurst Vera, and it will only be as though I had stayed abroad."

"Well, only call, and you will see that we are at home—that you are welcome."

"So you think now! Adieu! It is worth a great deal to have seen your face, to have heard you say you are happy."

When I go, Tip refuses to obey my call, and remains obstinately seated beside his master.

"We shall have to cut him in half," says Jack, laughing. "Never mind, Vera; I will leave him with my P.P.C. card."

Filled with exoitement, I hasten home. What matter all poor Jack's past errors and mistakes, now that he is once more with us? I go to Percy's room, where he is, as usual, up to the eyes in manuscript; but my impetuous entrance startles him.

"I wish, Vera, that you would come in more quietly," he says, as he looks round with a jerk; "or, rather, that you would not disturb me at all when I am writing!"

It is the first time in my life that a man has spoken sharply to me—I mean a man for whom I care; it is the first time I have heard a sharp note in that mellow voice, and for a moment I am speechless; then I beg his pardon, and retire, snubbed. I look from the drawing-room windows at the square—deserted now—and wonder if Percy will remain buried in his inner consciousness all day; if so, I shall admit Jack on my own responsibility.

But he comes out of his studio in an hour or so, and has evidently forgotten my intrusion and his rebuke, so I follow the good example.

"You look very bright," he says; "has something very good been happening?"

"Oh, Percy, Jack has come home?" I cry.

"Jack?" he repeats, in a puzzled tone. "Jack? Ah, I see—yes, I remember! I saw that Major Wylder had been ordered home on account of ill-health; I presume he has arrived?"

"He is in London. I have seen him; I have had a long talk with him," I reply, with exoitement, to which Percy does not in the least respond, but rather the contrary; he is almost cold.

"May I ask where, Vera?"

So I tell him all about our meeting, excitedly, and he listens with elevated eyebrows. I do not mind that; there is only one look his fine face can assume that I dread. I have only seen it once, and then we were strangers on the railway.

"I am going to ask a favour from you, Percy," I say, when my narrative is ended.

"Why, you not, for my sake, receive him kindly?"

Percy begins walking to and fro as I tell him Jack's imaginings that he will not be welcome, and comes to a dead halt as I finish.

"I have never admired Major Wylder," he says; "but I cannot forbid my house to a relative of yours, Vera; at the same time, I don't know that I care about his coming here. He has made himself notorious; he has wasted his life; even Lady Rydall, his own sister, had to give him up; and he is still——"

"But do you think, Percy, that any one has tried to guide him? Harshness has failed, kindness may succeed, will succeed; for he can be led, though not driven."

"Possibly, if the game be worth the candle——"

"I think Jack worth a good many candles, Percy, and the redeeming of any one, so to speak, is worth a life's devotion. If we could waken his manhood, and lead him back to better things, if we could help him to rise from the ashes of his past, do you think we should ever regret it? Oh, Percy, there is no one living at whom I would cast the first stone! And are we not told to bear each other's burdens? And do you believe that we could be happy with the thought that we had left a fellow-creature to perish, that we might have saved him, but would not?"

I feel the tears gathering in my eyes, and Percy stands silently looking at me.

"Won't you be his friend, for my sake?" I plead. "I am sure you will see that he is not the worthless creature people say, that, rightly guarded, he would be noble. Oh, Percy, your standard is very high, you have kept your life spotless; but there was One who was sinless, and who was ever pitiful to the weak and erring——"

"My poor Vera," he says, as I break down. "I do not set myself up as a model, or claim any right to judge my fellow-men; only I believe that a man is influenced by companions; therefore I have tried to choose the good and pure for mine."

Your argument will work both ways, Percy. Your good influence may change Jack, may stir him to emulation. And he has nothing, whilst we have so much; if we were beggars by the roadside, we would still be rich, loving each other as we do."

He draws me to his side, and neither of us speak for a while. Caresses from him are rare, and therefore, perhaps, to be more valued.

"This house is your," he says, "and your friends are mine, Vera. I am not likely to refuse the first favour you have asked me; and, if you wish your cousin to come here, I suppose he will."

"Provided my lord and master approves."

"Your lord and master always approves your doings," he replies. "If he did not, you would tyrannise over him as Constance does over poor unhappy Garry."

And so the question is settled; and I give orders that, when Major Wylder calls, he is to be shown to the drawing-room at once.

There Percy and I are sitting when I hear Tip's bark, and that interesting animal bounds in; Jack follows, with an expressionless face, which quickly changes when Percy meets him with hands extended: my Highland hero is not the man to do things by halves.

Jack reddens and then pales, and glances from Percy to me and back again; it is as though some creature used to rough usage received a caress when prepared for a blow, and I think Percy is no less touched than I am. He asks Jack about his voyage homewards, and soon they speak pleasantly enough. When a pause comes, I get up and play the first movement of the "Blue Danube." Jack turns his head quickly, and Percy opens a book.

"Do you remember that?" I ask, laughing.

"I am not likely to forget. Aunt Pris shewed us how they curtseyed in the good old days, didn't she? Much as a cheese would have done," he goes on, whilst Percy remains absorbed in engravings of *chefs d'œuvre* of British artists.

I play "Sweethearts" and "Nearest and Dearest" then; and he asks if I have really kept that music.

"Of course I have. And I could repeat 'The Triumph of Time,' or nearly, from memory."

"And you have really that locket still?" he says, for in his honour I have put it on.

"You didn't think I would throw it away, did you? Let me see your watch-chain."

He lifts it up with one finger, and I see my tiny cross dangling there, as I fastened it so long ago in dear old Idlehurst.

My fingers go wandering off into Percy's favourite, "The Braes o' Mar," and he puts down his book. I am very proud of my Highland chief, and inwardly believe that he inspires Jack with reverence as he does me.

"What do you think of Jack?" I ask, when he has gone, with a promise of speedy return.

"How think of him, Vera?"

"Why, he is not wicked and worthless, is he?"

"It is rather early to give an opinion, isn't it, this being the first time I have ever spoken to him?"

"But do you see anything very bad about him?"

"No," says Percy, laughing; "but he had no opportunity of displaying his bad qualities. He could scarcely begin swearing before a lady, or——"

"You are jesting, whilst I am serious. You won't give me an opinion; you are like the man who was asked if old Brown were dead, and replied, 'I don't know; but you see they're burying him!' Cautious Caledonian!"

I wonder with what impressions Jack went away. It has been like old times to me to see him—to have him listening to the music he gave me—the same, yet not the same! Oh, no, we can never repeat the past—to-day's joy is quite different to that of yesterday. The old Idlehurst times will be mine no more. Suppose I had refused Constance's offer and remained there, would Jack have returned there, I wonder? One thing is certain, I should not be Lady Glencairn, wife of the poet whom all admire—of the man beyond reproach, who walks king-like through the world's way.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

If spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

The finer the nature, says Ruskin, the more flaws will it shew through the clearness of it. The best things are seldomest seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another; but the wheat is, by reason of its greater nobleness, liable to a bitter blight.

He who through the many changes to which every life is subject cultivates the power of adapting himself to those changes, and also to the new set of circumstances resulting therefrom, possesses a magic talisman against all the vicissitudes of life. So our lives go on; the river ends we do not know where, and the sea begins.

The ways of the world are strange and devious. Yet there is great good in it, for a touch of misfortune unlocks all mankind kin. Many a man deeply engrossed in business, hurrying along the pathway of life, absorbed in worldly cares, turns round and then aside for retrospection and kindly acts. And these are the flowers he strews along the highway of his earthly existence.

Avoid the scolding tone. A tired mother may find it hard to do this; but it is she who will get most good by observing the rule. The tone of scolding tells upon the throat, just where a woman who is not over-strong is apt to feel the ache of extreme fatigue. The children, too, who are great imitators, will be sure to catch the scolding tone, and will talk to their dolls, to one another, and by-and-by to their own children, very much as their mothers are now talking to them.

CAVES OF VULTURES.

Abodes of Death and Desolation Found in the Sierra Mountains.

A letter in the Visalia *Times Press* says: The writer has, for the last few years, been employed as a liberal reward for a pair of vultures' eggs, and numerous have been the attempts of both hunter and trapper to procure them, with one common result—they were unable to find where they nest. Believing that the Pacific coast caste somewhere in the Sierra Mountains, I determined to make one grand effort, if possible to obtain the eggs. After considerable search I finally discovered the locality where these birds bring forth their young.

High up in one of the deep, dark gorges that put into the turbulent Kaweah, a few miles above Devil's Gate, on the west side of the stream, at an altitude of more than four thousand feet, the home of the vultures was discovered, with all its strange and peculiar features. Climbing up the rocky gorge to a point where a perpendicular wall of rock fifty feet high stopped any further progress, and following along the base of the rocky cliff a few yards, I observed a cluster of pines trees that grew near the base of the cliff, and, seeing one that stood above the projecting rock some sixty feet, being full of limbs that projected at right angles from the trunk, I determined to climb the tree and, if possible, get on a top of the rocky shelf that, like a terrace, extended for hundreds of feet around the rocky bluff.

With but little exertion I climbed to a point parallel to the rocky shelf, and by careful attention walked out on one of the projecting limbs six or eight feet and stepped down upon the terrace. Here I found a rocky shelf some ten feet wide, and extending far along the bluff and back to an overhanging wall, surrounded on nothing after the manner of the Cliff-Dwellers of Arizona, in which were excavated chambers large enough for a person to comfortably pass in, being on an average ten feet deep.

On the floor of the caverns lie scattered around a very Golgotha of bones, while near the back I observed a pile of sticks, grass and other debris resembling a weed mat's nest, about three feet high, outspreading in a uniformly pointed hillock. Taking a dry stick that lay near by, I proceeded to tear down this pile, believing that I had found at last a vulture's nest, and that the birds had covered up the eggs before departing in the morning. Disrobing the pile a few inches, I came to the heads of half-decomposed carcasses of numerous small animals, in which I recognised the head of a pig, sheep, several jack rabbits and other small varmints. The stench was so great that I was compelled to retreat.

I entered a second chamber, where I found a similar pile, and pursuing my fruitless investigations I entered a fourth one, resembling one of these peculiar nests, in which I observed a hole at the base about six inches in diameter, and at the point of threading a stick into the hole, out came a most miserable looking creature, retreating for a moment and then darting back again. It once more appeared at the hole, completely filling it up, and this time I discovered that I was gazing upon a young vulture, and that these piles were in reality vultures' nests, the sole object of my perilous adventure. Stepping around into the second chamber I began to tear down one of these nests, believing that I would find the eggs somewhere within the ghastly pile.

Just then, casting my eyes upward, I beheld far to the northward the old bird sailing high in the cloudless vault, and with renewed vigor I hastily demolished the pile, and when about one-third of the top had been torn off, consisting of partially decomposed carcasses of small animals, to my horror and amazement, there lay half buried in the heap, protruding from beneath, torn and lacerated, the head and forearm of some human being, sufficiently fresh not to be mistaken as to its identity. Appalled at this ghastly sight, and again looking to the northward, I beheld the old birds approaching the caverns.

Knowing as I did that they would swoop down in a few minutes, I sprang to the edge of a rock, seized a projecting limb and rapidly descended to the floor of the tree, just in time, for that moment, like a grand avalanche, with the velocity of lightning, they came, whizzing the very earth I stood upon. Simultaneously they alighted upon the projecting shelf, when, with their great wings still outstretched, they seemed to know at once that some daring intruder had ventured to enter their home of death and desolation.

Quickly wending my way down the mountain side, I finally reached my gun and outfit and casting a look in the direction of the cave, I beheld that there were unmistakable indications of turmoil in the camp—the great birds attacking each other for a moment in their imperial altitude, then alighting upon the overhanging rock, but too far distant for the range of my rifle. Hastily retreating my steps down the dismal and rocky canyon, with the horrible and strange discoveries ever vividly before my eyes, it was not until I was past the Devil's Gate, where I found that I once more regained my natural equilibrium of mind, determining that at some future day I would again visit the Vultures' Caves of the Sierra.

Coming Home to Die.

At a period of life when budding womanhood requires all her strength to meet the demands nature makes upon it, many a young woman returns home from the severe mental strain of school with a broken-down constitution, and her functions disarranged, to lay on an early grave. If she had been wisely counselled and given the benefit of *Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription"* her bodily development might have kept pace with her mental growth, and health and beauty would not have given way to decline and death.

Grace Greenwood declares that she is the only American lady abroad who knows how to grow old gracefully.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure self-cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

In Borneo a girl pails for five cows. A person might wonder why a man would give five cows for a girl, but they are different from the average girl in the metropolis, and it don't cost much to keep a girl in cottage when she wears nothing else but a smile.

Chronic nasal catarrh—guaranteed cure—*Dr. Sage's Catarrh.*

SPUN BY THE MAINMASTMAN.

Six Sailors Swallowed by the Sea Serpent.

One day as the Terror was crawling slowly along across the Indian Ocean under a light breeze, and barely sufficient to fill her sails everybody was thrown into a little ripple of excitement by the cry of "Sail ho!" which came from the lookout on the forecastle yard. Sails were not of frequent occurrence in these waters, and the men about the deck dropped their work or books, or rushed from their dozing, to run to the rail and peer out over the water in the direction of motion. The officers of the deck began searching the horizon with his glass, and the quartermaster at the wheel got up in the mizzen rigging, and, standing his eyes anxiously looked for the sail. Even the Captain showed that he was mortal by coming out of his cabin and pacing up and down the quarterdeck. Presently the quartermaster, from his perch in the rigging, cried out:

"There it is, sir; 'bout two pints for'd the bows. 'Tain't no sail. It's a small boat."

Then the officer of the deck deserted it, and he and the Captain examined it carefully with the glass until they were satisfied that it was a small boat, and with people in it, as the Captain exclaimed. The necessary orders were given, and soon the Terror was headed toward the floating object. Under the light breeze the approach was slow, but gradually a dark object rose on the horizon, and before very long the men on deck were discussing it and surmising what it might be. As the ship drew nearer its bows visible as a long brownish object floating on the surface, which was supposed to be the figure of a man standing at one end. Soon its outlines were clearly distinguishable, and it was seen to be in motion on the gently rolling wave.

"That ain't no boat, that's the sea serpint," cried the quartermaster, and the cry of "sea serpint" was taken up and echoed from one end of the ship to the other. With straining eyes and open mouths the men gazed at the monster of the deep. Everybody in the ship was on deck peering over the rail to get a sight of the serpent before he should disappear beneath the waves. Nearer it drew and still nearer until the shining brown body and ugly raised head were distinctly visible. The scoffers were silenced, and a feeling of awe seemed to take possession of everybody, which was suddenly dispelled by the Captain, who was attentively examining the monster through his glass, remarking: "It's a tree with its root in the air." And so it proved. It was only a tree washed from some projecting headland by the sea, which had, perhaps, been floating thus for many years, tenanting material for countless snake stories to superstitious mariners.

The men resumed their occupations. Some went to sleep, some took up their sewing and others their books again. A little group of mainstopmen gathered about the old mainmastman who, seated on the deck with legs stretched out before him, was daintily embroidering a red, white, and blue star on the crown of his mustering cap. The old man was much chagrined at the result of the incident that had just occurred, having been one of the loudest in proclaiming it a sea serpent, and, besides, he had often regaled the mainstopmen with ingenious narratives of the sea serpents he had seen on his voyages, and he had looked for his complete vindication on this occasion.

"There's some as don't b'lieve in sea serpints," he said, as he held the cap off at arm's length and critically surveyed it "but them as has seen 'em b'lieves in 'em."

"Did you ever see one?" asked one of the boldest of the mainstopmen, hesitatingly.

"Did I ever see one?" said the old man in a tone of supreme contempt. "Should say I did see one. Was swallowed by one wunst."

At this the mainstopmen had great difficulty in repressing their excitement, observing which the old man went on calmly working at his cap as if utterly unconscious of the sensation he had aroused. At length the bold mainstopman asked, nonchalantly:

"How was that, Dick?"

"The same way people is always swallered," said Dick, with emphasis.

His interlocutor did not much like to betray ignorance of the usual way of being swallowed by sea serpents. So he was silent for a few moments. The mainstopman drew gradually nearer to the old man, and began arranging themselves in comfortable positions to hear the story which they knew was coming.

"But how did you get out again?" at length pushed one of the audience.

"That's just the p'int," said Dick "How did I git out? Anybody kin git swallowed by a snake, but 'tain't everybody as kin git out again." And he went on with his embroidery, and the mainstopmen resumed their discussion of sea serpents, well knowing that the old man had a story to tell, and would tell it as soon as he was convinced that nobody cared to hear it.

"Lemme see," said he meditatively as he opened the box which stood at his side and selected a new color of silk, "I don't jest remember what year 'twas, but 'twa'n't so very long ago. I was a little larg sailed the Double o' New London, Cap'n Torrey was her skipper, an' I tell you he was a skipper, too. 'Twa'n't nothin' for him to knock down two or three men in a watch, if he felt like it, an' he felt like it purty often, too. He was a 'Sandowner,' that's sailor down through. We was goin' to Shanghai, an' 'twa'n't so very far from this very spot as' jest 'bout this time o' year, only we was headin'ed, an' the old man was mad an' walkin' up 'n' down an' a-swearin' away all to himself, when I see him go into the cabin an' come out with a glass. He began lookin' at somethin' purty far off. We couldn't make of us nor boy-thing at first, but 'twa'n't very long 'fore we see somethin' black on the water, an' it was a comin' to'rds us purty fast, 'cause it got plainer an' plainer, an' we wasn't movin' at all. Purty soon the old man lays down his glass an' run into the cabin an' comes out ag'in with a revolver in his hand. By this time we could see it plain, an' it was the sea serpint, an' no mistake, an' he was a-comin' down on us bee-lin'. His head was up in the air an' his eyes was sparklin' like coals, an' his tongue a-runnin' in an' out. 'Twas as big 'bout's a hogshead as my head." His body was big 'round as a mast an' longer 'n the mainmast 'n a three-decker. His head stuck up into air more 'n two fathoms. We was all kind of paryalsed an' we stood there a-lookin' at him, but the old man—anthin' could scare the old man—he jest stood there a lookin' at him 's of he was pickin' out a soft spot to shoot at.

"The snake made a right up to the ship and craned his long neck over the rail, an' swung his head back an' forth, an' run his tongue in an' out, a hep' a openin' his mouth wide an' a puffin' up his throat, and makin' a hiss like he was blowin' off steam. He'd look first at one of us an' then at another 's of he was pickin' out the fattest. The old man was fatter'n any o' the crew, an' I was hopin' he'd take him, when 'Pop!' an' I see the old man almin' at him, an' there was another pop, an' that snake jest reached out till he got his head close to the old man, an' then there was a flash a' his neck, an' his head was up in the air, an' the old man's heels was stickin' out o' his mouth. We could hear him swear as he went down.

"Soon 's we could get our wits we all made a break for the hatch to git below, but twa'n't no use, for that snake jest wiggled himself aboard an' coiled himself down over the hatch, 'n' if I wasn't afraid you'd think I was lyin' I'd be willin' to swear that he winked at me. We could see a big lump movin' 'long the sarpint's body, an' next in a while we could see that he was a kickin'—jest like the old man to kick too. When the old man was well swallowed and had 'bout stopped wigglin', the sarpint swayed his head out to'rds us an' made 'nother dive, an' Billy Jones's legs was a wigglin' in the air. Billy wasn't so fat 's the old man, an went down easier.

"Well, sir, that thing was kep' up till he had five of us stowed away and I see that my time was comin'. There was only twelve of us, all told an' I see that he'd jest about hold twelve. I thought I'd try and get ahead of him if I could, so I takes a stout three-inch rope about two fathom long an' ties one end 'round my waist and the other 'round the mast. Then I looks to see if I has my knife handy an' gits it open an' was ready to be swallowed. So I put myself where I'd be the next man, an sure 'nough, 'fore I knows that it was goin' to happen, I feels myself grabbed an' swung up into the air and then it was dark. Purty soon I begins to feel a pull at my waist, an then I was swallered as fur 's I'd go unless he swallered the mast. I could feel him a pullin' an' a yankin' an' a gulpin', but it wa'n't no use. I jest braced myself and begun biznees with my knife. I was goin' to cut his head off, you see. At the first cut he give me a jerk that 'most pulled me in two, but I kep' cuttin' an' 't wa'n't very long 'fore I see daylight, and purty soon the head was off and I crawled out. By this time the rest had cut in and got out the old man an' the others an' they wasn't dead either. Well, we measured that snake, an' how long do you s'pose he was?"

Various guesses were made, and the old man finally gave the length as "one hundred and three feet six inches an' a half, as sure 's you don't b'lieve it you ask Billy Jones." The old man was hereupon gently reminded that only the day before he had killed Billy Jones in a sanguinary encounter, with pirates, whereupon he immediately took off a quarter of an inch, remarking that "some said it was only six inches and a quarter, n'mebbe it was. Ain't no use lyin' 'bout a thing o' that kind, as we'll call it one hundred and three feet six inches and a quarter. Yes, sir, them as has seen sea sarpints b'lieves in 'em an' specially them as has ben swallered by 'em."

A Romance in Real Life.

A romantic Indian story comes from the Pacific coast, savoring of the tales appearing in the boys' weekly papers. The affair came to a culminating point about the 20th ult., when a desperate encounter took place between the Indians and a small band of Mexicans near Nogales, Mexico. It seems that on the 27th April last the Indians, under Geronimo, made a descent on the place of Mr. Peak, killing Mrs. Peak and her child, and taking into captivity Mr. Peak and his niece, a girl of twelve years of age. The Indians fled to the Apache tribe, and have been hotly pursued ever since by both by the United States troops and Mexican civilians. It is to the credit of the latter that the rescue of the captive girl is due. The band of Mexicans, but 10 in number, struck the trail of Indians and followed it up with great determination and energy. There were 42 hostile Indians. When near the summit of the mountain on which was the Indian encampment the Mexicans were fired on, and three fell dead, a fourth being severely wounded. The remaining six sprang into the bush and endeavored to outflank the hostiles and obtain an equal elevation. One of the chief's squaws, in charge of the girl Peak, was sleeping in a cave near to the spot gained by the Mexicans. One of the Indians ran out to call the squaw in, but she waved him back, and with a rifle fired on the Mexicans. She was shot dead, and, to save herself, the girl fell to the ground, feigning death. The Apaches, hearing the firing, ran out. The leader was shot dead. In attempting to carry off the body, six others were shot dead also. The Indians carried off their comrades, but could not regain the bodies of the women. The Mexicans had taken up position over the bodies of the squaw and the girl Peak, both of whom were supposed to be dead. The Indians were put to flight, and it was then found that the girl was alive. The poor creature was naked from the waist upward, and appeared quite dazed. She could scarcely remember anything, but that she had been captured somewhere near Nagales a long time ago. Her eyes were sunken in her head. She had lived on raw horse flesh, and had not tasted bread since her captivity. Her body was much lacerated by riding through thorny bushes by night. She had been dashing almost constantly through bush, rocky ravine, and over mountains day and night ever since her capture. She had always slept on the arm of Geronimo's squaw, and apart from the sleeping-place of the Indians. The squaw had been detailed to guard and protect her. The girl knew nothing of the fate of her uncle, who was captured the same day as she was; but it appears he escaped from the Indians. The girl was being brought to Magdalena by her brave rescuers when the despatch was sent off. Her uncle was then on his way to receive her.

Lotta is worth almost four times as much money as her sister star, Mary Anderson. But, then, Mary says Lotta's almost four times as old.

"I hope you are sorry that you took the pants," said Justice Murray to a colored culprit. "I am, boss, for a fact. I was sorry as soon as I took 'em. I 'spected ter find a few dollars in dem pants, but dar was stuffin in 'em 'corpin' a been ticket and a key."

HEALTH.

TREATMENT FOR RINGWORM.

Ringworm of the most obstinate character may, according to Dr. Saerlis, writing in the *Medicina Contemporanea* of Lisbon, be cured in ten days by cutting the hair from the affected spot, pouring turpentine on it, letting it run over the whole head, and rubbing well with the finger. After this has caused a smarting sensation from three to five minutes, it is washed off with carbolated soap. Hot water is then used for washing the whole head, and the affected spots touched with dilute tincture of iodine or with a 2 per cent. solution of iodine and turpentine. This process is to be repeated once or twice a day.

HOW TO TREAT SPRAINS

Few people know how to properly treat sprains, and yet sprains are among the most common of minor accidents. Put the limb at once into hot water until the pain and inflammation have somewhat subsided; then bandage it snugly and keep in an elevated position when possible. Vinegar and water, alcohol and water, witch-hazel and water, or arnica make good lotions during the inflammatory stage. When the pain is all out, a little rubbing and passive exercise are good, and in two or three days a plaster of paris bandage may be applied, and when an ankle is affected the person may get around with a cane. By this treatment a rapid cure results.

DIET FOR DYSPEPTICS.

TAKE.—Raw Oysters, Chicken Broth, Lamb Broth, Beef Tea, Boiled Halibut, Boiled Codfish, fresh or salt, Boiled Pig's Feet, soused, Boiled Tripe, soused, Boiled Fresh Trout, Boiled Chicken, Boiled Mutton, Boiled Turkey, Boiled Lamb's Tongue, Boiled Beef's Tongue, Boiled Venison, Broiled Beef's Liver, Broiled Beefsteak, Roast Lamb, Roast Goose, Roast Beef, Warmed Hash, Dropped Eggs, Boiled Rice, Boiled Parsnips, Boiled Fresh New Beets, Boiled Potatoes, Baked Potatoes, Fresh Green Peas, Raw Cabbage, red or white, in vinegar, Fresh Asparagus, Sago Pudding, Tapioca Pudding, Manioca Pudding, Custard Pudding, Corn Starch Pudding, Rice Pudding, Baked Sweet Apples and Milk, Old Wheat Bread, not toasted, Cold Rye Bread, Graham Bread, Corn Cake, Soda Crackers, Cream Pie, crust made of sponge cake, Sponge Cake, Blanc Mange, Ice Cream, Oranges, Watermelon, Mellow Apples, Grapes, Blackberries, Black Tea, Milk, Coffee.

AVOID.—Clams, raw or fried, Fried Fresh Fish, of and kind, Roast Duck, Roast Veal, Fried Veal, Fried Pork, Fried Potatoes, Fried Onions, Boiled Onions, Boiled Cabbage, Toasted Bread, Lobster Salad, Bananas, Strawberries, Nuts, Cheese, all Relishes in the shape of Pickles or Sauces, Baked Beans, Fried Eggs, Fried Ham, Fried Apples, Raw Onions, Doughnuts, Fritters or Buckwheats, Chicken Salad, Pineapples.

THE TEMPERAMENTS.

SANGUINE.—The body lithe and active; the complexion ruddy and freckled; the hair sandy or light-auburn; the eyes grey or light-hazel; the mind resolute, active, sanguine.

NERVOUS.—The body light of build, rather slow of movement; the complexion fair; the expression thoughtful and intelligent; the hair flaxen, or very light brown, the eyes blue, or bluish-grey; the mind active; but as is commonly said, nervous.

BILIOUS.—The body inclined to be heavy, but often powerful; the complexion dark; the mind thoughtful, reflective, determined, and often sad; bilious.

LYMPHATIC.—The body large and cumbrous; the muscles large and flaccid; the movements slow and hesitating; the complexion pale; the expression heavy and dull; the hair light and scanty; the eyes bluish gray; the mind slow, but not unhappy—rather, in fact, of easy and careless disposition; supine, lymphatic.

In a little time the observer soon sees the combinations of these temperaments; and writes the temperament down, whether it be simple or compound, almost at a glance.

Headsman Death Warrants.

The city of Paris has become lately the possessor of a remarkable collection of documents, which will have great interest in years to come for historical investigators. This was the series of death warrants, extending from 7th April, 1808, to 8th December, 1832, belonging to Samson, the notorious headsman of the Revolution. The collection was bound up in 19 volumes, and Samson has prefixed to each volume a summary of the contents. It appears that during 25 years he executed 7,143 capital sentences, being an average of 217 executions in each year—rather a busy life. During the 25 years he only twice seconded the scaffold without a fatal result—once in 1815, when Gen. Count Lavalette was to have been executed for complicity in the return of Napoleon, but escaped the night before his intended execution through the heroism of his wife. The second time was in 1817, when Phlippe-Jean Antoine, a noted coiner, was respited at the last moment by Louis XVIII.

The Best Seat in a Car.

The old question of which is the best seat in a car was up for discussion. The man in a duster said there wasn't any choice. One seat was as good as another. The passenger with a plaid and saffron carpet-bag said he preferred the "second seat nearest the engine." The old gentleman with a warbly eye and a smell of bad liquor on his breath said he had heard that the middle of a car was safest.

"That's all right," put in the drummer with the gay suit, white hat, and patent leather shoes, "but you don't any of you seem to know the best seat in a car. There's a vast difference in the seats—everybody knows that—but it's not so much in the seats themselves as in whose sitting in them. Now, for instance, if I go into a car and there's a seat only half occupied, and that by a pretty g——"

"Peanuts, apples, cigars!" cried the train boy in a locomotive like voice, and the grateful passengers purchased his whole stock and told him to tell the conductor to keep an eye on the crazy man wearing the the white hat and patent leather shoes.

FOREIGN ECHOES.

Her Majesty never attends divine service regularly at the Maresteown at Windsor. Canon Duckworth lately officiated.

Thirty cases of apples were received in London from New Zealand the other day per the Rimutaka. The fruit was in capital condition.

It is said that the piles of London bridge, put down in the year 900, are still sound, the blue mud of the Thames having preserved them.

The missionaries in Mid China, sent by the Church Missionary Society of England, have offered to maintain, out of their own small stipends, an additional missionary.

All the telegraph and telephone poles in Sydney, New South Wales, have been taken down, and the wires enclosed in a case like friezes along the house fronts giving the exterior of the house a more ornamental appearance.

The nuisance of out door advertising by means of signs painted on rocks and fences does not yet disfigure, to any great extents the scenery of Switzerland, but a beginning of it has been made, and an American editor expresses shame to have to say that the beginner is an American.

The rumour that Lord Lyons is about to retire is revised, and, verging as he is on his 70th year, retirement cannot be very far distant. He has been British Ambassador at Paris for nearly twenty years, and has done much to cement the friendship of the two great Western nations. Should Lord Lyons retire while Lord Salisbury remains in office, Lord Lytton is pretty certain to be his successor. It is known that the ex-Viceroy has long coveted the post.

Mr. Adam Young, C. B., who has just retired from the deputy-chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue, a correspondent of the London Times says is the greatest civil servant whom the Excise Department has ever produced. Mr. Young entered the service as a boy in 1837, and unaided by any outside influences, worked himself up from the lowest to the highest grades, until in 1881, he was appointed by Mr. Gladstone to be deputy-chairman of the Inland Revenue Board.

Finland possesses in Pietari Palvarinta a novelist of original power. His "Scenes from Life" were translated into Swedish by the poet Rafael Hertzberg, himself a Finlander by birth, and published in 1883 under the title of "Bilder ur Lifvet" Hertzberg says in his preface that Palvarinta's novels rank with the best descriptions of rural life which literature has to show. Palvarinta, who was born in 1827, was fifty years old when his first book appeared. He conceived the idea of writing it while walking behind his plough.

An international conference has just taken place at Amsterdam which was summoned to arrange for the suppression of the fleeting drinking saloons which have been creating such havoc among the seamen of the fishing fleets in the North Sea. These saloons were fitted up on vessels especially arranged for the purpose and were provided with distilleries on board so as to avoid paying any duty. The delegates of the British, German, French, Dutch and Belgian Governments have now decided that any retailing of liquor to the fishing boat fleets at sea shall be considered as a felony and punishable as such.

The English in India are often reproached with vandalism, and with some justice, as the neglected state of the Delhi fortress and palace proves. In the whole world, Rome and Athens be excepted, there is no place more impressive than the Delhi palace, where for thousands of years successive branches of the various Aryan races have fixed their throne. Yet there the marble hall of public audience, beautiful in its grave simplicity, has been turned into a canteen, where under a slovenly punkah British soldiers drink and quarrel, while tawdry prints of favoured beauties are stuck against the throne from which the Emperor Akbar promulgated his decrees.

Mr. Marius Mountier, the celebrated explorer, who discovered the source of the great African River Niger, committed suicide a few days ago by drowning himself in a small pond in the neighbourhood of Marseilles. His body was found, and a letter in one of his pockets stated that he had been driven thereto by absolute want and starvation. He was still in the prime of his life, and during the past six months had been seeking in vain for some kind of employment, no matter how humble. The Geographical Society of France have now arranged to give him a magnificent funeral, which will almost appear a mockery when his friendless death is taken into consideration.

Houghton Hall, Norfolk, the seat of Lord Cholmondeley, is to be sold. It has the reputation of being haunted by two ghosts, who must have transferred themselves from the old house. Two brothers fought a duel here three hundred years ago, and one was killed, and his spirit haunts the billiard room. There is also the famous brown lady, who enjoys the credit of having scared George IV. out of the house. This is Lady Dorothy Walpole, wife of Charles Lord Townshend, who died mysteriously after an unhappy life; and she haunts the state bedroom. George IV., when Prince Regent, slept in this apartment, and after his first night at Houghton he came down furiously angry and much excited, declaring with many oaths that he would not pass another night in the accursed house, and presently he added, "I have seen that which I hope to God I may never see again." Months after he stated that on awakening in the night he had found standing by the bedside a little lady dressed all in brown, with dishevelled hair, and a face of ashy paleness.

To take away ink spots from paper take a thick blotting paper or board, steep it several times in a solution of oxalic acid or oxalate of potassium. Then dry it. If there is a spot to be taken away apply the blotter, which has been prepared in the fashion, to it. In proceeding thus the ink is entirely removed. The blotter drinks up the ink and whitens the paper at the same time.

A lady has brought suit against Thurber, Whyland & Co. for injuries caused by eating tomatoes into which poison was supposed to have found its way in sealing the can, probably from the solder. Cases of poisoning from the use of canned meats and vegetables are quite frequently reported. Glass is certainly a better material for canning food substances of any sort, and should always be preferred to tin.

DESTROYED BY DRINK.

A Journalist's Story.

During my fifteen years of journalistic life I have met with my fair share of tramp printers, and while the majority were dissipated, clever, unprincipled and all that, the last one of them had a manner, with, sagacity and practical knowledge that the average American citizen who has a home and a respectable standing in his place of residence

In 1871, I was conducting a newspaper called the Union at Urbana, Ohio. One Summer night I was sitting at my office desk preparing copy for the following day. I was the only person in the building, and the office was in the second story, at the end of an unusually long, narrow and lonesome hallway.

Suddenly I heard a strange, limping step on the distant stairs. It rang with a hollow sound.

The town clock began striking the midnight hour.

The halting step drew nearer and nearer. The clock struck six.

The step was half way up the hall now.

The clock struck nine.

The step was now at my door.

The clock struck twelve!

The door flew open!

I hope I am no coward, but I felt a crawling sensation from the moment I had heard the first step, followed by the weird boom of the midnight bell.

A tall, stout man of forty-five stood on the threshold. He was dressed in a dark, hap-hazard suit. A broad, brown sombrero threw a deep shadow on the upper half of his face, while the lower half was hidden by a brown unkempt beard. Without a word of preface, without a salutation of any kind whatever, he said:

"I—want—work."

He had a low gruff voice and he jerked out the sentence as though it got stuck in his throat and was pulled out piecemeal.

"Step in."

He came and stood close by my desk. He had been drinking. That was plain. But he was clean and respectable for one in his sphere of life. I went on:

"If you will come back in the morning, I may find you work for a week or so."

"I am tired—hungry—was drenched through by the rain this afternoon. I have no money—nothing to eat—no place to stay."

The old story! Too old, pitiful story! How often—how often I have heard it! Nor care I how often, how degraded, how lost to all respect for self the creature is that tells it, my heart goes out with a great throb of compassion, and I curse with a biting, burning curse the system of society that prevails to-day—the system that puts fabulous wealth in the hands of a few, while grinding untold multitudes down into the dust of poverty, rags, starvation and despair.

I gave the man an order on a hotel. He was on hand bright and soon the following morning and went to work. He stayed the balance of the week, drew his pay and was directed to return on the following Monday. He left the office, and came back within fifteen minutes.

"I've been in hell for a week," he said.

"You've been drinking, McDowell."

"Yes but only one glass. I came back before I got drunk to tell you I won't be here Monday. I hadn't the face to tell you I had bowled up a bit. I propose getting drunk, blind, stupid drunk. I propose drinking until I haven't a cent left—until the barkeepers won't trust and the bummers won't treat me. That's the way I always do. The devil is in me and as long as I keep sending him down drams he is a very pleasant master; but let me try to reform, let me put him off without a taste of stimulant for a day or so, and he takes possession of my every sense, my every thought, until I feel and know nothing but one desire—rum. It lashes, consumes, maddens me. Once I was sober for a year. I was in jail, and if ever a man passed through unspeakable agony, that man was me. Every day and every hour of every day intensified my thirst. I would have gladly surrendered my soul to eternal damnation for a drink. They tell you the desire wears off in time. It's a lie! I tell you, sir, it's a lie! It was born in me; it will stay with me till I die. It is part of me, a part of my very blood heart, brain and soul!"

A few nights later I was again at my desk at a late hour; again heard the limping step in the hallway; again the door flew open and McDowell came in. There was a wild flash in his eyes, a flush on his face. He shambled to where I sat.

"Give me half a dollar."

"I will do nothing of the kind; you want it for drink, you are on the verge of delirium tremens now."

"Will you lend me a pencil and let me write a few lines?"

"Help yourself."

"He seated himself opposite to me, drew a writing-pad in front of him, scribbled on it, folded it up, handed it to me and said:

"Read this in ten minutes."

And then—before I could stop him—before I could even suspect his intention, he drew a long pointed knife that was lying open on the desk, threw back his head, lifted the bright blade in air—

"Great God!" I cried, bringing my clinched hands down on his uplifted arm with a force that loosened his grip on the weapon and sent it spinning over my head to another part of the room.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Death! It's drink or death with me!" he exclaimed with a blasting oath, springing to his feet.

"You can depend upon it that I made no delay in handing him the money and hastening him out of the office. Then I opened the scrawl he had written and this was the purport thereof:

——, Dayton, Ohio. He will owe to my body and the devil will see to my soul.

McDOWELL.

I have never heard of the man from that hour to this; but I presume he is dead and dust in some Potter's field to-day.

"You are going to erect a monument to your father's memory, I suppose?" "Oh, no! Monuments crumble and decay and are forgotten. We are going to do something that will keep his memory alive much longer." "What's that?" "We are going to fight in the courts for his property."

Paraffin rubbed on the dry walls and bottom of a cistern and melted into a cement with a hot iron is the most effectual method of keeping the water soft or free from lime. Cisterns when plastered with pure Portland cement generally give satisfaction.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y.
(ONTARIO DIVISION.)

TIME TABLE.

GOING WEST.

	Express.	Winnipeg Express.	Express.
Tweed	3.40 a. m.	6.47 a. m.	4.47 p. m
Ivanhoe		7.05 "	5.01 "
Central Ont. Jn.	6.13 "	7.19 "	5.18 "

..Daily, Sundays excepted.

GOING EAST.

C. O. R. Junction	12.44 p.m.	9.05 p.m	12.13 a.m
Ivanhoe	1.00 "		
Tweed	1.17 "	9.37 "	12.46 "

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST 26, 1886.

MADOC AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Since our last issue the managers of this Association have made material progress. Efficient Committees have been appointed to take charge of the different departments,and preparing the prize lists ready for printing, which will be issued in a few days in pamphlet form. One thousand of these have been ordered. This list comprises everything of an Agricultural or Industrial character, and extends to other departments. A special prize list has also been handed in from Hon. M. Bowell, A. F. Wood, M. P. P., C. F. Aylsworth Reeve of Madoc Village, Wm. Coe and Robt. Simmons. It is expected that others will follow their example. We will give their names as soon as known. This special list includes a $4 prize for best collection of minerals and a $4 prize for best factory cheese in North Hastings, and $4 in prizes for the best collection millinery; also prizes on blood colts and carriage horses. The large stables of Mr. Coe are open for exhibitors of cattle from a distance, and his Driving Park will also be utilized in exhibition interests. The Town and Masonic Halls will be made places of interest. In one will be exhibited the grain, vegetables, and other farm produce, and no doubt will be tested to its fullest capacity; and in the other will be fancy goods, paintings millinery,etc. A committee has this matter of arrangement specially in charge. We might mention here that among the special prizes is one on best fall and spring wheat, each; on 10 lbs butter in rolls; on best two bushels barley,weight and color considered; and one on best collection of potted flowers. We trust advantage will be taken of these inducements and a large competition will be the result. A special committee on entertainments has been named, and they have had several meetings. Fire works, street parades, athletic games, street decorations, torchlight procession, Band and string music,and an evening's entertainment are on their lists, and we may expect something extra good. From what we learn the fire works will be far ahead of anything exhibited in this section. And all the other amusements can be depended on as being first class. The Farmers' Institute will be held in the afternoon of the second day, presided over by Principal Mills and Prof. Robinson, of the Agricultural College,and is open to all. Mr. Grand, of the extensive Horse Repository, of Toronto, will be here with other horse dealers for the purpose of purchasing. Cattle dealers are also expected. All we need is the hearty and active sympathy of the farmers and all interested to make this exhibition a grand success.

KNOWLEDGE.

The question might very properly be asked: What should a farmer know in order to succeed in his employment and to fulfil the functions of his social position. It is necessary he should know all that is essential to his employment, the same as a lawyer or a physican should know what belongs to his profession, and a carpenter or shoemaker should know what appertains to his trade. Many a man who works a farm is no farmer, as there is many a quack in trades, law and medicine. A farmer should know something of the nature and formation of the crust of the earth which he cultivates; of the manures which he applies, or should apply to enrich it; of the crops he raises; of the animals he rears; the kinds of food and treatment they require, their milk and other products; of the tools he uses and the principals on which they are constructed; of the food and beverages on which he subsists and how they are best prepared; of the atmosphere and climate in which he lives, and their influence upon all his operations and interests. He should know how to keep his accounts properly, and also know and discharge his religious duties, cultivate and practice the moral and social virtues. He should know these things because knowledge of them will enable him to know the why and wherefore of all he plans and does, to avoid many mistakes and losses, and to employ his strength andmeans to the best advantage; because such knowledge will convert what seems a mechanical, if not useless drudgery, into a rational and useful employment; because he will thus be qualified to enjoy the fruits of his industry and to discharge his personal,social and public duties. One of the best opportunities for receiving instruction upon this line will be given to all, free of charge, upon the second day of the Madoc Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, September 30th, when Principal Mills and Professor Robinson, of the Guelph Agricultural College, will hold a Farmers' Institute, at three o'clock p. m., in the Masonic Hall of this village. At this Institute it is intended that any question appertaining to farming may be freely asked of the gentlemen in charge of the convention, by any one present. We trust that every farmer, especially in this county, will not only endeavor to make the Institute a success by seeking knowledge through asking information upon any question or subject he may not be thoroughly satisfied with, but will also aid in making the whole Exhibition a success, by becoming members thereof. While we clearly recognize the importance and necessity of every farmer valuing and improving this grand opportunity, yet we are reluctant in believing that it will be taken advantage of by any who are unwilling to secure membership into the society. No better opportunity could possibly be afforded by which the standard of the pursuit of farming can be raised, than by attendance at the Institute we are calling attention to, and we hope those interested will show their pride in this honored Industry by availing themselves of this golden privilege.

Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee of the Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, to be held in Madoc, on September 29th and 30th, is as follows:—

OFFICERS—President, Wm Coe, Esq; Vice-President, A F Wood, M P P; Treasurer, Thomas Cross, Esq; Secretary, A A McDonald, Esq; General Superintendent, R R Casement.

DIRECTORS—C F Aylsworth, Reeve of Madoc Village; John Caskey, Reeve of Madoc, Wm Thompson, Deputy; A B Ross, P Vankleek, Jas English, C Bacon, W J Allen, John Gillen, D McKenzie.

HONORARY DIRECTORS—D Kavanagh, Warden; Jas Duncan, Reeve of Rawdon, John Wilson, Deputy, Wm Bateman, 2nd Deputy; Jas Tuttle, Reeve of Elzevir; A Carscallen, Reeve of Marmora; M Robertson, Reeve of Huntingdon, J Gordon, Deputy; R. Gordon, Reeve of Hungerford, A McGowan, Deputy, Jas Clare, 2nd Deputy; P P Clark, Reeve of Tudor et al; W Elliott, Reeve of Wollaston; R McLean, Reeve of Carlow et al; P J Green, Reeve of Bangor et al; Jno Fitzgerald, Reeve of Monteagle et al; Dr Faulkner, Reeve of Stirling.

New York had a snow storm which lasted five minutes, last week.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—As spring approaches a most favourable opportunity offers for rectifying irregularities, removing impurities, and erasing blemishes which have arisen from the presenceof matters forbad by winter from being transpired thzough the pores. This searching Ointment, well rubbed upon the skin, penetrates to the deeply seated organs, upon which it exerts a most wholesome and beneficial influence. Well nigh all the indigestions give way to this simple treatment, aided by purifying and aperiative doses of Hollsway's Pills, round each box of which plain "instructions" are folded. Bilious disorders, loss of appetite, fullness after eating, lassitude, gout and rheumatism may be effectively checked in their painful progress, and the seeds of long suffering eradicated by these remedies.

DISTRICT DOINGS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

Hog Cholera is prevalent in Gananoque.

Tweed is to enjoy its holiday on the 27th inst.

The water works scheme is dying out at Belleville.

Poor Brighton is getting and unenviable reputation for crime.

It is reported that the shipping business this season is dull at Belleville.

Thieves have visited Coe Hill the great iron and hucleberry metropolis of Hastings.

Frankford thinks its band is second only to the Oddfellows' in the County of Hastings.

Belleville Oddfellows decorated the graves of their deceased brethern on the 20th inst.

Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, laid the corner stone of the new Roman Catholic Church at Belleville on August 22nd.

The late hail storm completely roused the denizens of Thomasburg from their long slumber.

Mr. J. E. Cook, of the 5th con. Thurlow, has harvested 180 bushels of fall wheat from a sowing of six bushels.

Rev. Canon Bleadsdell, of Trenton, has been asked to retire from the active work of the ministry by his parishoners.

Jas. B. Morey, a Toronto a Toronto cigar peddler, was held up and robbed of a watch and chain by two Belleville roughs.

The water in the Gananoque river is very low at present and factories are only allowed to run three days in the week.

L. U. C. Titus, solicitor, of Brighton, formerly of Trenton,has been committed for trial at the fall assizes, charged with arson.

The Deseronto *Tribune* says:—Some hoggish farmers near Madoc complain of the early closing of the stores in that village.

On Tuesday two planing mills at Trenton owned by W. Fitzpatrick and Leed Bros., were completely destroyed by fire.

Work has been commenced on the new Belleville railway station. It will be in its old position in the suburbs, the most inconvenient spot for the purpose.

The people of Kingston are complaining of the price paid for a loaf of bread in that city,being $1.50 per doz. loaves. They cannot see why bakers cannot be content with 30 or 40 per cent. profit, like other places.

The Peterborough *Times* says:—We hear frequent reports of peddlers going through the country, more particularly north of us, selling whiskey by the bottle and even by the glass. They are known as "Commercial Travellers,"and are doing a thriving trade.

An illicit still was seized in Sullivan township,county of Grey,and the owner arrested.

Dr. Malone, Detroit, (formerly of Garden Island) took a snake out of the stomach of Mrs. Henry Jameson. She had been treated for dyspepsia, but Dr. Malone felt a movement in her stomoch and concluded that was a living creature there. He administered glycerine, chloroform and croton oil at one dose and similar medicines at another, and was rewarded by the appearance of a water snake about two feet long. When she drank the snake came up in her throat and nearly chocked her. She swallowed it a number of years ago in a glass of water.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia,and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill of my acquintence but still grew worse, until unable to eat anything without great suffering, or to do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me, and that I must surely die; when like a drowning man catching at a straw,I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial, I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—WM. EVERS, LEAMINGTON. Sold by any Druggist. Free trial bottles.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Warning Trespassers.

THE undersigned hereby gives notice forbidding any person or persons trespassing or cutting wood, ties or any other timber on west half of lot 29, in 4th con. Madoc. Any one found thus trespassing will be prosecuted according to law.

DANIEL GUNN.
Madoc, Aug. 23rd 1886. 485-3w.

Notice to Trustees.

THE School Trustees of the Township of Madoc are hereby notified to send in their applications on or before the 1st day of September. If not in by that date the schools are liable to lose their money for the year.

JOHN R. RETCHESON.
Township Clerk.
MADOC, Aug. 26, 1886. 2-w.

County Model School.

THE Model School for the County of Hastings will be reopened at Madoc, Sept. 14th, at 9 a. m.

Application for admission from holders of non-professonal First, Second or Third (Provincial or District) Class Certificates should be forwarded at once to the undersigned.

JOHN JOHNSTON, } Inspectors
WM. MACKINTOSH, } of Schools

August 25th, 1886. 485

GRAIN WANTED.

THE undersigned wishes to state that his Store House, at Eldorado, will be ready to receive all kinds of thoroughly cleaned grain by the Twelfth of September, for which the highest possible prices will be paid.

S. A. CHAMBERS.
Eldorado, Aug. 24, 1886.

VOLUNTEERS!

ATTENTION!

Headquarters No. 4 Co., 49th Batt.

THE Battalion being ordered out for 12 days drill in Brigade Camp at Kingston, on September 7th, the members of No. 4 Company enrolled last June are notified to hold themselves in readiness, or else notify the undersigned and return their clothing at once. No excuses will be accepted after the 25th. The Company will parade at Madoc on Saturday evening, September 4th, at 6 o'clock sharp, for drill and instruction prior to going to camp. Every member must be present.

J. R. ORR,
Captain.
Madoc, August 12th, 1886.

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

B. LAURANCE'S Spectacles & Eye-Glasses

are the only genuine

English Articles in the Canadian MARKET.

Real Pebbles are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove genuineness.

They have been recommended by and testimonials received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University; the Presidens and Ex-Presidents of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, etc., etc.

These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed, call on

JOHN DALE & SON,
481 Agents for MADOC.

Again in Business!

THE undersigned, having resumed business in his old stand,

ST. LAWRENCE STREET,

Opposite the Post Office,

begs to inform his old customers, and the public generally, that he will always keep on hand

BREAD, BUNS, CAKES.

BISCUITS, AND

ALL KINDS OF CANDIES.

Of the best qualities, and at reasonable prices.

Please give me call.

D. R. BOWEN.
Madoc, June 9, 1886. 475

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID,

Nurseryman, - Enterprise, Ont.,

WISHES to thank his many customers for the liberal patronage he has received while handling Nursery Stock as a dealer.

Having now secured an interest in the Newcastle Nurseries, is prepared to furnish stock, both Fruit and Ornamental, of first class quality and at prices to compare with any. Nothing but the most hardy and well tested varieties grown.

An Efficient Remedy

In all cases of Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections is Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the faculty of this profession, and in many localities has been used for the past forty years, it has become a household as an invaluable household remedy. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, and a few doses of it administered in the early stages of a cold or cough will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no doubt whatever that

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Pulmonary Consumption, and by the cure of those dangerous maladies. It should be kept ready for use in every family where there are children, as it is a medicine far superior to all others in the treatment of Croup, the alleviation of Whooping Cough, and the cure of Colds and Influenzas, ailments peculiarly incidental to childhood and youth. Promptitude in dealing with all diseases of this class is of the utmost importance. The loss of a single day may, in many cases, entail fatal consequences. Do not waste precious time in experimenting with medicines of doubtful efficacy, while the malady is constantly gaining a deeper hold, but take at once the speediest and most certain to cure,

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

Wild Lands For Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale lots 21, 22, 23,24 and 25, 2nd concession of Elzevir. All parties are hereby forbid from trespassing, or cutting hay, on the marshes on the above lands, unless authorized by the owner, Joseph George, Kingston, or

WM. WIGGINS,
Agent, Queensboro.
Elzevir, June 28, 1886. 478

—IN THE—

Matter of the Estate!

—OF—

MICHAEL QUIRK,

late of the

Township of Madoc!

in the County of Hastings, yeoman, deceased.

PURSUANT to Section 34 of Chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, Chapter 8, Section 1, notice is hereby given that the Creditors of the said Michael Quirk, who died on or about the Seventh of July, A.D. 1886, and other persons having any claim against his estate on or before the

7th September, 1886,

to send by Post, prepaid, to Alex. A. McDonald, Esquire, Solicitor, at Madoc, in the County of Hastings, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their accounts and nature of their securities (if any) held by them, together with a statutory declaration verifying the same.

And further take notice that immediately after the said 7th day of September next, the assets of the said deceased will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been received, and the said executors will not be liable for the assets so disposed of or any part thereof to persons whose claims shall not have been received by the said Alex. A. McDonald by the said date.

Dated this 30th day of July, A.D. 1886.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Solicitor for the Executors, —P. Casey and
483-5w Donald McKinnon.

Mortgage Sale!

UNDER and by virtue of power of sale contained in a mortgage made by J. McCaw, in favor of E. Hailstone and bearing date 21st day of March, A. D. 1884, which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION

—AT THE—

WINDSOR HOTEL,

—IN THE—

VILLAGE of MADO,

at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, on

Saturday, 31st of July, 1886,

the following property, namely,

The north half of lot number twenty-one, in the Fourth concession of the Township of Elzevir, County of Hastings.

Title good.

Terms of Sale—25 per cent. of the purchase money on the day of sale, the balance as may be agreed on at the time of sale.

For further particulars apply to the Mortgagee's Solicitor, Alex. A. McDonald, Madoc.

Dated this 29th June, 1886.

A. A. McDONALD,
Mortgagee's Solicitor,
478-4w Madoc.

POSTPONED.

The above sale is adjourned until Saturday the 4th of September next, at the same hour and place.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Mortgagee's Solicitor.
Dated this 31st July, 1886.

Notes by the Way.

For the Review.

The next day we visited the business portion of the city. Superior and Prospect street's are the [illegible]. On either side of these are stores of great size and beauty. The hotels are very large, and withal, I am informed the best of them keep no bar. The banks are fine. The churches here are numerous and good; the Presbyterian taking the lead, followed by the Methodist, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Baptist, and several other smaller denominations. Among the public structures, none surpass the Masonic Temple, not yet completed. Beautifully wrought designs carved over each story of the imposing edifice symbolize the work to be carried on in the varied rooms. Benevolent Institutions are numerous, one of which we could not help wishing to have multiplied elsewhere. This was a home for the aged, where the Jews take care of their old men and women. It might be well for Christians to "go and do likewise." On the "Square," a nice park located in the centre of business, may be seen the statute of Commodore Perry, elevated upon a fine pedestal, erected to his memory. Hard by, is the mounted cannon which the Commodore took from the British in an naval engagement, Sept. 10th, 1813. Just on the opposite corner, is a rebel cannon captured at Carricksford, West Virginia, in 1861,—but what an inferior thing compared with the old Britisher. Our next look is at oil works, in the outskirts of the city. The Standard Oil Co., with over $300,000,000 of capital, carry on an enormous trade. They have an underground pipe line from the Pennsylvania oil wells, ninety miles long, capable of holding, at one time, 18,000 bbls., through which, by means of tanks and two large pumps at different points, the crude oil is brought to the refinery. Registers are placed in the line that indicate exactly the number of gallons passing through. Next comes the Schofield, Shurmer & Teagle works, with others of less proportions, all having branch departments in different parts of the Union. Sunday morning dawns, with the thermometer at 96, and withal, we are not content to stay in doors, so we strike out to find some place for enjoyment; and the forenoon is spent in one of the large skating rinks. This will doubtless be a surprise to most of your readers. There are about 500 spectators, though the place is capable of seating 3000, or more. Here, as elsewhere, the rink craze is dying out; the companies are failing, selling out, or turning their buildings into whatever use they can make the most of their money. In this case, the Woodland Avenue Presbyterian Church is utilizing it for service during repairs on their large edifice, and we have the pleasure of hearing a most excellent sermon by Dr. Davidson. In the evening my Presbyterian friends reciprocate and accompany me to the 1st Methodist Church, where we listen to a very practical discourse from Dr. Pope. On Monday morning we take our leave of the beautiful city and many warm friends, and set out on our journey. Having purchased our ticket via St. Louis and Kansas city, we board the Pittsburg train to Hudson, where we change to the New York, Mount Vernon and Pan Handle line to Columbus, the capital of Ohio. This road is the roughest we have yet travelled, but the scenery, embracing Cuyahoga Falls and a serpentine course up the "summit" for four miles, as well as the deep ravines, bold hills, small forests and little streamlets; well repaid our shaking up. Columbus is a fine city, of 700,000 inhabitants, and a good country aronnd it. After a short stop, we proceed through a most beautiful territory to Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana. Through the centre and south western part of Ohio, we begin to know what the papers mean by the "Corn Crop." Immense fields, as far as the eye can reach, stretch out at times on either side with nothing to break the monotony but here and there a willow hedge. Occasionally we find wheat fields, but the grain is harvested, and in several instances a steam thresher is at work—possibly in a hundred acre field threshing the grain while two or three teams are busy drawing it together. Being anxious to see, we decided to remain over night at Indianapolis, and take up our quarters at the Occidental. Here is where one gets the worth of his money. Setting down to breakfast, with the thermometer at 96, it is so refreshing to have a darkey to fan us whilst engaged in so laborious a task. Breakfast over, we take the forenoon to visit points of interest. Meridian street attracts attention, and we wander down it to the "Circle," a nice park, around which are very fine business houses, the fronts of which are concave so as to face the park. Meridian St. Methodist Church, mother of Methodism in that city, is fine, though not equal to Roberts' Park Church, with its 1000 members. We are informed by the pastor's wife that from this root, now 62 years old, have grown 13 other Churches, all healthy, and some of them stronger than their mother. The Presbyterians appear healthy indeed. In this city of 120,000 inhabitants there are over fifty churches. The market is extensive and almost every conceivable thing may be purchased. The Court House and surroundings are the finest we have ever seen. The new State House, not yet completed, is gorgeous, grand, spacious and in every way an ornament to the city and the State. Here also is situated a Woman's Reformatory, said to be the only one in the Union. It is entirely controled by women—the Board of Directors being females, as also all the instructors, etc., even the preaching is done by women. Great good is being accomplished here among the hundreds who are placed in this institution. At noon we start over the Vandalia line for St. Louis. We have a very fine ride through Indiana and Illinois, to St. Louis, on the borders of the Missouri, where we strike the great Mississippi, and over which we ride at such an attitude as to admit the tallest masts to float under us without difficulty. This bridge is a most wonderful structure, any attempt at description would fail. Over our heads is the great common thoroughfare supported by the same massive towers of masonry and powerful iron bars that uphold the railway bridge. From this scene of wonder and delight we plunge into a tunnel, and for three quarters of a mile ride under the city, in gas and smoke which is anything but pleasant. St. Louis has a population of 440,000, and an area of 80 square miles. It has 65 school buildings, with nearly 600 rooms for common school purposes. Indeed the whole country through which we have passed, has scarcely a village or town, visible to us, in which may not be seen spacious school buildings. This feature, we very much admired. From St. Louis to Kansas city, our track is the Missouri Pacific; and a very excellent road it is. It runs through both level and rolling prairies in crossing the State of Missouri. Our cornfields since leaving Ohio have been enlarging, until we near Kansas, where they appear at times to have no limitation. We wind our way along the Missouri river, passing the beautiful city of Jefferson, the capital of the State, and finally reach Kansas, a distance of 283 miles from St. Louis.

F. B. S.

Kansas City, July 28th, 1886.

Belmont Iron.

The Peterborough *Review* says:—A gentleman from Belmont township who was in Peterborough on Saturday reports that the iron mine on lot 19, con. 1, of that township, is likely to turn out well. Men have been engaged for some days in stripping the earth off the ore, and Mr. T. D. Ledyard, of Toronto, its owner, accompanied by mining experts and others, will shortly pay the mine a visit. It is about four miles directly north of Blairton village, where iron mines were worked for some years. If the mine is developed the old Blairton track, with an extension to lot 19, will probably be used in shipping the ore, carrying it to the Canadian Pacific line.

S. S. Convention.

A very interesting and profitable S. S, Convention for the Madoc District was held in the Methodist Church, Marmora, on Tuesday 17th. In the afternoon a mass meeting was held for the children, when interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Leitch, Seymour, Pope and Lambly, which were interspersed by appropriate singing by the children under the leadership of Mrs. Dr. Leitch. The evening session was addressed by the E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., and Rev. Messrs. Beer, McCamus and Young. Profitable discussion followed each of the addresses on the themes presented. Much interest was added to the evening meeting by the choir of the church who were present and rendered a number of choice anthems in a very excellent manner. Rev. Mr. Dewey and Rev. Mr. Lambly also sang several pieces during the evening which were heartily applauded. The young ladies of the congregation had decorated the Church with plants and boquets artistically arranged which flooded the place with fragrance and beauty. The attendance of S. S. workers from a distance and of the Marmora people was very large and no doubt lasting impressions for good will follow this most excellent S. S. Convention.—*News Argus.*

MAYO AND CARLOW PICNIC.

The long looked for Wednesday morning, of August 11th, came at last, and for miles around Mr. Staughton's bush people were from an early hour repairing to the picnic grounds. The swings and dance formed the mornings's amusement, and gave a good appetite for dinner. The dinner and supper were an honor to the municipality as the tables were weighed down with all kinds of meat, and indeed the baking was beyond doubt the best I have ever seen. The speaking began at 2 p. m.; the speakers and reciters being Rev. Mr. Scammel, Rev. Mr. Dewer, Miss Manly and others, and songs were well delivered by the Misses Young, Methers, White and Bruce.

Happy lovers seemed to read in each others eyes that we live not alone for self, and the old saying, "that men and women are but boys and girls expanded," seemed to me a truth and indeed a reality. My heart was uplifted when I saw the men of our municipality in their play, every one performing his part with all the ardor of a school boy, and I have no doubt the social spirit thus developed, with the recognition of a just God, will greatly influence in an honorable direction, and further the interests of our municipality. A synopsis of the speeches will be given again.

CARLOW CORRESPONDENT.

Married

LEAL—PITTS.—On the 14th inst., at the Methodist parsonage, Madoc, by Rev. W. C. Beer, Mr. Wilfred Henry Leal, of Madoc, to Miss Alice Pitts, of Huntingdon.

MCEWEN—POTTER.—On the 9th inst., by the Rev. R. H. Leitch, at the parsonage, James McEwen to Delia Potter, all of Tudor.

Mrs. Robert Hooper, of Kinloss, county of Bruce, in a letter says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints for a number of years, and am glad to say to the public as well as to friends that McGregor's Speedy Cure brought me around and I am now alright, thanks to McGregor's Speedy Cure. Hundreds of like testimonials are frequently received, and are daily proving that this is truly a wonderful remedy, curing Sluggish Liver, Bilious Headache and Costiveness, where all else fails. Sold at any Drug Store, Trial bottles free.

Released and Seized.

HALIFAX, Aug. 20.—The schooner Howard Holbrook, which was seized at Port Hawkesbury for infraction of the custom laws, has been released, the owners in Gloucester having paid the deposits of $400, pending a decision.

The schooner Druid, which recently sailed from Gloucester, Mass., with salt and barrels for American fishermen in North Bay, was seized at Malpeque, P. E. I., and an armed force placed on board. The seizure is supposed to have been made on the ground that the Druid was assisting fishermen.

"RED STORE."

MRS.—WRIGHT'S—BLOCK,—MADOC,—ONT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

This Store will be closed at six o'clock every evening during

JULY AND AUGUST,

in order to give the staff an opportunity of enjoying themselves in the open air, as those months are very precise as regards health. This is what we are all looking for. Will open at the usual hour in the morning with new vigor to wait upon customers, with energy and despatch.

Goods will be sold cheap as usual.

Respectfully Yours,

JAS. DOLAN.

Mr. Gladstone will, it is asserted stump the country in the fall.

Revised voters' list from 64 electoral districts have so far been received at Ottawa.

Nine hundred persons died from small pox during July, at Santiago de Chili.

J. Flynn, Prescott, was killed while riding on a C. P. R. engine—being cut to pieces.

About 150 of the North West volunteers, entitled to land warrants, have not made application therefor.

The Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company have purchased the Montreal Union Telegraph Company's lines, and will assume control of them on Monday.

An unknown man was mysteriously killed at Kingston on Saturday, near Collin's Bay, It is supposed he was struck by a passing freight train.

The best medical authorities acknowledge the value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, as the most effectual remedy for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels.

Do you wish a beautiful compleion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaprrilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smoothe and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour per 100 lbs	$2 25 to	$2 45
Fall Wheat	0 70 to	0 75
Spring Wheat	0 70 to	0 75
Barley	0 60 to	0 70
Rye	0 50 to	0 60
Oats	0 35 to	0 40
Peas	0 60 to	0 65
Butter per pound	0 13 to	0 15
Eggs per dozen	0 9 to	0 10
Lard per pound	0 10 to	0 12
Potatoes per bag	0 50 to	0 60
Hay per ton	8 00 to	10 00

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvelous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple unable to get out or the house from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief, and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not possibly have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle, So says Wm. Dixon, Ganauoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at any Drug store.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.,

DENTIST,
Trenton, Ontario,
will be at Windsor House, Madoc, from 6 p.m. monday to 3 p.m. Tuesday, every week. Particular attention to the treatment and filling of diseased teeth. In Artificial teeth will furnish a fit every time Vitalised Air used.

Those who come early in the day will not be disappointed in not having their work done. Can serve the people for a more moderate fee than if remaining in the place the whole time. Full cases of Teeth, $7.

GEO. W. WALKER,
DENTIST,
FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE.
Mr. Walker visits
Madoc the 3 first d'ys of every month
—ALSO—
20th and 21st of Every Month.
Rooms in the Madoc House.
VITALIZED AIR.
the LATEST and BEST agent for extracting teeth without pain, only administered in the Office in Belleville

SELLING OFF AT COST.

I am selling off at cost to get out of business.

Parties having accounts will save costs by settling at once.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

McCOLL'S
CELEBRATED LARDINE MACHINE OIL
NEVER FAILS TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

FARMERS AND MILL MEN CAN SAVE MONEY BY
BUYING "LARDINE."
For Sale by the Hardware Dealers, Madoc.
Sole Manufacturers, McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA

Have opened out and have on view the most complete and attractive stock they have ever shown.

DRESS GOODS.

The range we show is very complete. Don't fail to see our stock of Dress Goods before purchasing, as you cannot fail to be pleased. A full stock of Ladies' JERSEYS.

LACES.

Oriental in all widths—Cream, White, Pink and Sky.

EMBROIDERIES, - Low! Low! Low!

MUSLINS AND FRENCH LAWNS.

Swiss, Spot and Sprig, Ecru, White, Sky and Pink INDIAN MUSLINS.

BERLIN WOOL—A full range of colors.

TWEEDS.

We call your attention to a very complete assortment of Canadian and Imported TWEEDS, in which we are offering BIG DRIVES. For LOW PRICES and GOOD PATTERNS, we defy competition.

Remember the stand—

POST OFFICE BLOCK, MADOC.

HARNESS SHOP

BUY YOUR

Harness and Horse Furnishings

FROM

D. A. CALDWELL,

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.

MIDWIFERY,

DOCTRESS S. PLUNKETT.

Having a Diploma from the

Comb Lying-in-Hospital, DUBLIN,

Founded A. D. 1826, Incorporated by Roya Charter 1867.

HAVING had 16 years' experience, also practice under

George H. Kid,

Obstetric and Clinical Lecturer on the "Disease of Woman" of the above Faculty, who was a pupil of Professor Simpson, of Edinburg, Scotland.

Communications can be addressed to the NORTH HASTINGS HOUSE,

418-3m Bancroft.

A PRAIRIE ADVENTURE.

Cool Charley's Last Robbery.

There were, in the year 1865 6, along the overland route through Kansas, a number of very daring road agents, and perhaps the boldest of the gang was a boy 16 years old, who was known as "Cool Charley." There were various stories afloat as to his identity, but the real fact was that he was the son of a Missouri bush-whacker who had been hunted down after the close of the war, with many members of Quantrel's gang, and shot on the spot. The boy was a wild, reckless fellow, and as he drifted West in the current of travel he fell in with bad men and became a desperado. The achievement which resulted in his death was the boldest affair he ever attempted.

In June, 1866, three families, named Wolf, Taylor and Dayton respectively, started for Colorado overlands from St. Joe. There were three men and two half-grown boys in the party, and until within fifty miles of the Colorado line the teams were in the company of a caravan numbering twenty wagons. One day one of the women was

BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE.

and she was so terribly ill that the three wagons halted for a day or two until she should find relief. The caravan pushed on and left them, but at that time no danger was to be apprehended from the Indians. On the second day of the halt about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, one of the boys named Will, aged 13 years, a son of Mr. Taylor, took his shotgun and left camp in search of a rabbit or other small game. The camp was on a small creek emptying into the Republican river, and in a bit of valley where the grass grew luxuriantly. This spot was about a mile from a main line of travel, but hidden from it by broken ground and sage brush.

Soon after the boy left camp the three men and the other lad sat down together to repair one of the harnesses, while the three women were together in one wagon. The men must have been very busy with their work, for of a sudden a voice addressed them, and they looked up to find Cool Charley sitting bare-backed on a mule between them and the wagons. He had a rifle resting across the horse, and a revolver in his right hand. They took it for granted that he was the son of some immigrant who was perhaps intending to rest his horses in the valley, but as they were about to welcome him and reply to any inquiries, he commanded them to remain seated

UNDER PAIN OF INSTANT DEATH.

All the firearms were in the wagons, and when the men realized that the boy was a desperado and meant business they obeyed orders. He rode to within ten feet of them, and dismounted and said:

"I shant hurt nobody unless obliged to do it to keep you quiet. How much money is there in this crowd?"

The three men had a total of about $700, but they all pleaded poverty and appealed to him not to rob them of the means of subsisting after reaching their destination. Pointing his revolver from man to man, he made each one own up the exact amount he had in his wallet. Then each one was forced to count out half, and the money was handed to him by the boy.

"That's all right," he said as he pocketed the gold. "Now then, I am tired of riding around on an old mule without a saddle. I think I'll buy horses will suit me."

The animal was a splendid bay beast, owned by the father of the boy who left the camp, and while the boy drove the wagon the father rode the horse. The animal was hobbled near by, and the saddle hung on a bind wheel of the wagon. It was hopeless to object or protest, and the men were quiet while the young outlaw leaned his rifle against the wagon and proceeded to catch the horse, all the time carrying his revolver ready for service and having an eye on the group. He had brought the horse to the wagon when Will Taylor came in sight from the brief hunt. He approached from the other side of the wagons, and was unseen by the outlaw. While green to prairie life and its dangers, he was a quick-witted boy, and while yet a considerable distance away he realized that something was wrong at the camp. His further approach was made with more caution. The two boys had been chums for years, and out of curiosity had learned the signs of the deaf and dumb alphabet, and could converse quite rapidly together. As Will came nearer George signed to him that

THERE WAS A ROBBER IN CAMP.

A moment later Mr. Dayton told him to signal Will to creep nearer and shoot the outlaw in the legs. Will replied that he was afraid, and was told that if he did not the horse and money would soon be off. With that he crept rapidly forward.

Cool Charley bridled and saddled the horse without hurrying. There were some articles in the saddle-pocket he did not care for, and he threw them away. There was a revolver in the holster, and this he carefully examined. He had just returned the weapon when Will, sighting his gun over a spoke in the hind wheel, gave him a dose of coarse shot in the calves of his legs, being not over fifteen feet away when he fired. The outlaw fell and as he did so the three men rushed upon him, and he was presently bound hand and foot. He raved and cursed and threatened, but he had met his match. The men could have done very little for him in any case, but wounded as he was they stood by and watched him slowly bleed to death, without making an effort to save him. A posse next day by the stage coach came that way before the corpse was buried and identified. The leader deliberately cut off the outlaw's head and rolled it up in a mail, presumable to obtain a reward which had been offered. He did not have one single dollar beyond the money just taken, and the body bore the scars of two freshly healed wounds. He had been hot heard of sixty miles away, when he and three mule from an overland station in the face of three employees, none of whom dared fire upon him. The boy Will was so rattled by what he had done that he was actually sick abed for two days.

Jester—"And you say your mother-in-law has recently changed for the better, become quite amiable." Smith—"Yes. She resembles me of a ship that has just come into port." "Indeed! How so?" "She has dropped her rancor."

Tommy (who has just received a severe scolding)—"Aye I really as bad, mamma?"

Mamma—"Yes, Tommy, you are a very bad boy." Tommy (reflectively)—"Well, anyway, mamma, I think you ought to be real glad I ain't twins."

ATTACKED BY A MANIAC.

Steward Sears's Desperate Attempt to Kill Capt. W. F. Nickerson.

Heavily ironed, and guarded by an armed patrol, Frederick Sears, the maniac steward of the Boston schooner Nellie C. Paine, who made such a desperate effort to murder his Captain, W. F. Nickerson, lies in a boarding-house out on Lowestown Beach. At intervals he shrieks like a wild beast, and tugs at his iron bonds with a madman's fury, but he is safe from doing any more harm with the murderous razor. For the first time this evening the Captain's recovery was considered possible. The Nellie C Paine was on her way from Georgetown, D. C., to Boston. Her crew consisted of Capt. Nickerson, who is a handsome, stalwart fellow of 35; the mate, Hugh McDonald; the steward, and four men before the mast.

On Tuesday it was noticed that the steward was acting queerly. He is a tall, angular Cape Cod Yankee of 38, with a sharp, thin face, and usually was full of numerous jokes. He was constantly telling funny stories and singing comic songs, and never drank. The change in the steward's manner was noticeable to all. He became moody and singularly quiet, and had a wild look in his eyes. On Friday evening the schooner was off Fenwick's Island, five miles from shore. The weather was hazy and there was a good breeze. It was the captain's watch from 8 to 12. The Captain was called shortly before 8 He had just got out of his bunk and had his trousers partly on when the steward rushed into the stateroom. His own quarters were twelve feet away. His large eyes blazed with the light of madness as he walked quietly up to the Captain.

"Captain, I ain't goin' to do anything to you," he stammered. "I ain't goin' to do anything to you."

Capt. Nickerson started back, and the next instant a stalwart Cape Cod arm encircled his body and he felt a sharp pain as a razor cut deep through the right side of his neck. A desperate struggle ensued, and the Captain called for help as he felt another slash.

The mate was at the wheel. He heard the cry of "Mack, Mack, my God, Mack!" He rushed to one of the side windows and saw the Captain standing at the stateroom door, with the steward near him. Blood was pouring in great streams from the skipper's neck and forehead, completely covering him. The steward had a blood-stained razor in his hand. He was still repeating, "Captain, I ain't going to hurt you," and his face was working convulsively. The mate got a capstan bar and ran to the forward gangway. The steward by that time had moved the gangway, and the Captain had sunk helplessly through the hatch. Calling the crew to his assistance, the mate rushed upon the mad steward, and a desperate struggle followed. Finally the maniac was over powered. "I ain't going to hurt the Captain," he shouted; "I aint going to do nothing."

He was lashed tightly with a line, the razor was taken from him, and then attention was turned to the Captain. It was high time, for the Captain had fainted, and was rapidly bleeding to death. There were two deep gashes, one above the other, starting at the back of the neck and running round to a point under the chin. Both had cut to the bone at the back, but by a miracle had not severed the jugular vein. There were also two deep gashes in the forehead. One had penetrated to the skull. The vital necessity was to stop the flow of blood. None of the crew had any idea of surgery, but the mate hit upon a happy expedient. He swathed the Captain's neck in a towel full of flour. This was done again and again, and finally the bleeding was stopped. Capt. Nickerson was utterly helpless, and even when he recovered consciousness the crew were afraid to move him. He lay upon the deck until 12 o'clock on Saturday.

A Cup of Bitterness.

Standing in the fastly fading sunlight, looking down with eyes that have ceased to weep, into an open grave, kneeling, and with pale hands clutching the moistened earth, putting *this* away.

A casket of what? Tenderly with myrrh, aloes and rose-leaves.

A faithful heart, charred beyond recognition.

A love which all the glory of Heaven could not encompass.

A perfect trust. Broken vows.

The sweet for nothing ("doloe far niente") of other years.

The tender memory of the warm clasp of an earthwhile kindly hand.

Bitter tears and weary sighs sealed with His sanction and placed within.

An old love song.

A peal of silver laughter and the distant echo of tiny pattering footsteps.

Buried at last.

Hidden from view *forever*.

Alone and bending 'neath the shadow of His irrevocable will. Ah, well.

But, hark! Up from the near woodland comes the twitter of birds.

The soft whisper of a summer breeze as it sways the branches and rustles the leaves of the grand old trees, and beyond the purling murmur of the laughing brook.

The mellow sunlight lingers lovingly upon the green earth, and touches, as if with caressing hand, the wild beauty of the fragrant flowers.

A hazy, misty, dreamy sweetness fills the air, a benediction, as it were.

A hush! and out of the perfumed silence a peace rests over all, as a day and hour merged down from Heaven and God, passing in wondrous awe at its own loveliness.

A charm of a fairy, though greater hope thrills the old heart strings, and the echo of a dead past floats away into the interminable misty distance.

Up from the ashes of the old life a new starts forth. A gust of rythmic melody bursts upon the air. Lambent lights beam softly. Pearls of hope, rubies of love and diamonds of a full fruition of a long ago happiness looked for, gleam as from the depths.

Turning away forever. No backward glance. It is over. Buckling on the armour, as Achilles of old, we take up our scrip and staff and press on, trying to understand.

A certain rich man says of his wealth: "This is what I have often sighed for, even cried for, sometimes lied for, and nearly died for; why should I let it slide for?"

"My daughter you ought to have some aim in life," said a Kingston father to his thoughtless sixteen year old. "Oh, I am going to, papa!" was the enthusiastic reply. "I have got a beau already."

HOUSEHOLD.

Cooking Recipes.

Harigot Bean Soup.—Take one pound of beans and soak them for thirty-six hours in cold water. Put them in a pot with two ounces of fat bacon or a tablespoonful of dripping. Let all boil, then add two onions a small turnip and one stalk of celery with a pinch of carbonate of soda. Boil for three hours, rub all through a strainer, except the skins of the beans; add two breakfast cups of milk with pepper and salt to taste, warm all up and serve—no salt to be put in until the beans are quite done.

Lentil Soup.—Take one pound of lentils and wash them in many waters until thoroughly clean and free from weeds. Soak all night, then add as much more water as will make two and a half quarts. When this boils add carrot, turnip, parsnip, two onions and small pinch of carbonate of soda. Boil two hours, then strain, washing all thoroughly except the skins of the lentils, season and serve. Lentil soup requires no meat but a small piece of butter mixed with flour is an improvement, and serves to bind the soup together instead of separating into thick and thin.

German Soup.—Put half a pound of neck of mutton well washed into a pot with two quarts and a half of water. When boiling add four potatoes, two onions of good size, one large carrot grated, the onions and potatoes to be finely chopped, and a teaspoonful of salt added and let these boil two hours. Then wash a teacupful of rice, add it to the soup and boil half an hour longer. Season to taste and the soup is ready.

German Stew.—Take one and one-half pounds of neck of mutton and put it into a pot with a tablespoonful of dripping; add two onions sliced, allowing them to fry gently; add a little water; cover the pot and stew slowly for an hour. Now wash a good firm cabbage; remove outside leaves and divide it into eight pieces lengthwise; place it in water; peel six potatoes and cut them in slices; place them also in the water. When the meat has stewed as above place the cabbage and potatoes round the meat; sprinkle over them a teaspoonful of salt and half of pepper; replace the lid and stew for three-quarters of an hour, taking care it does not burn. The whole is cooked by steam, and is good and economical.

Forest Hill Pudding.—Take two eggs, with their weight in butter and flour, and the weight of one in sugar; beat the butter and sugar to a cream; add the eggs and beat smooth; then the flour, in which you mix half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; mix till smooth and add half a teacupful of raspberry jam and at the very last a teaspoonful of vinegar; pour into a buttered basin; cover with buttered paper and steam without stopping for two hours; this pudding swells very much; the proper sauce is made of corn flour flavored with the same jam.

Batter and Fruit Pudding.—Chop up one pound of apples and put them in a greased pudding basin; gooseberries, plums or any other fruit will do, and sprinkle sugar over them; now make a batter of one egg, six ounces flour, and one breakfast cupful of milk; one half a teaspoonful of baking powder must be added to the flour; when the batter is smooth press it over the fruit and steam gently as in the last recipe for one hour; care must be taken that the water remains boiling and does not evaporate too much.

Family Suggestions.

Now that sub covers for the table are so much used, when one does not wish to go to the expense of purchasing heavy Canton flannel, or, better still, the heavier table felt for a sub cover under the damask table-cloth, a partly worn white blanket may be utilized for this purpose, after being well washed, and reserved for this alone. If needed, darn nicely with fine wool. Over this the damask will preserve its freshness a third longer, will present the appearance of a much handsomer quality of napery, and lie more smoothly than if spread on the bare top of the table. Large napkins are now used for breakfast and tea. Occasionally one is obliged to cut hot loaf bread. When such is the case heat the blade of the knife used for the cutting. This will prevent the sodden look of sliced hot bread, produced by the chill of cold steel. The plate upon which the slices are placed should be covered with a napkin.

Save your needles when the eyes are accidentally broken. Dip the heads in hot sealing wax and you have an excellent pin for silk or velvet. How often an ordinary pin is bent useless in trying to pin the collar of a velvet or silk basque.

When the small boys of the family twist the porcelain door knobs off, fill them with melted sealing wax and place them on again as quickly as possible; when cool they will be solid enough to stand another siege of wear and tear.

A little turpentine in the wash boiler will make clothes very white, and will often remove incorrigible stains from white goods. A tablespoonful of turpentine to a large boiler, or a teaspoonful to two gallons of water. There is no smell, the boiling preventing it.

The easiest way of keeping hams perfectly is to wrap them in paper and pack them in boxes or barrels with ashes. The ashes must fill all the interstices, but must not touch the hams, as they absorb fat.

A cheap toilet-water is made out of a half-pint of water, a small cup of older vinegar, and the same amount of milk. Put into a jar or bottle and apply to the face with a soft sponge. Let it remain over night or until perfectly dry, and then wash it off with warm water. It will remove tan.

Rainwater is best for toilet purposes, and keeps the skin soft and smooth. Boiled rainwater is considered as effective as a Turkish bath in removing tan.

A Terrible Weapon.

What is in a police club? Usually it is a useful piece of locust, but a sergeant told me the other day that he was presented with a day club which he did not dare to carry. It was meant for use among the gangs. As he twirled it at the end of the leather thong it was a neat looking stick, not easily distinguished from the ordinary club, but if a tough took hold of it to wrest it away, four short, sharp, two edged knife blades could be thrown out on four sides of the cudgel, to the ruination of the hands of the tough. How many policemen carry weapons like that?

About Advertising.

Some Exceedingly Sensible Advice for Merchants.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

A thing worth doing is worth doing well. A thing worth advertising is worth advertising well. A newspaper worth advertising in once is worth making a contract with.

It is a mistaken notion that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement; for the experience of the most enterprising merchants is that it pays better to spend less in rent and more in advertising.

Advertising is the pole that knocks the persimmons.

Don't be afraid to invest in printers' ink lest your sands of life be nearly run out.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles. You may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

The enterprising advertiser proves that he understands how to buy, because in advertising he knows how to sell.

Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of business.

A simple card may profitably stand years without change, but a sensational advertisement should be changed as often as you can get the printer to do it.

A heavy advertisement once is more than quadrupled in value by a small card, published for a few months after, giving your address.

You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

Now is the time to think about advertising, and reflection should be followed by judicious action.

To make a man realise an idea as you realise it, is what is necessary to make him understand his needs. Advertisements should aim to place a matter so clearly before the public that they see it as clearly as the advertiser does.

Enterprising people are beginning to learn the value of advertising the year round. The persistency of those who are not intimidated by the cry of "dull times," but keep their names ever before the public, will surely place them on the right side in the end.

He Played With Dolls.

There was no sunshine to his poor, old eyes. The night and the day were the same to him. Perhaps the night winds sang songs a little more sad to his half-deafened ears, but he never told any one about it. His score was well nigh spent when they came to take him to the home for paupers. A smile passed over the faces of the passengers when the old man with his arms full of dolls was led into the car.

He saw no fleeting telegraph poles. The fields of waving grain with the reapers among them he did not notice. How could he? Why should he? He was blind. But he babbled and played with the dolls and seemed to derive as much pleasure from them as did the young mother across the aisle, who played with her sunny-eyed babe. Everybody smiled when the old man laid his dolls upon the seat beside him and took up the ugliest and most wretched of his inanimate treasures. It was a home made, dirty, ragged thing, and the sunny-eyed baby across the aisle looked frightened as the old man dandled it before him. And every ear was strained to hear the words that fell from his trembling lips as he played with the rag doll.

"So, so, my precious dear. They're taking us to the poor-house. Well, perhaps, its all for the best. You and I don't know what's for the best any more. You and I are old. Hush! Don't cry dear. She won't mind." The little stone under the apple tree will watch over her, and so will the dew-drops and birds and sunshine, too. They will come and visit her under the apple trees. You and I—we won't go there any more. You and I will be miles and miles away when the birds come to sip water out of the lily bells over her grave. She liked you best of all. You are not pretty like her other dolls, but you were her favorite. And now you go to sleep and I will, too."

And he laid the ugly doll close to his chin and leaning over it sang a soft little song that no one heard without tears.

When the station was reached where the old man was to get off the men carried him off. He never reached the poorhouse, and his little dead girl's doll went no one knows where.

He Failed to Get the Tacks.

A wag, sauntering along a Toronto street the other day, was accosted by a man who stammered, as follows:

"Can you t-t-tell me where I may g-g-get some g-g-g-g-good t-t-tin t-t-t-tacks?"

"Certainly," replied the wag. "You turn down this street on your left two blocks, then turn again two blocks to your left, and again two blocks to your left, and that will bring you to the best hardware shop in town, where you'll be sure to find them."

The stammerer continued his way. The wag, walking down the street two blocks, entered the aforesaid hardware shop and proceeded as follows:

"Have you any g-g-g-ood t-t-t-t-tacks?"

"Yes sir," said the obliging shopman, producing his best after some rummaging.

"Are you sure th-th-these are g-g-good ones?"

"Yes, sir, the best that are made."

"Are th-th-the heads g-g-good and strong?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have they g-g-got s-s-s-s-good s-s-m sharp-p-p-p-p-points?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you p-p-p-please s-s-s-sit o-them till I come back, will you?"

Exit rapidly. Presently the unlucky stammerer, having described a square of blocks, arrived at the hardware shop, and, entering, asked innocently:

"Have you any g-g-g-good t-t-tin t-t-tacks?——

"Get out of here!" etc., etc., etc.

"Pa," said Bobby, sleepily, "can I ask one more question, if 'taint foolish?" "Yes-es, one more." "How much older is a ripe old age than a green old age?"

"The roaches in this house are remarkably versatile," said an actor at a hotel table, picking up a biscuit. "I notice that they appear in different rolls every morning."

FARM.

Fast Walking.

The attention of breeders will hear being called frequently to the neglect of teaching colts and young horses to walk. The walking gait should be [illegible] developed and perfected by [illegible] and after a rapid, clean, strong walk is attained the speed gaits should be cultivated, though very carefully, until they are brought to a good degree of perfection. Horses may be made to attain a [illegible] speed at this way of going if due care is observed. We have known numerous road horses that would walk from four and a half to five miles in an hour without urging, and many, in fact, most well-bred road horses, could be taught to cover greater distances than this in the same time if it were not for the pernicious custom (as we think) of putting the colts to the trot as soon as they are in the harness and before they are really bridle-wise. Every farmer's boy knows that he can do a better job of work—plowing, harrowing or working corn—with a fast walking team which makes the dirt fly than with a slow one. The saving on a farm when the horses walk three miles an hour, or even when they walk two miles and a half, is 20 per cent, or in other words, the fast team can rest a whole day in the week and yet do as much work as the slow team—do it easier and do it better. In times as at present, when the work is pressing or the weather uncertain, the fast team is a treasure. While every effort has been made to increase the speed of the trotter, the draft-horse men have been working for pounds, with little regard either for muscle or walking speed. It is a very great mistake to suppose that the draft horse can not be trained to walk rapidly. We have been breeding to a Percheron for four years that often walks nine miles in one hour and fifty minutes, over a hilly road, and his colts are all rapid walkers. Life is too short to spend it in poking along after a team that can not get their heads up. The lazy man to whom exertion is a burden actually works harder than the brisk, rapid worker.

White Specks in Butter.

Not long ago, says a writer in Farm and Fireside, I saw an article on butter-making, in which the writer said that if white specks occurred in the butter it was because the cream was too sour, and that if the butter was worked thoroughly and well the white specks would be broken up and disappear. I have no doubt that white specks in butter may sometimes be caused by the cream becoming too sour before it is churned, but I have never been troubled from this cause. There is another cause which I am satisfied, by personal observation and the experience of others, is much more prolific of this trouble. If a current of dry air blows across the milk the cream will dry on the surface, and this cream will not break with the other in churning, and will cause white specks in the butter, and no amount of working will remove them entirely, while too much working will surely injure the butter by destroying the grain and making it greasy. I was troubled a number of years in this way, every summer, and to obviate it used to strain my cream, when ready to churn, through a coarse linen bag. This of course broke the cream all up and no white specks were found in the butter. I noticed that there was always more trouble when the weather was very dry than at any other time. My milk was kept in the cellar, and the shelves were so arranged that when a window near was open the wind blew directly across the upper shelf. At last I suspected the cause of the trouble, and hung a cloth, wet with cold water, between the window and the milk, and when the cream was thus prevented from becoming dry the butter was all right. When milk is kept in a spring house, and cut in the water, I am told this trouble never occurs. I used to think that a dry cellar under the house was the best place to keep milk and butter, but I am convinced that that was a mistake. A room built with double walls, nearly all above ground, shaded from the sun, and with running water passing through it, is far superior to a cellar.

THE WORLD'S LACONICS.

The true test of a great man—that a least which most secure his place among the highest order of great men—is his having been in advance of his age.—[Brougham.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—[Augustine.

I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chambers, "If you do not rise early you can never make progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous and really unenjoyed by yourself.—[Lord Chatham.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance as to discover knowledge.—Selden.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful that an ill-natured one; for the latter will only attack his enemies and those he wishes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes.—[Addison.

He that tells a man ungrateful name my all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—[Swift.

He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul.—[Solomon.

He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own.—[Lavater.

Do not press your children into book learning, but teach them politeness, including the whole circle of charities which spring from the consciousness of what is due to their fellow beings.—[Spurzheim.

He is rich whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.—Bruyere.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, ma'am?" inquired the judge. "Well, I reckon I orter," was the reply; "my husband drives a canal boat."

"The picture is very fair, Brown, but you look too sad." "Yes, I loaned it on purpose. You see it's for my wife, who is in the country, and if it looked bright and cheerful she'd be coming home to find out what the matter was."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

An illicit still has been seized in Sullivan township, county of Grey, and the owner arrested.

A block of six buildings in Wallaceburg, Ont., was destroyed by fire the other morning, causing a loss of over $15,000.

Broadmaker's Indiana refused to believe the report of their chief's death until it was confirmed by his latest wife on her return to her people.

A reward of $250 has been offered by the Dominion Government for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the Prince Albert mail robbers.

Philip Garneau, Riel's private secretary during the rebellion, has been released from Stony Mountain penitentiary. He intends writing a history of the rebellion.

During the month of July 3,379 persons emigrated to this country from Great Britain, of which number England contributed 2,727, Scotland 321 and Ireland 331.

The contract for building the Manitoba and North-Western railway branch from Minnedosa to Rapid City has been let, and the work will be finished this season.

Three hundred English, Irish and Scotch immigrants arrived in Toronto the other morning. With few exceptions they all had situations already provided for them.

The Woodbine hotel and stables, adjoining the Woodbine Park, Toronto, have been burned to the ground. Alexander Brown, a boarder in the hotel, perished in the flames.

The steamer Passport, while on her voyage from Montreal to Toronto, struck the pier while entering the Cornwall canal, and sank in twenty feet of water. The passengers and crew escaped.

Supplementary quarantine regulations have been put in operation by the Dominion Government in view of the existence of smallpox in Great Britain and Asiatic cholera on the Continent.

Work on the Canadian Pacific bridge over the St. Lawrence at Lachine is progressing rapidly, the men working day and night in relays, and its completion late in the fall is considered certain.

A sudden squall the other afternoon at Kingston capsized a sailing skiff containing three members of "A" Battery, two of whom were drowned. One of the unfortunate men was a London battery man who was taking "short course."

About forty men are at work, under the supervision of Mr. G. H. Stewart, C.E., laying out the grounds at Banff Spring, N. W. T., for a national park. The grounds cover about twenty thousand acres.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has assumed possession of the business of the Canada Mutual Telegraph Company, and has opened its telegraph system to the public for the transmission of messages.

Mr. J. H. Sullivan, of the Dominion Public Works Department, has arrived in Winnipeg for the purpose of examining the Assiniboine and reporting upon the best means of improving the navigation of the river.

It is rumoured that General Superintendent Egan intends transferring his services from the Canadian Pacific railway to a western road, and that his successor will be Mr. Ewing, of the Chicago and Milwaukee railway.

In the contest for the Montreal Challenge cup between a detachment of the Canadian artillery and various British detachments at Shoeburyness the Canadians won with a score of 66, the Middlesex team second with a score of 36.

Notwithstanding the adoption of the electric light in Montreal, the consumption of gas in the city has increased so enormously that the company find it necessary to procure a new gasometer with a capacity of one million feet a day.

Hon. Wm. McAlpine, of New York, and Messrs. Kivas Tully and Charles Sproatt, of Toronto, the commission appointed to recommend a trunk sewer system for Toronto, have reported to the City Council. They recommend the construction of two main sewers at a cost $1,100,000.

A heavily laden freight train on the Grand Trunk railway struck two horses on the track near Iroquois fearing them into fragments and precipitating the train down an embankment, the engine being wrecked and the cars smashed to splinters. The fireman was severely scalded.

The construction of the Canadian Pacific air line from Montreal to Smith's Falls has been temporarily delayed in consequence of the high prices demanded by the owners of land required for the road and the refusal of the court in Montreal to allow the company to expropriate land until its value has been ratified by arbitration.

The worst fears regarding the fate of the six young men who left Sarnia about four weeks ago on a yachting cruise on Lake Huron have been realized by the finding of three of their bodies in the boat, which was beached near Port Frank. The bodies were brought to Sarnia and the tug returned to search for the others. The disaster is believed to have occurred on Sunday night of last week.

The captain of the steamer Isaac May, which arrived at Chicago from Manitoulin Island the other night, reports that the island was swept by a fierce forest fire, which lasted five days, the inhabitants being driven from the island by the fury of the flames. The captain exhausted his provisions in feeding the sufferers, and arrived in Chicago with neither food nor fuel on board.

This year's business in Montreal Harbour shows an enormous increase over former years. Since the opening of navigation up to the 1st instant 42 more ocean steamers have arrived than in the corresponding period of last year, while the tonnage of vessels arriving shows an increase of 56,000 tons. The number of inland vessels arriving has increased by 286, and the harbour tolls show an increase of $16,700.

AMERICAN.

Troy, New York, enjoyed the luxury of a snowstorm for about five minutes early the other morning.

A malignant and fatal epidemic of typhoid fever is raging in South Pittsburg, Pa., attributed to drinking impure water.

A terrific hailstorm swept through the Upper Yellowstone Valley a few days since destroying every growing thing for a strip of country six miles long.

A schooner-yacht having on board a pleasure party from Philadelphia, was capsized by a squall off Sandy Hook, and seven of the party were drowned.

Hundreds of farmers in Potter county, Dakota, have lost all they possessed by a prairie fire which has been raging several days, and extended over twenty miles.

Another case of smallpox has been discovered in Detroit, on the west side of the city. The Canadian authorities are prepared to establish a quarantine system along the Michigan border.

Samuel J. Tilden, the "Greystone Sage," and the most illustrious Democrat of the century, died at his home the other morning after a few days' illness. His age was seventy-three.

Fifty thousand people in the mining districts of Montana are threatened with loss of employment by the depreciation in the price of silver. Arizona mining companies are also closing down their works and discharging their men.

A Washington despatch says the proposal is made to place an embargo on Canadian railways running through the United States in retaliation for the enforcement by the Canadian Government of the laws for the protection of the fisheries. It is claimed that the Secretary of the Treasury has sufficient authority to take such a step without any fresh legislation.

FOREIGN.

Abbe Franz Liszt is dead. He was seventy-five years old.

It is believed the Queen will open Parliament in person.

The cotton crop of West India is expected to be the largest ever raised.

There is rioting in Armagh, and a detachment of militia has gone from Belfast to quell it.

Imperial Parliament has assembled, and Mr. Arthur Wellesley Peel has been re-elected Speaker.

The expedition sent to Tiree to assist in serving writs on the Crofters met with no opposition.

Marquis Tseng is at present in Berlin to arrange an overland telegraph service between China and Germany.

The National League has ordered its branches in County Kerry to prepare for a general strike against the payment of rents.

The Welsh members of the House of Commons propose to form a national party in Parliament on the same lines as the Parnellite party.

While the Grand Vizier of Turkey was out driving on a recent Sunday a Tartar attempted to assassinate him. The would-be murderer was arrested.

The London police have been informed of the existence of extensive outrages by Irish and Russian dynamitards against the English Government.

Senor Camacho, the Spanish Minister of Finance, tendered his resignation in consequence of the powerful opposition to his policy of financial reform.

Lord Lonsdale has been fined for assaulting the husband of Violet Cameron, the burlesque actress, who discovered his wife in the private room of a tavern with Lord Lonsdale.

The London *Daily News* suggests that a committee be formed of the leading Tory, Whig, Radical and Nationalist statesmen, to discuss the best form of Home Rule for Ireland.

The Mayor of Belfast has arrived in Dublin, to consult with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach respecting the situation in the northern metropolis and the best means of restoring and preserving order.

The police raided a beer saloon in Hamburg the other night, which proves to be the headquarters of the European Socialists. Many important documents were seized and eight Socialists were arrested.

Sir Thomas Bramsy will be raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Balkeley, the name of the place where he claims an ancestor settled who came over to England with William the Conqueror.

Owing to the disturbed state of affairs in Barmah, 5,000 troops, under the command of Sir Herbert Macpherson, will be sent into that country as soon as the cold weather commences, and, 1,000 additional police will be sent from India.

Fresh arrests are feared in Belfast. The Mayor has sent a circular letter to the magistrates asking them to exert their influence to promote a better feeling among the people towards the police, so that there may be co-operation for the suppression of lawlessness.

The Cologne *Gazette* tells a sad story of two young German girls, living in Lemberg, Austrian Galicia, who were sold by the man and his wife with whom they were boarding to the agent of a Bombay nabob, to form additions to the Oriental's well-stocked harem.

A cablegram was recently received in Toronto, announcing that a deputation from the Irish Royal and Patriotic Union were to leave about the end of this month with the object of delivering addresses on the Home Rule question in the principal cities of Canada and the United States.

Near Enough to Satisfy Her.

It was a Guelph girl of whom the story is told that she refused to marry a most devoted lover until he should have amassed a fortune of $10,000. After some expostulation, he accepted the decree and went to work. About three months after this, the sweetest young lady mooting her lover asked: "Well, Charlie, how are you getting along?" "Oh, very well indeed," Charlie returned, cheerfully, "I've got $18 saved." The young lady blushed and looked down at the toes of her walking boots, and stabbed the inoffensive earth with the point of her parasol. "I guess," said she faintly, "I guess, Charlie, that's about near enough."

A Startling Discovery.

A startling and important discovery was made when after long and patient experiment, the combination of Nervilline was reached. A grand victory, indeed, for the suffering have an ever ready, prompt, efficient, and cheap remedy at hand. Do you know that for 10 cents you can buy a trial bottle of Polson's Nervilline and test its great power over pain of every description? Polson's Nervilline cures chills, pain in the stomach, side, and back, rheumatism; in fact all pain. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

IN THE MAELSTROM.

The Fearful Adventure of an English Vessel.

The following description of an adventure in the Maelstrom, the celebrated whirlpool on the coast of Norway, is written by an English captain, Conrad H. Greenhow, from his experience while in command of a ship when proceeding to the Arctic seas to experiment on the tides:

The year 1828 was long remembered by shipmasters and shipowners in the North of England on account of the unusual prevalence of northeast winds, which, commencing early in March, continued without interruption until the autumnal equinox, very frequently blowing a heavy gale. Consequently ships bound to the ports in the White Sea were long detained on their passage out, many consuming months in vainly endeavoring to weather the North Cape, and not a few having to run back to Norwegian and Scotch ports to replenish their exhausted beef-casks and bread-lockers. A little north of the Arctic circle, I fell in with a little brig from Barmouth, having been fifteen weeks out. The master asked her supplies of all kinds of provisions, as they had been on short allowance for many days and was glad to be able to supply his wants. It was not in order to tell all this that I write this paper, but to tell of an extraordinary adventure in the Maelstrom, the well-known dangerous whirlpool on the coast of Norway. I was in command of a vessel bound north, and came in for a full share of the northeasterly gales. By some mischance, during a strong gale, the ship close-reefed topsails, with a heavy sea on, the water casks got adrift, and we lost all our water. Under these circumstances it was necessary to put into the nearest port to get a fresh supply. I therefore stood in for the south end of Lofoden Islands, intending to get into the Salten Fiord. As we drew in near the southernmost island, the wind fell to a gentle breeze, just sufficient to keep steerage way on the ship. We soon found that a very strong tide was running, carrying the ship to the north. The ship could not hold her own against the tide and the breeze, and she was rapidly drifting towards Vardoe Island. It soon became apparent that we were getting within the influence of the Maelstrom, against which we could not contend without a strong breeze of wind. The ship's head was put to the westward in the hope of a sailing out of the current, now too visibly sweeping her towards the passage between Vardoe and Moskoe Islands, where the fatal whirlpool was raging in full force. We could hear its roar loud as a cataract. Vain was the attempt to escape. We were now too surely in the grasp of the monster. As we entered the channel between the islands, the man at the wheel reported that the ship would not answer to the helm; therefore no time was to be lost in preparing for the fearful encounter. The topgallant sails and courses were clewed up, gunklines and leechlines hauled out, the topsails lowered on to cap, reef tackles, etc., hauled out, so as to make us all snug as possible, in order to offer little resistance to the wind when the ship should be whirling round, yet let the same time be ready to be quickly set in case of a fresh breeze spring up, to enable us to extricate ourselves from the grasp of a relentless foe. But it was not to be. In a few minutes we were on the verge of the vortex, looking down into its turbulent depths of quite bottomless darkness. Every cheek on board was blanched at the fearful sight. The ship was seized by an invisible power and hurled round the apex of the crater with intense violence. But what surprised me was that, though the ship inclined at a considerable angle, with her stern down towards the centre, she did not slide down the side, but whirled at the outside of the hollow. I concluded this was due to the centrifugal force, and took heart accordingly, as, if we held on till the tide slackened we could escape unharmed from our unpleasant predicament. Very soon it became evident that the tide was nearly spent. The raging waters were subsiding and the whirl relaxing. Now an occurrence took place which I had not anticipated. The diminished centrifugal force was not strong enough to retain the ship on the edge of the vortex. She was slowly but surely gliding down the incline, and the centre still reared and raged sufficiently to do the ship serious injury. Then I ordered a nine-pound carronade to be fired, which was done without delay. The effect was magical. The concussion of the report caused the sides of the whirling waters to collapse, and we floated on still water. A good breeze had sprung up, when, all hands working with a will, all sail was soon set, and the ship, as if conscious of her danger, swiftly flew out of the dangerous neighborhood.

A FREE FIGHT.

The great reputation of Briggs' Electric Oil is such that it has induced unprincipled persons to adopt other names as near like it as possible. The proprietors of Briggs' Electric Oil have the same and style of the Electric Oil registered both in Canada and the United States, and no one can use it but themselves.

Others hearing of the success of Briggs' Electric Oil have adopted other names similar, such as "Echoing Oil," "Electron oil," &c., and are striving to induce the public to buy them instead of the genuine Electric Oil.

It has been determined, we say, that they shall be brought a suit at Law, in the High Court of Canada, to deprive Briggs & Sons of their right to control the same; but the Courts and the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa fully sustained their registered trade mark.

Briggs' Electric Oil cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises, complaints arising from Colds such as Sore Throat, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and difficult Breathing.

Ladies secure as to their social position are never discourteous in public places.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS,

opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and *kindred habits*. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it *if so desired*. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

Mary Anderson is growing bronzed and stouter under the suns of England and the spell of entire rest.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine 50cts.

It is said a woman never quite forgets the man who has once asked her hand in marriage. Nor does a man ever quite forget the woman whose hand he has asked in marriage—unless it is gained.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the millionaire widow, has for her factotum a young colored man, who manages much of her business and conducts a part of her correspondence.

A. P. 293

MEN—THREE—and two ladies as Canvassers good pay. S. R. KNIGHT, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED—IN EVERY TOWN AND county, for the O. K. Paper and Slicer. Best selling article in sight; sample Knife sent on receipt of price, 15c. Q. D. DAY, Agent, 40 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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SCHOOL Teachers & Students Attention During Holidays a special course of private lessons, by largest masters, will be given School Teachers and Students, on Shorthand, Drawing or Painting. All who can should come. Send immediately for special circulars. THE UNION SHORTHANDERS' ACADEMY, Arcade, Toronto.

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I AM also fitting up a first class Lunch Room, which will be supplied with

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Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joint it acts like a charm.

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